Saturday Review

MARCH 30, 1963 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

SOVIET MUSIC SINCE STALIN

By Boris Schwarz

LABOR'S CRISIS OF CONFIDENCE

By A. H. Raskin

THE PROS AND CONS OF "DYNAGROOVE"

(SEE RECORDINGS)

EMILY DICKINSON: POETRY AND PUNCTUATION

By Edith Perry Stamm

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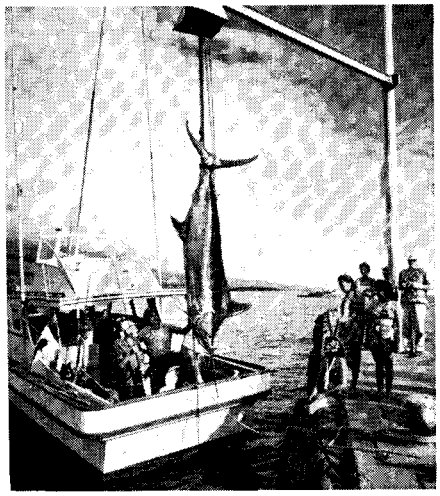

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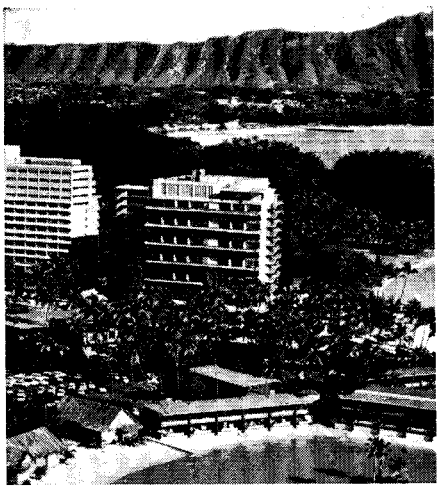

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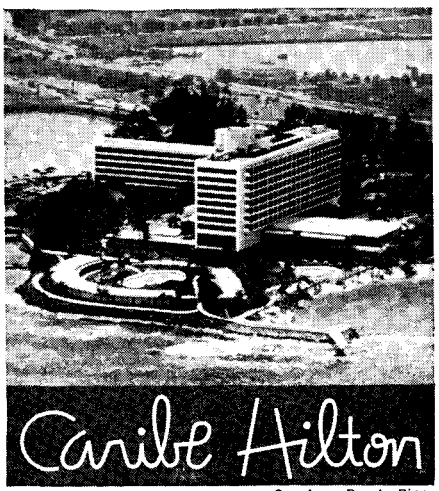

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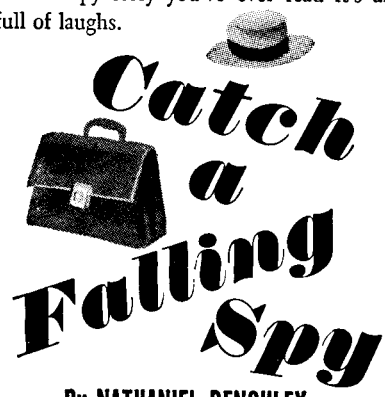

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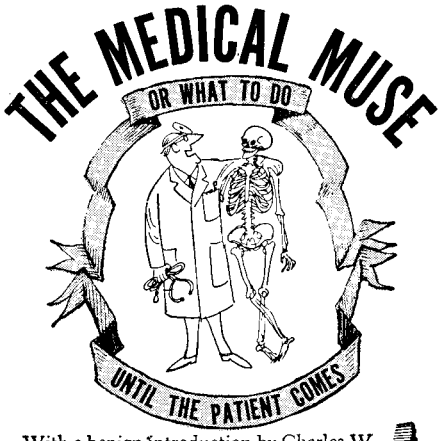

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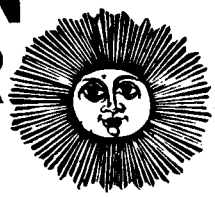

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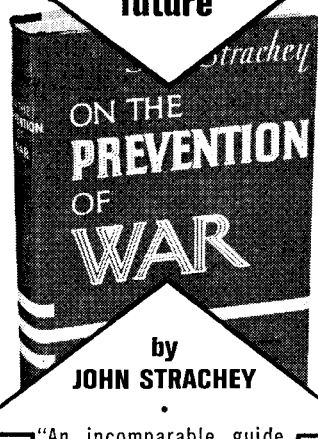

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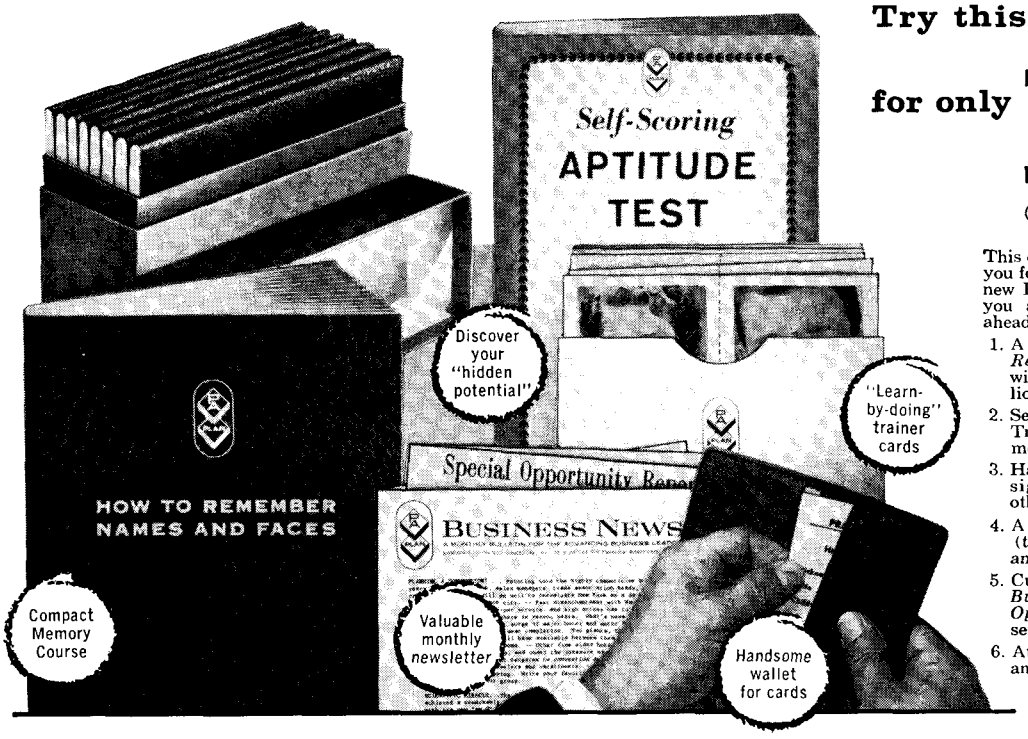

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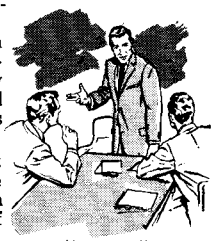

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The Milkman Doesn't Stop Here Anymore

Edited by Martin Levin

THE DAIRY MAN

ONE of the memorable events of my childhood in Philadelphia was the daily visit of the milkman. He drove up about breakfast time in a little yellow wagon drawn by an impatient little horse. The wagon was open on one side, revealing a large tank from which the milk could be scooped with a quart-size dipper.

All three of us youngsters were usually on the front steps as soon as we heard the jingle of the milkman's bell, each armed with a small pewter beaker. He always greeted us in the same way: "What kinda milk d'you want today? I got red cow's milk, green cow's milk, blue cow's milk, all kindsa cows' milk."

Behind us stood our mother with a big pitcher in her hand, but the children came first. We would solemnly debate the colors of the possible cows before making up our minds. As each of us arrived at a decision, the milkman would solemnly fill his beaker, with the assurance that the milk came from a red or a green or a blue cow. We would taste it immediately to make sure.

Meanwhile Mother was having her big pitcher filled with the day's supply. The extra beakers for the children were taken as a matter of course. The milkman could well afford to give away that much of his stock every day. Wasn't he being paid eight cents a quart for his milk?

—SIGMUND SPAETH.

• • •

THE NEEDLE IN THE RYESTACK

ON one of the rutted dirt roads that thread around the town of Glower, Maine, like the veins of a sere maple leaf—I went tramping these roads a few months ago on an assignment for *Lucid*—there stands a rural mailbox with the name J. C. Salamander. It is a wholly run-of-the-mine mailbox and it could belong to any Jack, John, or Jerard Salamander except for the fact that, upon the insertion of a piece of mail by the unwary, the lid triggers on the fingers in t' manner of a bear trap.

If at first this seems a crude and symbolic biting of the hand that feeds him, one would have to understand the overwhelming wish for privacy of J. C. Salamander, who at forty-eight is the nation's most powerful influence on modern writing—and the most successful hermit and word miser in the annals of American literature. In twenty years he has published, as though each syllable were chiseled on granite, just one novella, *Hi-Ho-the-Dairy-O*, an evocative reminiscence of the pain of grammar school recess, and a book of short stories, *Freddy and Teddy*. Yet he is probably more widely read than any American author, and to today's youth Salamander seems to be Booth Tarkington, Victor Appleton, and F. W. Dixon rolled into one. Before *Freddy and Teddy* went into print it was listed as Number Two on the subteen best-seller list, a phenomenon that impelled the editors of *Lucid* to send me to find out what power Salamander holds over his readers and why he spurns the public that worships him.

The eighteen souls of Glower were no help for they had never heard ' Salamander; so disguised as a salesma of the *Complete Works of Gautama Buddah* I made my way up the lonely road that wends past the mailbox in the wilderness. At Salamander's house I can definitely report that I was not invited by his wife to meditations, nor was there much effort to accommodate my six photographers as they unobtrusively tried to check the slanting evening light for the best results with a telescopic lens. Driving away between the exploding land mines (they were placed merely to frighten and not to kill) I glanced back over the jagged glass covering Salamander's wall and thought I saw something move in the shadows. Salamander? My heart leaped. But it was just the illusion cast by evening shadows.

Only one journalist has ever interviewed Salamander. She is Mibsie LeBlanc, a twelve-year-old girl, who since has written a novel of the experience and gone to Hollywood. I was fortunate, however, in locating her playmate, who discussed the experience with Mibsie the same day and recalls it vividly. Anyone interested in knowing the real Salamander must talk wit Mibsie's friend Gloria, or, of cours read the autobiographical novel.

Salamander moved into the hills of Glower five years ago. He was just getting over a loss of faith in Dunkardism

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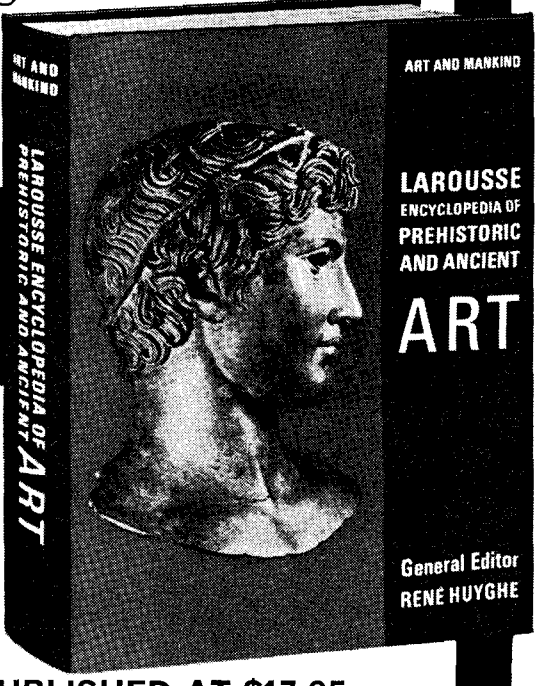

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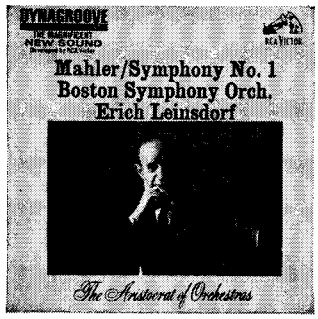
GUSTAV MAHLER ONCE SAID:

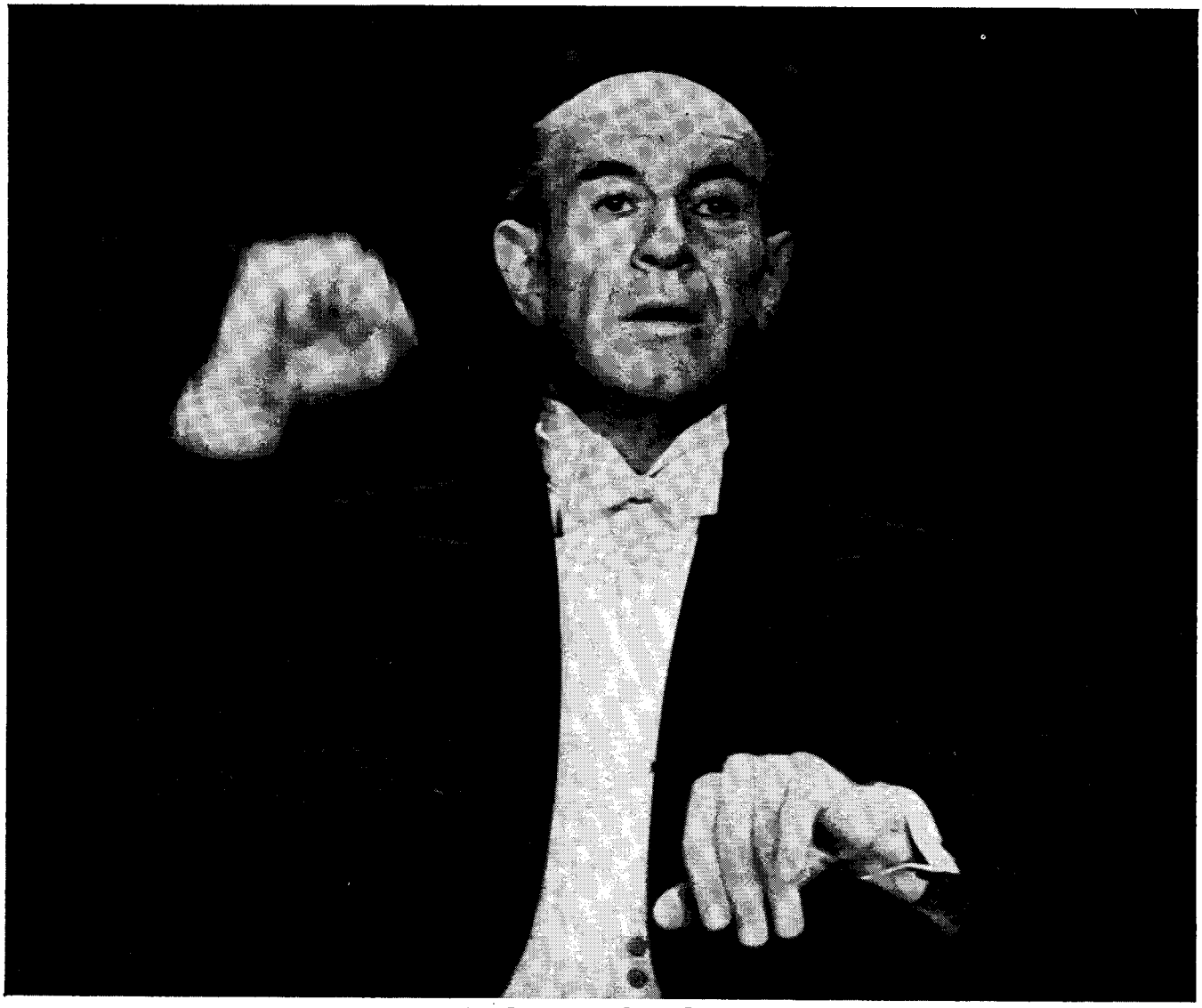
"MY TIME WILL YET COME"

IT HAS!



Mahler's milieu was Vienna and until recent years, American conductors have often neglected his works. But this Fall when the Boston Symphony under its distinguished new Viennese-born conductor, Erich Leinsdorf, played Mahler's First Symphony, the audience stood and cheered!

Shortly after, an RCA Victor recording crew moved into Symphony Hall to record this most stirring music in Dynagroove—the magnificent new sound developed by RCA Victor. More than once a note-perfect performance was rejected, a mike adjusted to capture the exact "ethereal" string quality, or moved a few inches to give "bite" to a brass staccato figure—all to obtain the most natural sound. Writing of the live performance, one critic noted, "...there are not words... that can do justice to great music, greatly played." All modesty aside, we'd like to add: "greatly recorded!" This is one of the first albums in thrilling new Dynagroove by RCA Victor described in more complete detail in the adjoining column.



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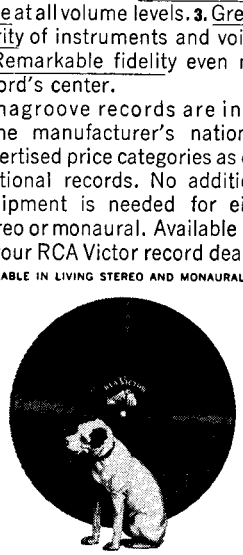

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and trying to forget what Walt Disney had done to his story, "On the Suicide of the Street." His best friends, then, were the fifth-grade students at West Side Grammar School. He went to all their dodge-ball games and afterward often played hide-and-seek and Zorro with them, using his old Army poncho as a cape. His full name is Jonah Cain Salamander but the youngsters all called him "Sal," Gloria told me. "Gee, he was a keen Zorro, but not too good as Superman," she said. "It was cool, though, the way he fit in by drinking eleven Pepsis without stopping."

Aside from this research, which I could expand upon endlessly, you are probably wondering if I ever did see Salamander in the flesh. Yes, momentarily, and here's the way it happened. Mibsie LeBlanc's friend, Gloria, told me that Sal often went to the store for jawbreakers after lunch. It was his custom, she explained, to walk atop a large wooden fence by the brook near his house and swing across the township line by an old vine swing and sneak into town in a hat—with two holes for his eyes—pulled down completely over his face.

Guised this time as a salesman for the *Satori Evening Post,* I posted myself by the vine swing one morning and waited breathlessly. The hours crept by. Nothing stirred. And I must have been dozing when a rustle in the leaves startled me. At first I thought it was just a movement of the wind through the trees. Then a tree appeared to lift itself from the ground and advance a couple of feet. I realized that inside an Army surplus camouflage apple tree was Salamander—staring back at me. There was nothing I could say, and I was only glad I hadn't brought my dog.

—CHARLES SCHAEFFER.

• • •

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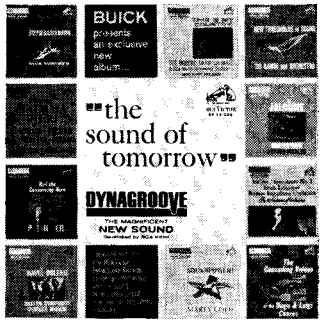

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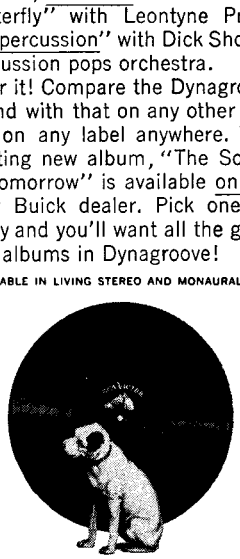

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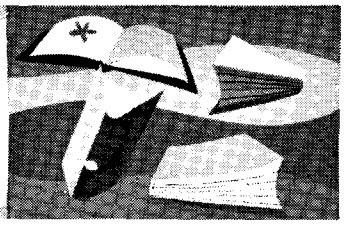
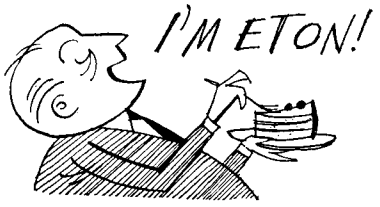
Trade Winds



ON A VISIT to San Francisco, Dr. E. I. Dobos of Denver attended a dinner party where he found himself commenting enthusiastically on a current book, the first novel of a young author, dealing with the cruelty, snobbery, and perversities of life at the famous English school, Eton. Unfortunately, when he was asked the title and author of the book, Dr. Dobos drew a blank.



(It's *The Fourth of June,* by D. Benedictus.)

Having promised to furnish this information, Dr. Dobos telephoned the San Francisco Public Library the following day and explained his predicament to the librarian, asking for the title and author of the new book on Eton which has caused such a furor in England. The librarian replied,

"I think I know what you have in mind. It's *Calories Don't Count.*"

I HOPE YOU don't object to my quoting kids' sayings all the time, but here's one I've just got to pass along. It was mouthed by a class-conscious nine-year-old in—yep, that's right—Fairfield County, Connecticut, good old suburbia. She was seeking the right description of a neighboring family whom she considered underprivileged by her standards.

"They're so poor," she said, "that they can only afford to go to Europe on business trips."

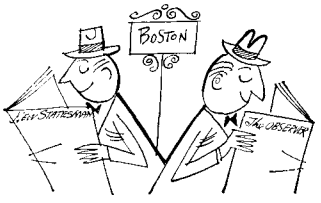
LAST DECEMBER 9 a friend wrote me from Des Moines to announce that he was going to send me the Des Moines *Register* until the New York newspaper strike came to an end. Little did he know that it was going to cost him nearly $45 to airmail it to me daily and Sunday for the first three months of the strike. But he has been true to his word, and I am extremely grateful.

I'll admit that, even though I have 100 per cent Kansas blood in my veins, I was at first skeptical of remaining informed by reading a Midwestern newspaper. Have I eaten crow, Iowa! You are lucky. In the Des Moines *Register* you have a journal every bit as good as any of the more highly publicized New York papers. You have sports pages more thorough than we have in the East. Your Washington coverage is a lovely blend of irreverent probing that we taxpayers want more of from the press and of objective reporting. Your editorials *say* something, and they're written for the second half of the twentieth century, not the nineteenth, like those in so many papers these days.

Register, I shall miss you.

HERE'S FAIRLY GOOD news for those frustrated New Englanders who have been unable to get *The Hell Bent Kid,* the Western by Charles O. Locke that was first published a few years ago. Popular Library is going back to press with a big new printing. If you can be patient until fall, you'll be able to pick up a copy at the store.

The fuss over *The Hell Bent Kid* started in February when George Frazier praised it in his column in the Boston *Herald.* Such is his influence that he caused hundreds of loyal followers to start pestering outlets in New England for the book. With the newspaper strike on, New Yorkers were reading Frazier and they started a run



on the little paperback, too. Pretty soon the pressure was on Popular Library for another printing.

This isn't the only case of Frazier's column's selling ability. He writes about books, men's clothing, sports, jazz, food, politics—sometimes enthusiastically and sometimes iconoclastically. He's got a lot of people reading the London *Observer* and the *New Statesman* for the first time. Massachusetts Attorney General Edward Brooke says Frazier had a lot to do with his election. Frazier claims a lot of credit for the defeat of the John Birch candidates in

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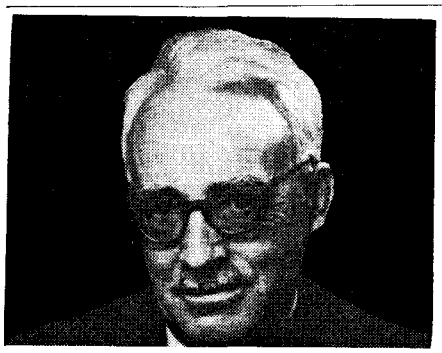

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– Chicago Tribune

the Lexington local election a couple of weeks ago. He once said he liked an expensive new shirt—wide British stripes, Scottish broadcloth—and by noon Boston's Brooks Brothers stock was out of it. He created such a demand for ginger ice cream that Howard Johnson's restored it to the menu.

"In a disgustingly conceited way," Frazier told me, "I like to think of myself as a champion of the new and the neglected."

I hope Frazier will be syndicated soon so the rest of the country can have the chance to read his stimulating column. (In my disgustingly modest way, I don't think I have any influence in this direction. I've been trying for years to persuade Ho-Jo's to put in tunafish ice cream and they have paid no attention to me.)

SHARPS AND FLATS: Reading a book by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is like getting socked in the nose. You go away from it, far away, but it still stings and your eyes water. His latest, *Cat's Cradle* (Holt), is no exception. If you're tough, if you can take the barbs of a satirical novel that you'll want to give to your best friend to read so you can talk about it—then try *Cat's Cradle*. But remember, I didn't say it was comforting.

►One comment on our recent European troubles: "Nobody's going to push General de Gaulle into any swimming pool."

►After the Supreme Court ruling, the principal of one elementary school had the praying mantis removed from the sixth-grade insect display.

►I certainly felt old when I heard actress Inger Stevens say on a TV quiz show, "Well, I don't know who Ben Bernie was, but . . ."

►There used to be a popular drink make of rum and Coca-Cola called a Cuba Libre. What's happened to it? Been replaced by the Bay of Pigs Sling, the ingredients of which I am not sure.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1511)

Richard McKenna:
(THE) SAND PEBBLES

Holman was confused by the talk he heard at meals in the saloon. Respectable people really had control, he thought. Sailors could not get half that angry and nasty with each other without having to stand up and fist it out.

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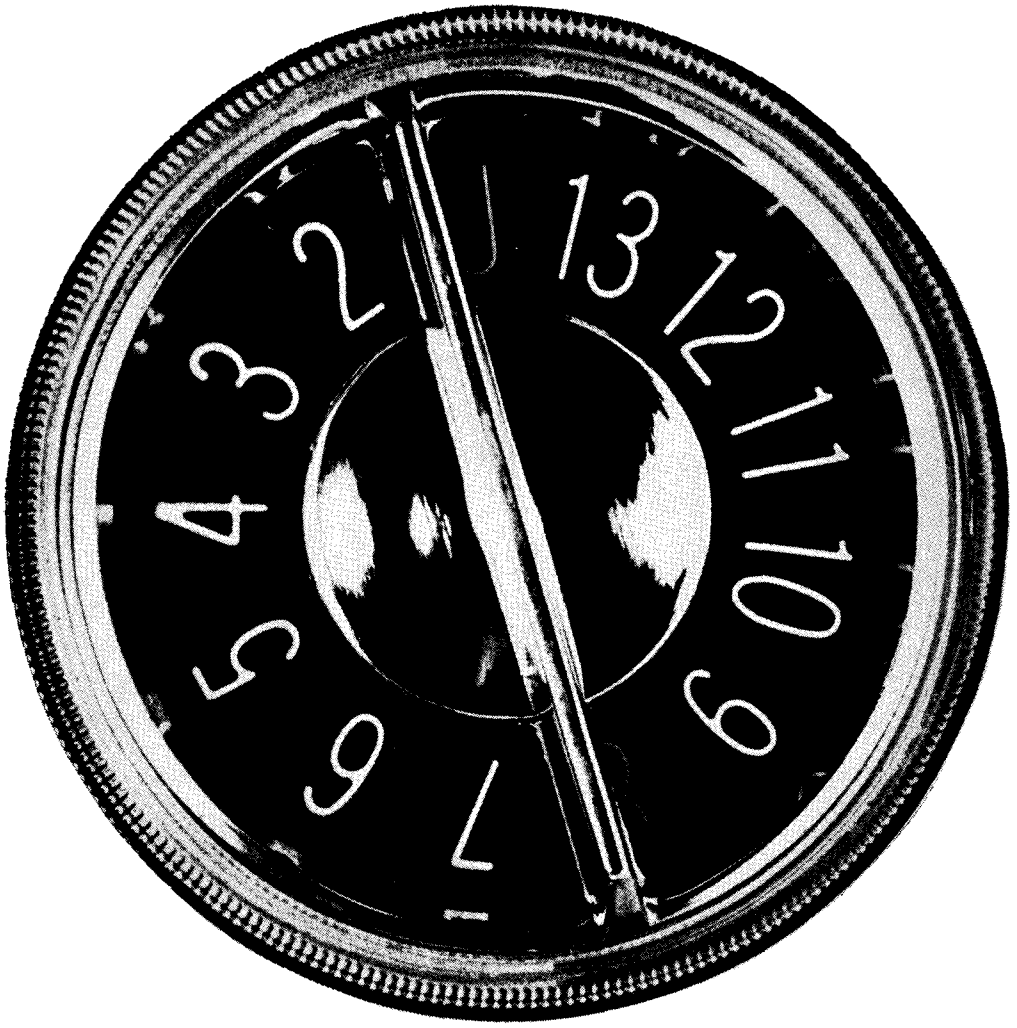

This is not a roulette wheel.

Spin it like one and you run the risk of missing some rewarding TV: important drama . . . fine music . . . vital history. They're all there for you—if you plan your viewing. Below is a sampling of programs for this April. Browse through it and other listings. The scope is broad. The choice is yours.

The Pesticides Controversy
Wednesday, April 3 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Invincible Mr. Disraeli
Trevor Howard and Greer Garson star.
Thursday, April 4 (8:30-10 PM)

St. Matthew Passion
Part II of the Bach oratorio.
Sunday, April 7 (3:30-5:30 PM)

Ethiopia: The Lion and the Cross
Interview with Emperor Haile Selassie (Pt. II).
Sunday, April 7 (6-6:30 PM)

The "Oscar" Awards
Monday, April 8 (10 PM)

The Kentucky Coal Miner
Study of a distressed industry.
Tuesday, April 9 (10:30-11 PM)

Encyclopedia of Communism
Report on Communist strengths and weaknesses around the world.
Wednesday, April 10 (7:30-9 PM)

Telephone Hour
Harry Belafonte, Birgit Nilsson, Andres Segovia, and members of the N.Y. City Ballet.
Thursday, April 11 (10-11 PM)

Thomas Jefferson and His World
Book discussion for young people.
Saturday, April 13 (12:30-1 PM)

The Vatican
The state and its people.
Sunday, April 14 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Robert Moses
A biographical profile.
Wednesday, April 17 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Mission of the Church
Six-part series on church work by laymen.
Beginning Sunday, April 21 (10:30-11 AM)

The Western Hero
From 1899 to the "adult western."
Sunday, April 21 (6-6:30 PM)

American Landmark, Lexington and Concord
Fredric March narrates.
Sunday, April 21 (8:30-9 PM)

The Country Editor
A descriptive study.
Tuesday, April 23 (10:30-11 PM)

The Business of Gambling
Growth and effects of organized gambling.
Sunday, April 28 (10-11 PM)

Air Pollution
The malady and its control.
Tuesday, April 30 (10:30-11 PM)

* * * *

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Continental Classroom: Atomic Age Physics & American Government/ College of The Air: The American Economy/ Today/Calendar/Discovery '63

Mondays: David Brinkley's Journal

Tuesdays: Chet Huntley Reporting

Wednesdays: CBS Reports

Fridays: Eyewitness

Saturdays: Watch Mr. Wizard/Reading Room/ Exploring

Sundays: Camera Three/Meet the Professor/ Adlai Stevenson Reports/Issues and Answers/ Update/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/ Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color/Voice of Firestone/Howard K. Smith —News and Comment

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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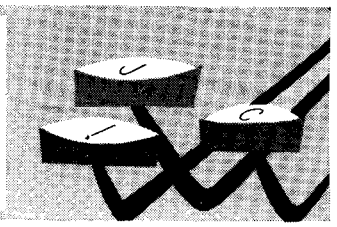
Manner of Speaking



ART NOTES, OR WHY MY WIFE DID NOT GO TO NEW YORK FOR HER THIRTY SECONDS' WORTH OF THE *MONA LISA*: Americans know a good thing when it goes on exhibition. They turned out in endless lines in Washington for their glimpse of the *Mona Lisa* and were ticked off (or so I have heard) at thirty-second intervals—"keep the line moving please!" With the newspaper strike blacking out New York, I didn't know what the time ration was at the Metropolitan, but my wife, though normally ready to trot off to any museum or gallery, held herself aloof. No thirty-second peek-a-boo for her. She claims special standing. And thereby hangs a tale, oddly enough of the black market in Paris.

In 1950-51, I had a half-pay sabbatical from Harvard and my wife and I were church-mousing it out to a full year abroad. In Paris toward the end of the year we strolled over to Cook's to pick up our return passages, thinking to stroll back by way of the Louvre. At Cook's I discovered that I could pay for our passages in either francs or dollars at the official rate of exchange.

At that time traveler's checks were fetching a premium of something like fifteen francs on the dollar in the black market, American cash, especially in larger denominations, was fetching about twenty francs on the dollar, and personal checks, strange as it may seem, were fetching twenty-five and sometimes a bit more. On a quick computation I saw we could save almost forty dollars on a fast shuffle in currency if I could find a Frenchman with whom I had had some earlier dealings. The Frenchman could be a bit elusive: it might take an hour or so to track him down, but on our budget it was as good as a Christmas present. My wife could roam the Louvre while I roamed the alleys. "I'll meet you in front of the *Mona Lisa* in about an hour," I said, and off I went.

The Frenchman was having one of his more elusive days. I went from gallery that had a side door, to a ba that had several doors, to an office that had nothing but a wicket, to a house that had a back door, and so on. I did finally run him down, but by the time I had cornered the francs, gone back to Cook's, picked up the tickets, and headed for the *Mona Lisa*, a good five hours had gone by and it was getting on to closing time.

Meanwhile, back at the Louvre (I think I have been waiting all my life to use that particular transition), my wife had wandered for an hour and then, afraid of missing me in those mazes, and not sure what else to do, had planted herself in front of the *Mona Lisa*. She has ever been one to improve the shining hours (and all, in fact, but my character): if she was to be stood up in front of the *Mona Lisa*, she would, by Heaven, look at it. By the time I rushed in, she suspected the guards were whispering about her, and also that a fair copy of the canvas was etched on both her eyeballs. As I studied them in various lights, I was, in fact, half convinced she was right.

Needless to say, she reported a certain aching of the leg muscles, but beir both frugal and industrious (she is als wholesome, trustworthy, courteous, kind, brave, clean, and only habitually irreverent, and then only to me), she happily wrote off her afternoon vigil as twice profitable. After all, how many people get paid something like nine or ten dollars an hour for looking at the *Mona Lisa*? (No, fellow accountants, I am not counting the first hour in which she roamed at large.)

On the proceeds we sat ourselves down to a feast that began with *moules mariniéres* (about which we were both passionate) and ended several courses and wines later in all but heavenly crapulence (we were leaving in a few days for a week of Oxford and the English famine before boarding our ship).

We had stopped by the *Mona Lisa* several times before her long wait, but neither of us has seen her since. Nor would either of us think of visiting again for a mere thirty seconds. And certainly not my wife. Not with her at lease semiprofessional standing to maintain. We'll just wait till we make it to Paris again.

OF THE SOUND OF THIS WORLD: T thousand reasonably happy years ago, when we were first married, my wife and I stayed for a time with my Irish sister, which is to say, with the sister who married Tom Fennessey, and whose

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children had picked up that particular cadence, intonation, and slur that any native can recognize as South-Boston-Irish (as, for example, there is another system of sounds bred to the Italian North End of Boston, and which I long believed to be specifically local until I heard them reproduced exactly in the Italian sections of Brooklyn, Chicago, Kansas City, and San Francisco). I shall not pretend to be 'Enry 'Iggins in matters of phonetics, but having been substantially exposed to both of these systems of enunciation for most of the first thirty years of my life, I am persuaded, if only self-persuaded, that I once knew them minutely and that I can still catch their sound above the noises of any normal crowd. And so much for phonetic speculation.

We were, as I was saying, at my sister's house, and gaggling away on the back porch while my brother-in-law and a twelve-year-old son were indoors listening to a radio program called, I believe, *Telequiz.* Suddenly my nephew came racing out to the porch. "Hey, Professuh, what's uhnuthuh name for Roger Connor?" (He pronounced it Rojuh Connuh).

I looked blank.

"Hurry up, willyuh? We gut ah name in at *Teluhquiz* an' the phone might ring, an my fathuh don' know, an' I gutta havuh nothuh name fuh Rojuh Connuh—uh sum'n like that!"

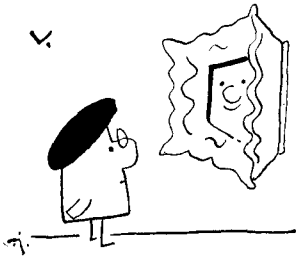
He pleaded and I looked blank for a few more seconds while that look grew on him that said in effect, "Some professuh: a guy that don' even know Rojuh Connuh!" Finally I followed him indoors to hear for myself what the man was saying.

"And now, Mrs. Petahs," the quizmaster was saying in the bright lure of cash prizes, "can you give me anothah name for *La Gioconda*?"

(But grant my nephew his rights in the matter, too. As the man said it, it came out approximately as "Ahja Condah," the first "L" hardly sounded, and the "d" much muted. My nephew had simply added an "r" at the beginning—an "r" being an easy sound to add to most anything in Boston, so long as it isn't there to begin with—and came up with the nearest *gestalt* in his memory banks.)

In any case, thanks for the visit, Rojuh Connuh, and *bon voyage.*

—JOHN CIARDI.



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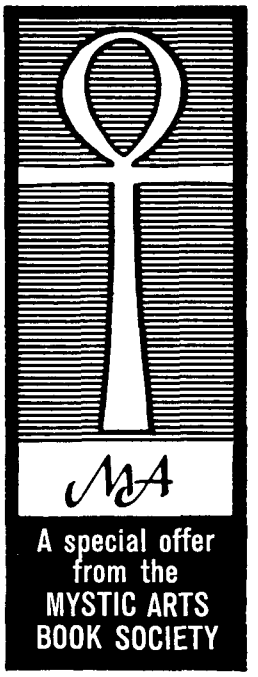

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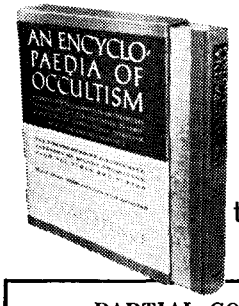

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A Clearer View

But before James Lee's script runs its course (April 4, 8:30 to 10 p.m. EST), it's certain that NBC-TV viewers will know his subject far better than did the people of Disraeli's own time.

For in his own time (which covered a huge chunk of the 19th century) Benjamin Disraeli was as enigmatic a figure as he was powerful.

He was a Tory who was regarded as a radical by many of his critics. He was a kindly man who could, nevertheless, cut an opponent to ribbons with an ad-libbed epigram. He was a cynic who expressed the view that marriage was designed exclusively for women; yet his own union of 36 years was a model of mutual love and devotion.

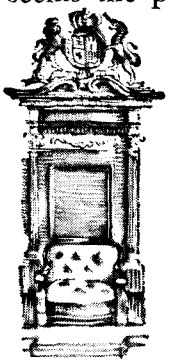
Playwright Lee's drama explores both the public and private worlds of Mr. D., whom many historians consider the most dynamic and important prime minister England has ever had. (It was under Disraeli that Victorian Britain added such parcels as India and the Suez Canal to her out-of-town holdings.)

The Lee teleplay is, we think, a superb one. What's more, its hand-picked cast is headed by Trevor Howard in the title role, and Greer Garson as his Mary Anne.

Mr. Howard, whether exchanging tell-tale glances in a "Brief Encounter" or crusading for the rights of elephants in a "Roots of Heaven," is merely one of the world's very finest actors.

We suspect that as a result of the April 4 performance, a whole generation will be identifying him with Disraeli just as an earlier generation came to think of Disraeli as George Arliss. (And remember young Mitzi Green's *imitation* of Arliss doing Disraeli?)

As for Miss Garson, she seems the perfect choice to play the British statesman's spouse. Aside from being blessed with so much talent, she's probably one of the few actresses extant with enough built-in dignity to call a husband "Dizzy" (as the affectionate Mary Anne repeatedly does in the TV play) without causing unscheduled titters out front.



Last of a Quartet

The "Disraeli" portrait—in color, naturally—climaxes a brilliant "Hallmark Hall of Fame" season in which producer-director George Schaefer has already delighted viewers with "The Teahouse of the August Moon," "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Pygmalion."

Over the past dozen years on NBC-TV, Hallmark plays have captured more awards than any other drama series in the medium. In the process, they've managed to show there's nothing strange about winning trophies and audiences at the very same time.

NBC

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Saturday Review
MARCH 30, 1963

By A. H. RASKIN

LABOR'S CRISIS OF PUBLIC CONFIDENCE

Can the U.S. be protected against the effects of crippling strikes without paying too high a price in the sacrifice of economic freedom?

ORGANIZED LABOR is undergoing a crisis of public confidence unmatched since Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal brought millions of workers cascading into unions and buttressed collective bargaining with an elaborate structure of government guarantees. Suffocating strikes have spread concern that unions are too strong and that their strength is applied without heed for the public welfare.

Indictments come from right, left, and center. The business community inveighs against unregulated monopoly power in the hands of ruthless union bosses. Liberals, the crusading fervor that attended the unionization of the mass production industries still unforgotten, bemoan signs of stagnation—frozen union leadership, shrinking enrollment, an absence of any discernible sense of mission or idealism. The average citizen, told by President, Governor, or Mayor in every major labor-management controversy that "free collective bargaining is on trial," finds it increasingly hard to believe that anyone on either side of the bargaining table is really listening.

Strikes stemming from the job upheavals caused by automation, with its long-term promise to abolish poverty and human drudgery if it does not make man obsolete first, put a brake on progress. Unions are charged with picking the consumer's pocket for their wage increases and with helping to price United States goods out of world markets. President Kennedy, elected with overwhelming union support, startles a White House news conference by accusing striking New York printers of holding out for excessive settlement terms. More and more Americans who still count themselves unequivocally "pro-labor" make no bones about feeling intensely "anti-union."

The result is a rising clamor in Congress for new legislative restraints, even though less than four years have gone by since the McClellan Committee's long inquiry into labor-management abuses led to passage of the Landrum-Griffin labor reform act. The public's sense of helplessness about protecting its interests when bargaining breaks down came close to apogee in the early months of this year as a result of the throttling strikes on the New York and Cleveland newspapers and the Atlantic and Gulf docks.

The inter-union and intra-union wrangling that blocked resumption of publication in New York after the printers' leaders had endorsed Mayor Wagner's peace terms, coupled with the ineptitude the publishers displayed in all phases of their union relations, reinforced public skepticism about either side's competence to serve as custodian of a vital community service. With severe new tests developing on the railroads and in other key industries, this seems a wise time to examine the adequacy of our present defenses and to consider measures that might strengthen them without too high a price in the sacrifice of economic freedom. Such an evaluation is particularly desirable in a period of relative calm, when no emergency cries out for immediate correctives.

Labor laws enacted under the spur of public passion or panic usually miss their target, with damage to unions of demonstrated responsibility and no significant check on those the laws were designed to curb. Thus, the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947 did nothing consequential to trammel John L. Lewis, whose coal strikes in the war and immediate postwar years had made him the visible symbol of everything the country felt was wrong in labor. Similarly, the Landrum-Griffin Act of 1959 has not slowed James R. Hoffa's drive for a master contract that would enable him to halt all the nation's trucking, despite the clear intent of Congress to cut the cocky leader of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters down to his five-foot-five size.

THE first imperative if our quest for more dependable statutory safeguards is not to miscarry again is to determine how big a problem we have and how much headway is being made toward reducing it through voluntary cooperation between unions and employers. This brings the perhaps too tranquilizing discovery that time lost through strikes is going down at the very time that our anxiety about their stubbornness and cost goes up. In the last two years the strike toll has been at a near-record low for peacetime. Only one day in every 600 of work time has been lost as a result of work stoppages—a loss far below that occasioned by coffee breaks.

The chill in this statistical comfort, of course, is that a few prolonged cutoffs in strategic sectors of our integrated economy can and do create hardships for millions without causing any appreciable bulge in the overall strike totals. This imbalance between union size and the capacity to inflict hurt on an army of innocent bystanders was illus-

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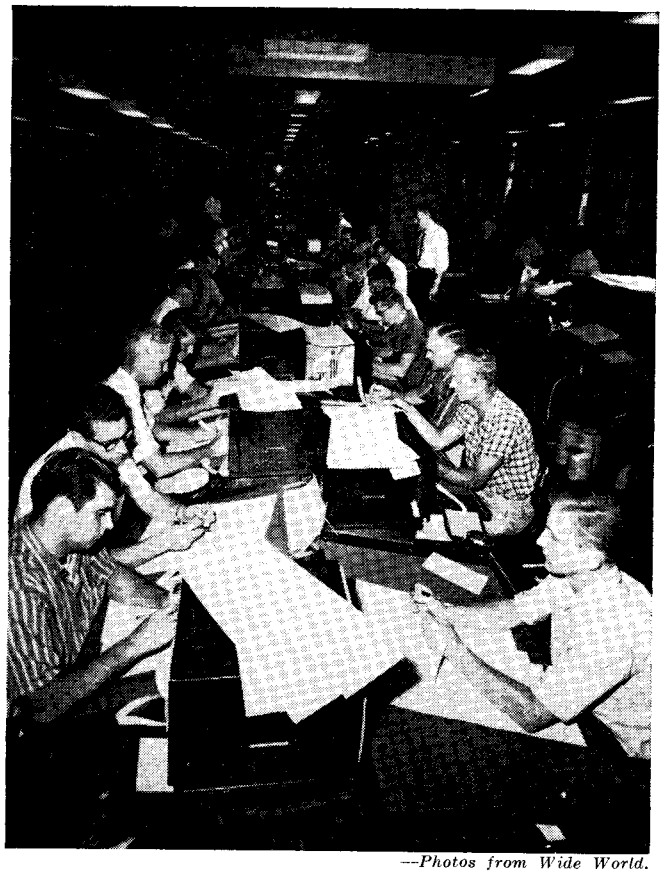

—Photos from Wide World.

Before and After—A battery of tabulators, above, worked on the stock market figures for the Associated Press until last month, when the AP's electronic computer system, below, went into operation in New York's Rockefeller Center.

trated with particular force in 1961 when a walkout of 664 crewmen on railroad ferries and tugs in New York harbor generated a picket blockade that stranded 100,000 commuters, forced an embargo on export freight, and stopped virtually all main line service on the sprawling New York Central and New Haven rail systems. Only 3,000 printers were directly involved in the combination strike-lockout on the New York newspapers; yet their departure touched off a chain reaction that deprived more than 10,000,000 persons in the country's communications capital of their prime avenue of information about their community and the world.

If the low strike figures represent a placebo as an index of progress away from the jungle in industrial relations, a more meaningful earnest is the inventiveness being shown in some once-turbulent fields in developing improved mechanisms for teamwork. The most impressive of these experiments in togetherness is the long-range committee that has evolved a formula for sharing the fruits of increased productivity at the California plant of the Kaiser Steel Corporation —a formula that may provide the foundation for a permanent moratorium on strikes.

A comparable effort to substitute reason for muscle in the solution of mutual problems is being made in the rest of the basic steel industry by a Human Relations Research Committee set up by the major steel producers and the United Steelworkers of America. Armour and the two unions representing its packing house employees have a committee that meets on a year-round basis to cushion the manpower dislocations caused by rapid shifts in the mechanics, economics, and geography of meat packing.

At the missile bases, where quickie strikes by construction unions became such an irritant two years ago that the Pentagon began a quiet drive for a Congressional ban on further stoppages, the unions and the contractors voluntarily agreed to a no-strike, no-lockout plan for resolving all disputes. Dozens of other programs have been instituted in large and small industries for taking the detonator out of labor-management conflict and for persuading the worker that loss of his job is not his only stake in the bright new world of automation.

The novel element in all these plans is their recognition of the impossibility of evolving satisfactory answers to the myriad challenges of technological innovation through the crisis approach inherent in negotiations conducted under the club of a strike deadline. They substitute devices for continuous discussions in an atmosphere free of pressure and for collecting all the economic information essential for rational decisions. The aim is to foster efficiency for the enterprise, protection for the union members, and an equitable distribution of technological gains among stockholders, workers, and consumers. So many complexities attend this effort that many unions and companies have found it useful to enlist on a permanent basis the aid of outsiders skilled in the techniques of arbitration and mediation. These neutral experts sit as public members, thus providing third-party representation in labor-management decision-making without the direct involvement of government.

Interestingly enough, in this period of heightened concern over the sufficiency of our anti-strike weapons, the places in which civilized procedures seem to be edging the strike into obsolescence include some industries in which wasting tests of economic strength were themselves a powerful educative force. The coal industry, once so afflicted with work stoppages that the miners popped in and out of the pits as if mounted on a yo-yo, has not had a national shutdown since 1950. Both sides finally recognized that oil and natural gas would gobble up all of King Coal's market unless they could guarantee uninterrupted fuel deliveries to the electric utilities and coal's other big customers.

The new instruments for keeping the peace in steel are direct outgrowths of the worst strike in the industry's history—the 116-day stoppage in 1959. Out of the folly of that conflict came a realization on both sides that foreign steel producers and the makers of such competitive materials as aluminum, prestressed concrete, and fiberglass were the principal beneficiaries of their warfare. Endless examples of enlightenment through forcible futility could be cited, starting more than a half-century back with the arbitration machinery born of the bloody early strikes in the men's and women's clothing industry.

Is the moral of all this that the only way to insure durable

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peace in labor-management affairs is to wait until unions and employers in every major industry have beaten sense into one another's heads through the unrestricted use of economic weapons? This is not a doctrine the country is prepared to accept, any more than it will accept the notion that, in an era of nuclear annihilation, it is tolerable for nations to resolve their differences by combat. What has changed the arena of industrial conflict—and what demands a change in the ground rules governing that conflict—is the extent to which the community has become the victim in crisis strikes. The squeeze is much less acute on the economic warriors than it is on the public.

Strike insurance plans, tax carrybacks, and chronic underuse of productive facilities in many industries help offset the employers' losses. Strike benefits, coupled with the availability of public funds to ward off extreme personal hardship, provide a similar shield for the striker.

In the New York news blackout, the publishers were saved from bankruptcy by $2,500,000 in strike insurance, plus the fact that their real advertising losses were confined to a single week of peak Christmas business at the very outset of the shutdown. The economic punishment was easier to sustain in January and February, both slack months, in which most papers lose money when they do publish. Not until the advent of the Easter shopping season in March did the publishers find themselves in a crushing financial nutcracker. At that point the New York *Post*, economically weakest of the papers, broke the employers' united front by resuming publication. A few days later the rest of the publishers subscribed to Mayor Wagner's amity plan.

ON the union side, the national membership of the International Typographical Union approved a special assessment to bolster the printers' war chest. This gave the New York strikers, in the weeks when payless paydays and the piling up of family bills would ordinarily have become a goad to settlement, a combined benefit of nearly $120 a week in payments from the union and the state unemployment insurance fund—virtually the same as their normal take-home when fully employed. In the stoppage's initial weeks, before the strikers were eligible for state insurance, the union paid a $96 weekly benefit.

Both sides were in their pre-March state of insulation when President Kennedy made his declaration, on the tie-up's seventy-fifth day, that it had "long since passed the point of public toleration." Oddly, the President's judgment seemed based primarily on his belief that the stoppage was having a "vital effect" on the city's economic life, rather than that it represented an insupportable infringement on the public's right to know.

This was a puzzling focus in a news conference, in which the President found his own Administration under fresh attack for attempting to "manage" the news. Mr. Kennedy, probably the most avid newspaper reader ever to reside at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, tried once again to convey his belief that the press, as the public's chief vehicle of knowledge about the affairs of its government, ought to have access to the fullest information compatible with military security.

Yet, in demanding that the news strike issues be resolved through impartial review, the President gave no suggestion that his concern sprang principally from the Constitution's guarantee of freedom of the press—a guarantee that implies there will be a press actively carrying forward its mission as educator, admonisher, watchdog, and even occasionally as hector or buffoon. Certainly, if implications of censorship invite reproach for the President himself, outright suppression of the metropolitan press through the thrust and riposte of pooled labor and management power commands an urgency of public response greater than the inevitable inci-

—*Wide World.*

—*Pix.*

Strikes and Strikers—Top, crated cargo awaits overseas shipment during recent longshoremen's strike; center, printers picket ***New York Times***; bottom, a blind newsdealer in New York City sells an out-of-town paper during the strike that closed local dailies.

—*Wide World.*

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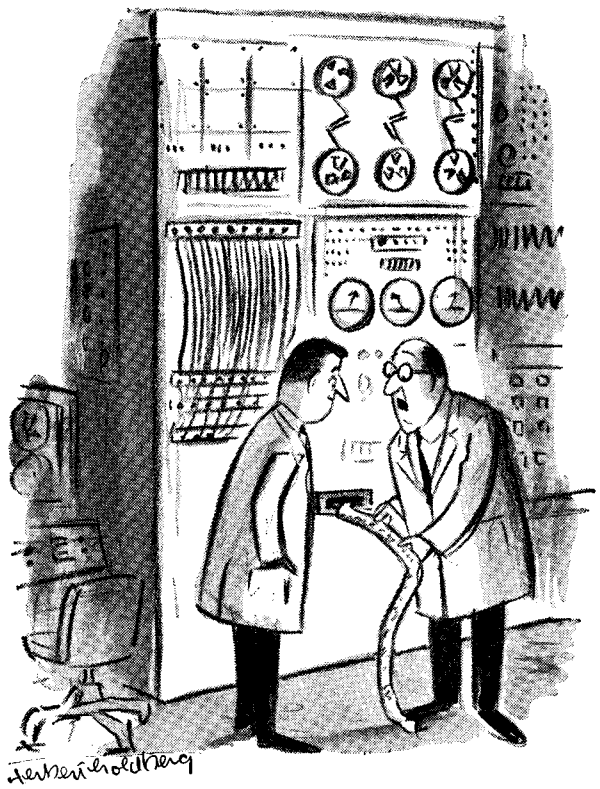
dental hurt the shutdown inflicts on department store sales, attendance at Broadway shows, and other activities.

The President, to be sure, emphasized that he did not consider the New York news strike an emergency jeopardizing the national health or safety. Nevertheless, his citation of its economic consequences as his warrant for urging third-party determination calls attention to one of the toughest problems that arise when the public demands additional legal protection against the hazards created by industrial warfare.

This sticker is how to define what constitutes a crisis serious enough to require inhibition in the public interest. The elasticity of the present concept is reflected with special vividness in the history of federal intervention in steel. In 1952, when the steel companies balked at a government peace recommendation, President Truman declared that the requirements of the Korean War made it unthinkable that the country lose even one day's steel output. He ordered the mills seized, and the steel union stayed on the job. When the Supreme Court invalidated the seizure, the unionists followed Uncle Sam out the door.

Mr. Truman had no wish to invoke the injunction provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act, passed over his veto five years before. So the "emergency" he had proclaimed with such vehemence a few weeks earlier conveniently evaporated. When the strike had dragged on for nearly two months and the peril of a continued shutdown became impossible to ignore, the President called the top men on both sides to the White House, demanded an immediate settlement, and got it.

In the strikes of 1946, 1949, 1956, and 1959, improvisation and expediency were similarly controlling in the federal approach to steel. Factors that had at least as much to do with politics as with national need determined the mode and timing of White House moves under both the Democrats and the Republicans. The moral of all this is that no practical yardstick can be established to determine when a strike turns into a national emergency. The President must make the determination, and the standards he applies will differ with each strike and each President.



"It's very angry and it's demanding a sacrifice."

In the current debate about what better weapons might be made available to the President, almost no one argues that the emergency provisions now in the Taft-Hartley Act are adequate. All it provides is an eighty-day no-strike order, during which the official board of inquiry appointed by the President is prohibited from putting forward any independent settlement proposals. Let's look at how much of a help this proved in the recent waterfront strike.

Both the employers and the International Longshoremen's Association took it for granted that their negotiations would wind up in a deadlock—and in the issuance of an injunction. So institutionalized has this process become that no real bargaining took place until the contract had expired and the court order was in force. What's worse, no bargaining took place after that, either. When the eighty-day cooling-off period ran out, the frostiest thing around was the prospect of an agreement.

At this point, with no more legal powers to draw on, the President decided to rely on charm. He put in a pre-Christmas telephone call from Palm Beach to Thomas W. Gleason, the union's chief negotiator, at his home near the Chelsea docks in New York. Gleason was in the shower when the call came through, and the White House operator never fully convinced his wife that it really was the President on the line, not some longshoreman too full of Yule cheer.

None of this contributed much to the persuasiveness of the President's sales pitch. He asked Gleason to keep his men at work for another ninety days while a special fact-finding board drafted recommendations for an accord. The answer was no, and the strike began. The ILA kept on saying no to every peace proposal, even after Secretary of Labor Wirtz induced the employers to put in a two-year deep freeze their demand for manpower savings made possible by automated ship-loading techniques.

Finally, with demands for compulsory arbitration thundering over Capitol Hill, the President named a board headed by Senator Wayne Morse to bring about a contract on a "settle—or else" basis. The "or else" was an arbitration law, and the Morse panel unabashedly used the threat of such legislation in a way that might have made a blackmailer blush.

The panel also used honey—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say it used money, the employers' money. It put forward on a take-it-or-leave-it basis a wage package that went well above the Administration's own guidelines for wage-price stability. The union cheerfully accepted—so cheerfully that Gleason, when asked what holiday the union would choose in line with the panel's award of an extra paid holiday, quipped, "JFK's birthday, I suppose." The shipping companies made no secret of their unhappiness at the high cost of peace. They denounced the package as "appeasement" and a "surrender to naked power," but the White House imprimatur left them no option except to meet its terms.

The policy of extra-legal improvisation had an even more floundering record in the New York newspaper strike. Secretary Wirtz, whose principal ambition is to concentrate on the dizzying problems of hard-core unemployment and technological change, found himself immersed day and night in a dispute that everyone recognized should be the primary responsibility of Mayor Wagner or Governor Rockefeller. Wirtz, there on express orders of the President, quickly—and, as it proved, accurately—concluded that no settlement ever would be reached through the normal processes of negotiation and mediation.

He was all set to impanel a fact-finding board to recommend a newspaper peace formula when the President made

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his unsuccessful request to the ILA to stay on the job and let a similar panel study its dispute. The collapse of the waterfront peace move was accompanied by a flat notice from Bertram A. Powers, president of the striking printers, that his union would never go along with any form of government arbitration or fact-finding. This was not a position Powers invented. Keeping government out of its affairs has been an article of faith with the ITU since its foundation more than a century ago. The result of this door-slamming was a frantic and futile search for expedients by the Secretary, the Governor, and the Mayor. It ended with the President's exasperated call for independent determination, but even then the attitude of the disputants remained so frigid that the mayor felt obliged to wait a full two weeks before submitting his settlement recommendations. All this high-level fumbling certainly influenced the rank-and-file vote to upset the whole deal on the stoppage's 100th day.

The unblinkable lesson of both strikes is that the absence of an explicit legal foundation for government action to defend the public engenders a bargain-basement scramble for solutions that rarely solve anything. The frequency with which our highest national, state, and municipal officials are turned down or ignored when they plead for reasonableness and restraint to advance the common good is not only demeaning for them but destructive of respect for democratic government. Too often the upshot is capitulation to the stronger and more obstructive of the feuding parties, with the public paying the bill for an exorbitant settlement after the rigors of a tie-up in which it has been the prime sufferer.

If we are to reduce the danger of such raids on the community's purse and well-being, one clearly needed addition to our present arsenal of legal weapons is a change in Taft-Hartley that would give the now almost useless emergency boards authority to recommend terms of a new contract before the eighty-day no-strike period expired. However, the large number of cases in which such recommendations by Railway Labor Act emergency boards have failed to prevent strikes has produced considerable skepticism about whether even such an amendment to the Taft law would be sufficient.

A more sweeping proposal comes from Bernard M. Baruch, who believes it is time to establish a full-fledged Court of Labor-Management Relations. It would be made up of representatives of labor, management, and the public, and its decisions would be final and binding in cases sent to the court by the President after all the processes of the Taft-Hartley Act had been exhausted.

The Baruch proposal is blood brother to a suggestion for an even more comprehensive Industrial Court put forward in 1946 by former Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia. The co-author of the Norris-La Guardia Act, whose anti-injunction law was as much a Magna Carta for labor as the Wagner Act, was convinced by the rash of strikes in coal, steel, automobiles, and most other major industries immediately after V-J Day that new devices were needed to guard against abuses of labor-management power. This is exactly the philosophy that underlies the Baruch plan. In a letter to Secretary Wirtz, he complains that too many of the struggles between labor and business are not only waged at the public's expense but are settled at it.

THE danger in setting up a court of final resort in major disputes is that its availability will cause an atrophy in the will of either unions or employers to settle their own disputes and thus put the court in the role of an economic czar. Those who fear such a surrender of independent decision-making point to the extent to which collective bargaining went out the window when the War Labor Board was passing on virtually all contracts in World War II or when the Wage Stabilization Board performed a similar function in the Korean conflict.

UNEMPLOYMENT RATE		MAN-DAYS IDLE THOUGH STRIKES AS A PERCENTAGE OF ESTIMATED TOTAL WORKING TIME	
1946	3.9	1946	1.43
1947	3.9	1947	.41
1948	3.8	1948	.37
1949	5.9	1949	.59
1950	5.3	1950	.44
1951	3.3	1951	.23
1952	3.1	1952	.57
1953	2.9	1953	.26
1954	5.6	1954	.21
1955	4.4	1955	.26
1956	4.2	1956	.29
1957	4.3	1957	.14
1958	6.8	1958	.22
1959	5.5	1959	.61
1960	5.6	1960	.17
1961	6.7	1961	.14
1962	5.6	1962	.16

Source: U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics

Such analogies to periods in which wartime wage-price controls ruled the economy and labor had voluntarily signed a no-strike pledge are of dubious validity when applied to machinery invokable only in cases of national peril. However, here again the experience under the Railway Labor Act operates as a red light. Since its passage in 1926, both the railroads and the rail unions have got so accustomed to depending on Presidential emergency boards that they show little real disposition to bargain and even less of the social inventiveness that is helping labor and management adjust to the challenge of change in places like Kaiser Steel and Armour.

This suggests that we must proceed with utmost care to make sure that in our eagerness to plug the gaps in our defenses against crippling strikes, we do not stifle the originality necessary for forward-looking answers to our complex new problems. I have no doubt that we can strengthen our institutions for private creativity at the same time that we make sure the public is not the only loser in strikes that cut off vital services.

We have already demonstrated our ability to do just that on two previous occasions when public worry about strikes threatened drastic curbs on all labor. One was in the mid-Thirties when, as Dr. George W. Taylor of the Wharton School recalls, organizational strikes took on the aspect of civil war, with sitdown seizure of factories and pitched battles between strikers and National Guardsmen. Elections under the National Labor Relations Board brought disarmament by providing a peaceful method for determining unions' right to recognition.

Ten years later a comparable challenge to industrial stability was presented by strikes over grievances during the life of a contract. Tens of thousands of workers would walk

(*Continued on page* 52)

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EMILY DICKINSON: POETRY AND PUNCTUATION

By EDITH PERRY STAMM, *of the English Department at the University of New Mexico.*

WE SHALL most likely never arrive at any perfect likeness in our attempts to reconstruct the portrait of Emily Dickinson, but certainly we have now a version far closer to the real than the distorted myth of eccentricities of former days. We owe a good deal of our present understanding and appreciation of this greatest of all women poets to George Frisbie Whicher, who in 1938, confronted with a jungle of falsity and exaggeration, undertook to paint over the myth with fact in his critical biography, *This Was a Poet*. Because of Mr. Whicher's sane and sensitive approach we no longer had before us a human oddity whose life was as eccentric as her art, but rather a real woman of exceptional courage and conviction whose unique talent increased by a considerable amount the volume of the world's great poetry. Mr. Whicher's retouching gave us a much truer view of the poet and her work against the background of an authentic New England setting.

In 1955 another major revision of the portrait was effected by Thomas H. Johnson, whose admirable scholarship and intense respect for this poet enabled him to track down all known extant versions of the poetry (as he was later to do with the letters) and to arrange it chronologically, together with all pertinent historical data, in three monumental volumes of *Poems*. Mr. Johnson's edition offered us the poetry of Emily Dickinson as she wrote it, and not as her previous editors had either knowingly altered it for public consumption or mistakenly transcribed it. In recognition of the authenticity of the Harvard edition, most subsequent editions have used it as the definitive text.

But in 1960, in still another significant retouching of the portrait through a penetrating critical analysis of the body of her poetry, Charles Anderson (*Stairway of Surprise*), pointed to an as yet unretouched and rather disturbing blurred area in the foreground of our portrait—especially distressing because it looks suspiciously like an "eccentricity." The "blur" is a matter of the punctuation—the excessive and seemingly meaningless dashes in the printed text—a matter which had disturbed several Dickinson admirers upon the publication of the Harvard edition, where the dashes as such first appear. All previous editors had "regularized" the punctuation of the original manuscripts, but Johnson, feeling that the dashes, though "capricious," seemed to be some "visual representation of a musical beat," transcribed them as an integral part of the verse. And so it is that ever since, and for all that we can now appreciate fully such Dickinson trademarks as her colloquial idiom, her severe paring of her line (even at the expense of "correct" syntax), her preference for the subjunctive, her intentional misspellings (for the right sound: "Febuary" for "February"), even her inconsistent capitalization and line arrangement (as indicating her "mood of the moment"), still many of us have not yet been able to accept completely what seems to be a matter of sheer laziness, a matter not at all commensurate with this poet's perfectionist spirit—a wilful, sometimes almost perverse scattering of dashes throughout the lines of her verse.

Charles Anderson, however, looking closely at some of the original manuscripts in his appended "Note on the Text," finds that the dashes do not in fact always look like the printer's dash that we have in the Harvard text; instead there are several different kinds of "dashes" of various slants and sizes which, when looked at closely, seem to convey some hints of meaning, some "new system of musical notation for reading her verse."

And Mr. Anderson is right, except that the system was not "new" with

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Emily Dickinson; and Mr. Johnson is right, too, in feeling that the "dashes" are an integral part of the poetry and worthy of being transcribed, except that he did not transcribe them correctly.

A careful study of the "punctuation" in the original manuscripts will show, first, a conspicuous absence of semicolons and colons, but a frequent appearance of periods, question marks, and exclamation points; and, second, a preponderance of three "irregular" marks: a horizontal dash (–) ("irregular" because it is obviously not intended as the grammatical break or turn of thought), which may be as short as a period, or standard length, or "extra-long"; an "angular" slant (/), which Johnson transcribes as a comma, but which does not have the usual curve to it, and as a comma is often grammatically senseless; and a "reverse" slant (\), which is the exact reverse of the "comma" as transcribed by Johnson. These three marks will appear above, at, or below the writing line (at least in the fair copies, where such relative positions are discernible). Occasionally, but rarely, a "dividing vertical" (|) appears in the middle of a line, and a half-moon mark at a line's end. All the "punctuation," then, except for obvious "chicken scratches," may be reduced to the three conventional marks of the period, question mark, and exclamation point, and five "irregular" marks which look basically like this: (–), (/), (\), (◡), (|).

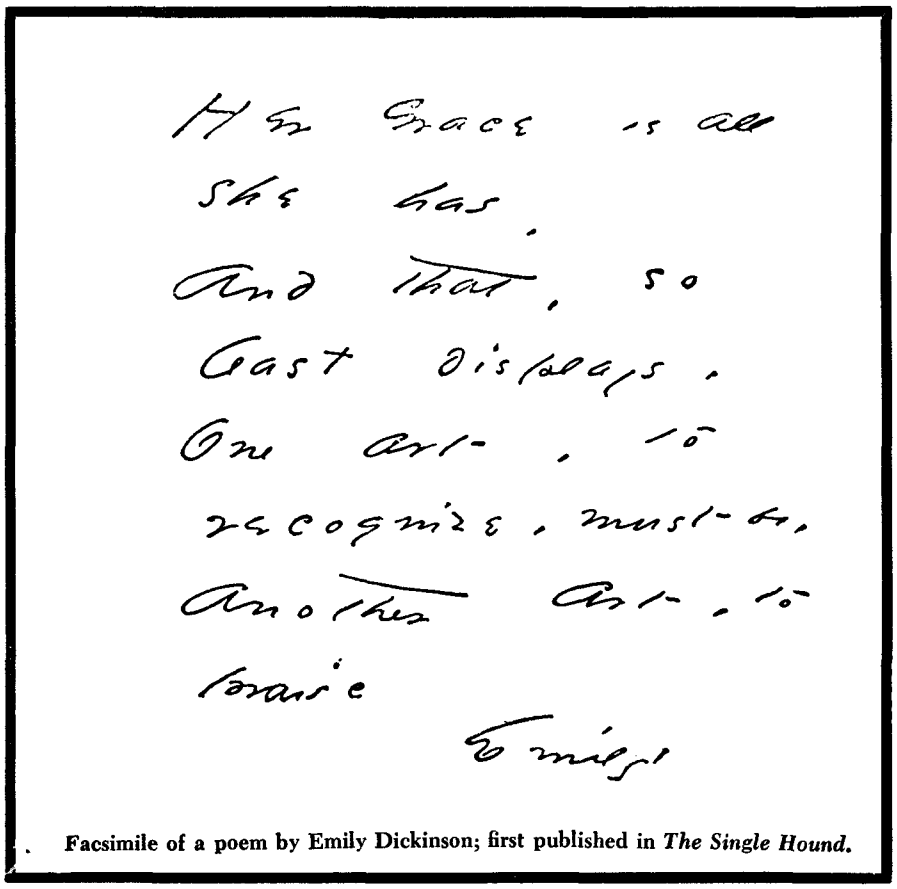
A look into almost any popular mid-nineteenth-century rhetorical reader will show these "irregular" marks as rhetorical or elocutionary symbols meant to direct oral reading of poetry or prose. McGuffey's *Fifth Reader* (1853), Alexander M. Bell's *Principles of Elocution* (1878), and Noah Porter's *Rhetorical Reader* (1837), the last a standard text used at Amherst Academy during Dickinson's attendance there, all show the first four marks as inflectional notations and the last as simply another way of marking the caesural pause (ordinarily indicated by double vertical lines). Chapter III on "Inflections" in Porter's *Rhetorical Reader* begins:

> The absolute modifications of the voice in speaking are four: namely, monotone, rising inflection, falling inflection, and circumflex. The first may be marked to the eye by a horizontal line, thus, (–) the second thus, (/) the third thus, (\) the fourth thus, (◡).
>
> The monotone is a sameness of sound on successive syllables, which resembles that produced by repeated strokes on a bell. Unseemly as this is, where varied inflections are required, it more or less belongs to grave delivery, especially in elevated description, or where emotions of sublimity or reverence are expressed. . . .
>
> The rising inflection turns the voice upward, or ends higher than it begins. It is heard invariably in the direct question. . . .
>
> The falling inflections turns the voice downwards, or ends lower than it begins. It is heard in the answer to a question. . . .
>
> The circumflex is a union of the two inflections, sometimes on one syllable, and sometimes on several. It begins with the falling, and ends with the rising slide. . . .

Twelve rules of inflection, based on the natural, "conversational" inflections, are then outlined in detail. For instance, Rule III reads, "When *negation* is opposed to *affirmation* the former has the rising, and the latter the falling inflection." Rule IV reads, "The *pause* of *suspension*, denoting that the sense is unfinished, requires the rising inflection"; Rule V, "*Tender emotion* generally inclines the voice to the rising slide"; Rule VIII, "The language of *authority*, of *surprise*, and of *distress*, is commonly uttered with the falling inflection"; and Rule XII, "The circumflex occurs chiefly where the language is either *hypothetical* or *ironical*."

Dickinson's "eccentric" punctuation, then, is simply meant to direct the reading of her verse. But why should she be concerned that her lines be read properly? Probably because her direct experience with literary expressions as a school girl must have impressed upon her the importance of poetry's oral quality. Whicher's biography, as it treats of Emily's school days in Amherst, points to the emphasis then put upon literary expression in the schools, even as this emphasis took the form of special Wednesday-afternoon "rhetorical exercises," where the students would read aloud both their own compositions and those of others to gain the approbation of their fellow students and teachers. Apparently such exercises became so popular that they spread into the college and even into the community, where public exhibitions of the students' readings were well attended and enthusiastically received by the townspeople. But this emphasis upon literary expression was not restricted to the town of Amherst. Clifton Johnston's *Old Time Schools and School Books* (1917) lists "The Art of Speaking" as one of the standard courses of the more than 100 academies operating in Massachusetts after 1840, and any of McGuffey's *Readers*, which penetrated into the South after sweeping through the Midwestern states, will attest to the importance then put in the schools upon reading aloud. In her second let-

(*Continued on page* 74)



Facsimile of a poem by Emily Dickinson; first published in *The Single Hound*.

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The Primary Test

JUST on the military level alone, the position of the United States would be far stronger today if a ban on nuclear testing had come into effect in 1957. Since that time, widespread testing by both the United States and the Soviet Union has resulted in a net gain for the Soviet Union.

Put to one side for the moment all the familiar arguments—the growing increase of radioactive fallout, the uncontrolled spread of nuclear testing to other nations, the danger of a speed-up in the arms race. Consider the problem only on narrow military grounds. The stark fact is that those who took the hard military line in opposing any test ban six years ago have been refuted in their own terms. The increased "sophistication" and improvements in nuclear weaponry they advocated have all been achieved. But the Soviet Union has been testing and developing, too. It was far behind in 1957. It is not nearly so far behind today.

It is against this background that the question of a test ban arises once again.

As before, there are two parts to the problem. The first part concerns the Soviet Union. Does the Soviet Union genuinely want an agreement to put an end to Soviet testing? The second part concerns the United States. In the event the Soviet Union would be willing to accept a test ban with adequate inspection, could the President command enough support in the United States for ratification of a treaty?

Begin with the first part of the problem. Just a few months ago, there seemed to be substantial indications that Mr. Khrushchev strongly wanted an agreement with the United States—not just on a nuclear test ban but on Berlin as well. What had happened was that Mr. Khrushchev had been under severe attack inside the Communist world for having withdrawn from Cuba under pressure. The Chinese Communists had denounced him as an appeaser. And appeasement in the Soviet Union is just as dirty a word as it is in the United States.

Under these circumstances, there were two opposite ways of disproving the appeasement charges. One way would be to show that Mr. Khrushchev's policy in withdrawing from Cuba would lead to other specific agreements, thus justifying the general policy of accommodation. The other way of refuting the appeasement charge would be through an act of toughness. The latter step, if taken, would not be an isolated decision. Quite possibly, it would be part of a total recasting of Soviet policy with primary emphasis on a rapprochement with Communist China. For the Chinese had been saying all along that attempts to reach agreements with the United States were futile, that the United States was in the control of warmongers and imperialists, that war was inherent in the nature of capitalism, and that the sooner Khrushchev stopped revising Marx and Lenin and accepted historical determinism, the better it would be for the entire Communist world.

Mr. Khrushchev decided to try for agreements with the United States. He sent a message to President Kennedy accepting the principle of on-site inspection. In particular, he accepted the three-and-three formulation; that is, three seismograph stations inside the Soviet Union and three actual on-the-spot investigations. President Kennedy expressed gratification at the Soviet acceptance of the principle of on-site inspection, but felt that three such inspections were not enough to serve as the basis for an effective agreement. He called for eight inspections.

Mr. Khrushchev reacted in apparent shock. He had been led to believe by at least three prime sources that the United States would accept a total of *six stations and on-site inspections.* The Soviet negotiators at Geneva had reported that Ambassador Dean had proposed four and two. Yuri Zhukov, chairman of the Soviet delegation to the Andover Conference in the United States, had had a meeting with one of the President's top advisors and conveyed to Mr. Khrushchev an offer calling for three and three. Finally, Soviet scientists who had attended a conference with Americans at Cambridge, England, urged Mr. Khrushchev to accept the American position on inspection. Hence, the feeling that the United States was turning away from its own proposal.

The Chinese Communists gloated over their prediction; namely, that the United States would never agree to a test ban, and would back away from its own proposals by raising its demand; and that if the Soviet Union agreed to twenty inspections the United States would jump to forty.

The Chinese Communists could also point to the fate of Mr. Khrushchev's latest proposal on Berlin. In writing to President Kennedy, the Soviet leader had agreed to the continued presence of American troops in Berlin but had asked that a United Nations flag be placed over them. However, Great Britain and West Germany held back on a U.N. presence in Berlin, and the plan was sidetracked.

It was hardly a surprise, therefore, when Chairman Khrushchev began his rapprochement overtures to the Communist Chinese. The implications for the United States of such a coalition, should it fully materialize, are considerable. It means that Communist China, which has made hate of the United States a prime national policy, which holds fanatical dogmatic ideas about the nature of Western society, anc which accepts nuclear war as an ideological inevitability, will be a full if not senior partner in shaping world Communist policy.

Now for the American situation on

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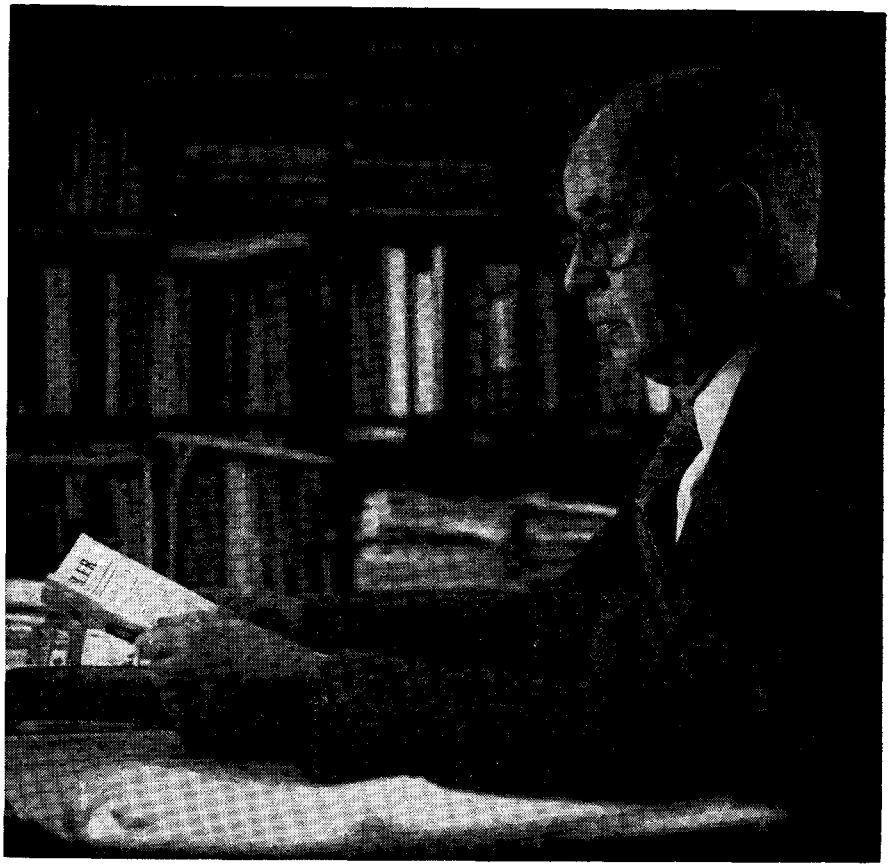
the matter of a test ban. President Kennedy and his top military advisors believe strongly that such a ban would be in the national interest. The development of a nuclear capacity by other nations could produce an almost infinite number of perilous situations in the world that would affect and even commit the United States. A test ban would not automatically shut off the spread of nuclear weapons to other nations but any move in that direction is impossible without it. Moreover, as a result of past atmospheric testing, the world-wide level of radioactivity has been rising toward ominous levels.

HENCE the President, with full knowledge of all the factors involved, including that of the internal situation in the Soviet Union and the Communist world in general, would like to bring nuclear testing to an end. He believes that Soviet representatives misunderstood the position of American negotiators in the matter of three stations and three inspections. In any event, he is not inflexible on the matter. He knows that so long as the principle of inspection is accepted, no Soviet military chief can guarantee Mr. Khrushchev that he can bring off a successful underground evasion. And the President knows, too, that the risk of a secret underground shot with a small nuclear yield is microscopic alongside the massive certainty of major Soviet nuclear advances in the atmosphere. Since secret violations in the atmosphere are impossible, the President would like to narrow the differences, if possible, in the dispute on underground violations.

Here we come to the two major problems mentioned earlier. First, there is a genuine question whether the Soviet Union has had a major policy shift and has committed itself to the hard-line position of the Communist Chinese. It is certain that the President will do everything possible to determine whether this is in fact the case. Second, there is an equally serious obstacle here in the United States—even if the Soviet Union can be deflected from its present rapprochement course with the Communist Chinese and would come to terms on the matter of inspections. The obstacle is represented by those groups, of which Edward Teller is a prominent spokesman, which appear to be opposed to any limitations on military power.

At first, it seemed that what really concerned Mr. Teller was the absence of adequate inspection procedures. But as soon as the principle of inspection was accepted by the Soviet Union, Mr. Teller seemed to shift his ground; he was now opposing any agreement, with

(*Continued on page* 51)



—*Erich Hartmann.*

Frederic G. Melcher: 1879-1963

WHEN Frederic G. Melcher died on March 9, 1963, at the age of eighty-three, America's book-reading public lost its elder statesman.

The first effects of his death were felt in the book industry, which Mr. Melcher had served for sixty-eight exciting years, forty of them as the widely read, much-respected co-editor of the trade journal *Publishers' Weekly*.

The secondary effects of Mr. Melcher's death will be felt eventually by all literate Americans, for in the past half-century almost every movement aimed at popularizing books and book-reading has had the benefit of his warm encouragement and practical support.

For example, one of his earliest, firmest convictions was that children deserve quality in the books they read. With Franklin K. Mathiews, he therefore founded in 1919 Children's Book Week, an annual round of exhibits and book fairs which is still winning youngsters over to an interest in the life of the mind.

He also initiated, in 1922, the annual Newbery Medal for "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children," and in 1937 he originated the Caldecott Medal for "the most distinguished picture book for children."

Mr. Melcher's own childhood in Massachusetts (he was born in Malden and brought up in Newton Center) was spent deep in books. "Our home library was not large," he once wrote, "but it had additions at Christmas and birthdays. The books you owned you were likely to read several times."

Because his family could not send him to college, Mr. Melcher in 1895 became a salesman in a Boston bookstore. He joined *Publishers' Weekly* in 1918 as an editor, and in 1934 he became president of the magazine's parent firm, R. R. Bowker. At his death he was chairman of the board of Bowker.

During his many years with *Publishers' Weekly* Mr. Melcher was active in the National Book Committee, the American Booksellers Association, and the American Library Association. He also founded the Carey-Thomas Award for creative publishing, which has been presented yearly since 1943.

Frederic Melcher's influence on the book industry was as evident as it was welcome. That influence will continue to be felt for years to come.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REVIEWING THE REVIEWER

I WAS DEEPLY DISTRESSED by Leonard Cottrell's review of *Daily Life in the Time of Jesus,* by Henri Daniel-Rops [*SR,* Feb. 16], because, among the necessary qualifications of a reviewer, first and foremost should be an adequate knowledge of the subject matter treated by the author.

From Mr. Cottrell's review it is evident that here we have a reviewer who is totally unaquainted with the primary sources, and even secondary sources, that would make him a qualified judge of the content of the book. Otherwise he would readily detect that the "realistic passages" he quotes could be written only by one who is either ignorant of the source material that would yield information about "daily life in the time of Jesus," or a wilful detractor of the Jewish people.

Mr. Cottrell states that "the book exhibits humanity, tolerance, humor, and casually worn scholarship." The "realistic passages" that he quotes give no evidence of humanity, tolerance, and humor. All they do give evidence of is casual scholarship, if that, or wilful defamation of the Jewish people.

Mr. Cottrell's opening remark about reviewing books dealing with the Christian religion is untrue. A reviewer needs a depth of knowledge and an open-minded desire to seek the truth, regardless of whether he is a Christian, an agnostic, or a member of any religious group.

(Rabbi) MAURICE SCHWARTZ,
Congregation Montefiore.

Salt Lake City, Utah

WHAT DID FELLINI SAY?

MAY I . . . INTRODUCE a different point of view to the March 9 editorial, "Meaning in the Human Arena"? For me the compound experience of seeing two movies, first *La Dolce Vita* and then *Viridiana,* was one of unexpectedly discovering a new source of hope. Never before had I fully understood the value and potential of the existential perspective. The Greeks concentrated on revealing the beauty of man. During the Renaissance, man was raised to a position of greater value. Now it seemed to me the existentialists were exposing the ugliness of man.

There is cause for hope if we allow ourselves to face these realities and see the whole composite of man's capabilities. Only by admitting they exist and accepting them in ourselves can we accept them as part of the make-up of man. For after we know ourselves, devoid of all illusions, we can cultivate what is of most value and "mobilize human intelligence and feeling" constructively. If we can accept man as he is, we can accept all of mankind.

ELIZABETH LITTLE.

Wayzata, Minn.

THE REPEATED ACCOLADES, as well as condemnations, concerning Fellini's "brilliant psychological thesis" seem to ignore the fact that *La Dolce Vita* is a point-for-point remake of Dante's *Inferno.* Understanding *La Dolce Vita* can begin only *after* accepting Dante as its base. A script comparison of Dante and the film reveals an identical, progressive, downward journey (*not* disconnected vignettes) with matching images. Of course this is only the first of a three-part epic expedition for Dante's observer, whereas Fellini's reporter gradually becomes so involved in the living-death inferno that he cannot respond to his Beatrice and extricate himself. Fellini's brilliance is in translating Dante's medieval images into modern screen idiom. By all means give credit to Fellini's skills as a visual translator. But let's give old Dante the credit for working out the shooting script.

SUSAN BOSWORTH.

Stillwater, Okla.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"All right, Herr Mozart, but don't come running to me when you want concert tickets sold."

A THING OF BEAUTY is a joy forever, and so is the perceptive appraisal of our pseudo-intellectual modern literature in "Meaning in the Human Arena." How encouraging to know that someone can distinguish the chaff from the wheat!

STEPHANIE BEAULIEU,
English Teacher,
Eastwood High School.

Syracuse, N.Y.

WANDERING SCHOLARS

MY CONGRATULATIONS to you for printing Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy's article "A Free Trade in Ideas," urging adequate preparation for American students who travel abroad [*SR,* Feb. 16].

I trust that Mr. Kennedy would agree that this appeal should apply to adult tourists as well. This past summer I traveled with a group of twenty Americans in the Soviet Union. All the members of our group had subjected themselves to a fourteen-week pre-tour study program in order to prepare themselves to appreciate what they were to see and experience as fully and as objectively as possible. In all humility I must say that our group stood out in sharp contrast to the other American tourists with whom we came in contact in the USSR. They had come to the Soviet Union with little more than a superficial idea of what they were going to see and do and were in no position to gain from their experience or to represent their own country as adequately as I am sure they would have liked to.

In our free society we cannot limit the issuance of passports to experts in the countries to be visited, but we cannot overstate our position in urging American tourists to invest some time and energy in preparing themselves for their sojourn as unofficial ambassadors.

DOUGLAS NICOLL,
Assistant Professor
of History,
Beloit College.

Beloit, Wis.

CONGRATULATIONS ON James F. Fixx's incisive analysis of the great potential, as well as the equally great probems, which are involved in the hordes of U.S. undergraduates now going abroad to "study" in foreign countries ["Should Every Student Travel Abroad?" *SR,* Feb. 16].

There is little doubt that well-planned programs of this type can broaden the international outlook of American students and American colleges. However, some

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Art Juries: Is There Order in the Court?

LARGE juried exhibitions of contemporary painting and sculpture have long nagged the American art scene. Intended as impartial surveys (a sheer delusion where art is concerned), these shows are proliferating throughout the country at an astonishing pace. That they fill certain important needs is undeniable, but because they are costly, unwieldy, and usually anomalous, one questions whether they warrant the burdens they impose. Except for New York, with its profusion of galleries and museums, metropolitan centers in America offer relatively few opportunities to see current art hot off the easel. Though big national exhibitions are specifically designed to fill this vacuum, they often do little more than arouse vociferous denouncements from artists, press, and public.

Whether national or regional in scope, the average contemporary juried show attracts a staggering number of eligible artists who submit their work at considerable personal expense, and who often are humiliated, upset, and highly vocal if rejected. The word "eligible" here does not, unfortunately, distinguish between rank amateurs and accomplished professionals, the whole idea, of course, being to give everyone a chance. It is not unusual for fostering institutions to find themselves swamped with as many as 1,000 to 2,500 entries, each of which must be unpacked, registered, handled several times, and eventually returned. Merely to contemplate the back-breaking effort and expense involved in the mechanics of coping with this many works is to doubt the method.

Though the jury system is intended as an antidote to local bias and favoritism, it presents other serious inequities. How, in all fairness, can hundreds of works be judged intelligently during the two or three days normally allotted? Sometimes (and preferably) composed of a single competent person, but more frequently of three divergent names well known to the art world, juries brought from out of town are usually far too rushed to operate wisely. And where group action is concerned, judgments are often diluted by compromise. A lone pair of eyes can be less equivocal, if more idiosyncratic.

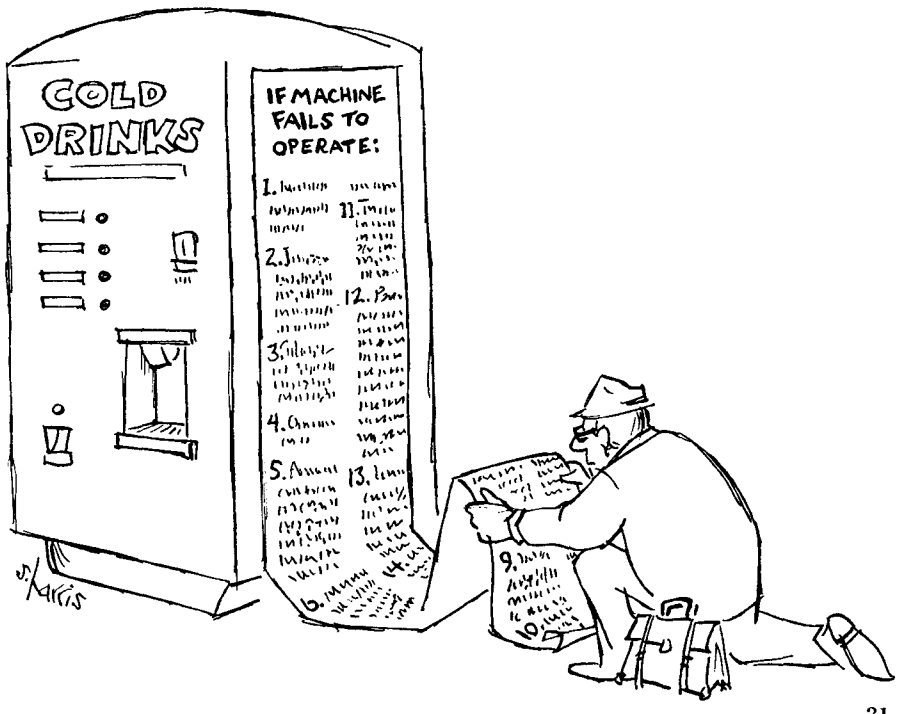
Not only must the average jury select a show that eventually includes but a fraction of the original entries; it must also award prizes that frequently end up spotlighting fashionable trends rather than works of strong individual stamp. Just winnowing out the endless amateur daubs is a harrowing experience. A few years ago, such Sunday paintings were predominantly abstract; now they are fast becoming "pop" assemblages—so rapidly does Americana change these days.

With weary feet and jaded eyes the jury pursues its thankless job to the bitter end, to the final prize awards that are often accompanied by sizable sums of money and always by exaggerated publicity. Interspersed with these exhausting duties are newspaper interviews and posed photographs, the latter, as a rule, featuring the panel wallowing in a sea of art. With statistics and numbers the order of the day, is it any wonder that the best works are often overlooked, the most promising artists rejected? Is it any wonder that hesitant neophytes are honored while able veterans are eliminated, that imitators replace innovators? Eyes grow blurred; spirits droop. Even an astute specialist needs time to distinguish, not between the good and bad (there is no such thing), but between the authentic and the spurious.

Serving on an art jury is a labor of love. One does not accept the assignment for financial gain. Sometimes there is none, sometimes a sum so nominal as to be negligible. Even so, the experience is good for one's ego, but bad for one's conscience. This lordly business of voting a man's work in or out can be as frustrating as it is inflating. Nor is the experience always finished when the jury goes home; then comes the aftermath of truculent letters from rejected and dejected artists, from teachers whose status has been jeopardized as their students emerge with top awards and they with rejection slips.

What is the alternative? Many museums today are wisely doing away with awards. Instead they prefer to use these same funds, whenever possible, for purchase, but only after careful study. No longer delegating final judgments to an outside jury, the museum staff, presumably knowing the needs of its own institution, buys directly from the exhibition. And best of all, the stardom accorded certain "prize" works is thus eliminated. Too often awards are restricted by irrelevant clauses related to the age, sex, even nationality of the artist, making it all the more difficult to honor works of genuine merit. For example, finding a likely candidate for prize money limited to "a female American citizen over forty who paints landscapes and was born in Europe" is no easy task.

Some museums are also doing away with juries, inviting each work individ-



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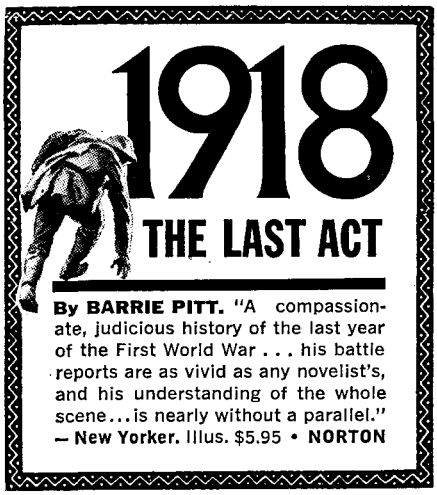

By BARRIE PITT. "A compassionate, judicious history of the last year of the First World War . . . his battle reports are as vivid as any novelist's, and his understanding of the whole scene . . . is nearly without a parallel." — **New Yorker.** Illus. $5.95 • **NORTON**

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ually. This procedure is less costly, less hit-or-miss, but also, alas, less democratic and conceivably less adventurous. Here, all depends on the ability of those responsible for the exhibition. One can only hope that they do not become so riveted to the New York scene that they overlook the rest of the country.

Most institutions take pains to emphasize that the large national shows they sponsor are intended as dispassionate cross-sections of contemporary art—surely a tepid ambition. Hiding behind this convenient catch-all is both misleading and evasive. With the vast quantity of American art being produced today, a cross-section is more a pipe dream than a possibility. If an exhibition is selected with strong personal conviction, attacks from artists, press, and public are less shattering; one can substantiate the works chosen as the best that could be found after a probing search.

When the day comes that official juries are no longer needed, when exhibition directors scour the country independently, when the press foregoes its favorite clichés about contemporary shows, when artists do not regard exclusion from each current exhibit as the kiss of death, then the millennium will have come—or shall we say, a situation so harmonious as to border on tedium.

—KATHARINE KUH.

In April Don't Miss:

71 Watercolors by Paul Cézanne at M. Knoedler & Co., New York. Works ranging from 1875 to 1906 have been borrowed from Europe and America, a number having never before been publicly exhibited. April 2-20.

Painting in England, 1700-1850, at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond. A comprehensive collection of some 250 oils plus 150 drawings and watercolors, all from the private collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon, will include such important English artists as Constable, Turner, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Bonington, Blake, and Wright of Derby. Opens April 19.

Fiftieth Anniversary of the Armory Show at the 69th Regiment Armory, New York. More than 300 of the works originally shown in this same building during 1913 will dramatize the Armory Show's momentous impact on American Art. April 6-28.

Mark Rothko at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. A group of monumental mural canvases by one of America's outstanding living artists will be shown publicly for the first time. Opens April 9.

Letters

Continued from page 30

exceedingly strange and potentially dangerous programs are developing. One college boasts that 9 per cent of its total undergraduate student body is overseas this year; half of them are freshmen who have not yet been in residence on the U.S. campus.

Such misguided activities do little to improve the image of U.S. higher education in foreign countries.

DONALD J. SHANK,
Executive Vice President,
Institute of International Education.

New York, N.Y.

MANY THANKS TO James F. Fixx for his excellent article on "educational" travel. I recently spent a fruitful academic year in Paris. Any resulting disillusionment is not the fault of the French or of the program with which I was connected, but rather has its source in my witnessing of the childish antics of certain sneaker-clad American students abroad.

Instead of being "prepared to view the foreign culture with the sympathy, respect, and open-mindedness needed to learn anything of significance from it," it seems, unhappily, that too many American students in Paris, at least, find their sole pleasure in vociferously expressing disapproval (generally in barbarous French) of all aspects of French culture which are not yet Americanized. They create an American ghetto, and then wonder why their year abroad wasn't more satisfying.

JERILYN GOODMAN COHEN.

St. Louis, Mo.

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED

WHEN THE BOOK *Jane Addams: A Centennial Reader* was published in 1960, reviewer Roger Baldwin wrote in *SR* that the reader "reprints the most significant parts of her nine books, published over forty-five years of her active public life. . . . Their present relevance lies in her attitudes to problems still confronting us almost unchanged: the substitution of law for arms and international authority for national sovereignty, the challenge of Communism, aid to hungry peoples, the growth of democracy, the protection of civil rights and liberties."

The book, published by Macmillan at $6, was edited by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Now we have received a contribution for the purpose of enabling us to distribute, to libraries who apply to us, a limited number of copies of *Jane Addams: A Centennial Reader*. Copies will be distributed on a first-come, first-served basis to any library applying and enclosing 30 cents to cover postage and handling. Applications should be sent to Mrs. Elvira Brown, 7325 Bryan Street, Philadelphia 19, Pa.

KATHARINE M. ARNETT,
Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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Check List

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A. J. B. Wace and F. H. Stubbins. Macmillan. $15.

DANTE AND PHILOSOPHY. By Etienne Gilson. Harper & Row. $1.75.

DICTIONARY OF SHAKESPEARE QUOTATIONS. Edited by D. C. Browning. Dutton. Paperback, $2.15.

LE DILEMME DU ROMAN AU XVIII SIECLE. By Georges May. Yale Univ. Press. $3.

ESSENTIAL WORLD ENGLISH. By Lancelot Hogben. Norton. $7.95.

FIVE APPROACHES TO LITERARY CRITICISM. By Wilbur S. Scott. Macmillan. $6.50.

IN DEFENSE OF READING. Edited by Reuben A. Brower and Richard Poirier. Dutton. Paperback, $1.65.

THE MAJOR THEMES OF ROBERT FROST. By Radcliffe Squires. Univ. of Michigan Press. $3.95.

MUSIC AND POETRY IN THE EARLY TUDOR COURT. By John Stevens. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $5.

UN PARADIS DESESPERE. By Jacques Ehrmann. Yale Univ. Press. $3.

A PREFACE TO PLATO. By Eric Havelock. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.75.

A PREFACE TO THE FAERIE QUEENE. By Graham Hough. Norton. $4.50.

SWIFT'S POLITE CONVERSATION. Edited by Eric Partridge. Duke Univ. Press. $4.50.

THE STANDARD HANDBOOK OF STYLE. By Samuel Sillen. Grosset & Dunlap. Paperback, $1.

STORY OF THE NIGHT: Studies in Shakespeare's Major Tragedies. By John Holloway. Univ. of Nebraska Press. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.25.

Mysteries

A FIRE IN HIS HAND. By Michael Grieg. Doubleday. $3.95.

MURDER ON THE LINE. By John Creasey. Scribners. $2.95.

SOMEONE'S STOLEN NELLIE GREY. By Ira Walker. Abelard-Schuman. $2.95.

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—LYNN MILLER, *Publishers' Weekly.*

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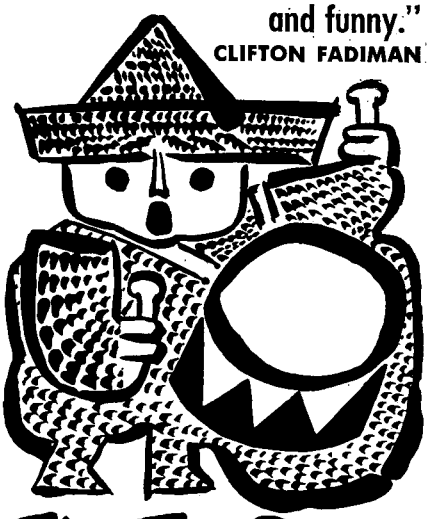

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Cinema of the Absurd

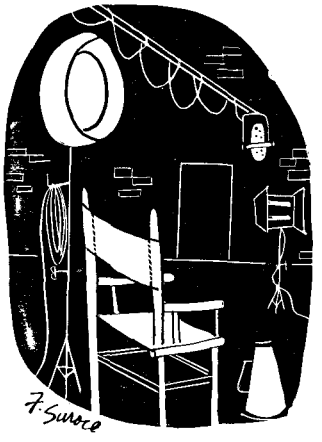
A FEW corrosive sequences fitfully enliven *The Balcony*, adapted by Ben Maddow and directed by Joseph Strick, both of whom have failed, otherwise, to make a visually imaginative film from the "absurd" Jean Genet play which ran so successfully off-Broadway. I did find myself engrossed when Peter Falk, as the chief of police, addresses himself to the populace of a city in revolt, while standing on the balcony of a most unusual brothel. Some ingenious cutting takes us from the perspiring little man in his Nazilike uniform to juxtaposed newsreel scenes of vast crowds in what might be Havana, or Caracas, or Buenos Aires. The ruins resulting from this purposeless revolt are shown, too, as the meaningless speech emerges from loudspeakers, carrying satiric echoes of actual speeches heard before. But beyond this, not much in the play has been put to good cinematic use.

The movie begins well enough, when we are taken from the crackle of gunfire in the city streets into the relatively placid sanctuary of Madame Irma's brothel. Here, secret desires can find their fulfillment through the cooperation of Madame Irma's clever girls. A man who would like to be a judge can don a chief justice's robe and kiss the feet of a pretty Negro girl who has confessed her crimes. A "bishop" can make love to a scantily garbed penitent, a general can pretend that his affair of the moment is a combination of a girl and a whinnying horse. Then, into this haven strides the chief of police, who commandeers the phony judge, bishop, and general, and parades them through the violent city in the hope of establishing order. Beyond this, logic cannot order the plot, and everyone is on his own where finding meanings is concerned.

Having encountered a good many symbolic worlds in film—especially "off-Broadway" films like *The Connection* and *No Exit*—I have begun to lose my enthusiasm for interpretation. Is life really like a brothel? Well, as the wise old man said, while on his deathbed, "Who knows?" I do know, though, that Mr. Maddow and Mr. Strick, in attempting to be bold, uncompromising film-makers, have broadened and blunted the play, thus creating a kind of double absurdity as they bludgeon us with points in which there is no significance.

Under Mr. Strick's direction the actors behave like a bunch of unruly individuals, each attempting to make his or her impression, and the hell with style or mood. Shelley Winters, as the brothel keeper, moves through the film as though in dire need of a vitamin shot. Peter Falk, after his first few good moments, is anguished and uncomfortable. The capable Lee Grant is cute and sly, and that's about all. Ruby Dee puts on a bravura performance as the thief who confesses to the judge, but she is out of key. Arnette Jens and Leonard Nimoy give what might be called run-of-the-mill "off-Broadway" performances, but they are unsatisfactory for film. True enough, the budget was low, and time was probably limited, but why make a film of this kind unless it is to be done superlatively?

It's really rather a shame that those rebellious souls who want to make good, non-Hollywood-type movies can't seem to get their movement off the ground. The best of these privately financed films to date was *David and Lisa*. It was adapted from a fictionalized psychiatric case history, and not from a play. This may be significant, for most of the



other nonconformist film-makers have chosen to adapt stage works not thought suitable for high-budget film production. Seldom do stage works adapt well into movies (an exception was *A Taste of Honey*, which was entirely reconceived for the screen) and the off-Broadway hits make a particularly unpleasant impression when brought to the screen, if *The Balcony* and *The Connection* are cases in point.

There seems to be financing around for off-beat moviemaking; and those who help provide it, such as Walter Reade, Jr., and Lewis Allen, are to be

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commended. But it might be time to examine the "talents" of some of these new directors and screenwriters a little more closely. And also to examine the material. If we keep getting these bilious attitudes towards life, sophomoric exercises in absurdity and despair, acting that is so "serious" as to be boring, and film-making that, in its sum total, is crude, we will have neither original American movies nor an audience to support them. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

The Decline of Documentary

THE COURSE of documentary, like that of true love, has never run smooth. Essentially a product of the social protest of the Thirties, it had no sooner established itself than World War II came along and all good documentarians found themselves extolling the virtues of democracy instead of excoriating its imperfections. The war over, three main choices lay open to them. There were areas of public and mental health, education and information that could still use what John Grierson once defined as "a creative treatment of actuality." The film of protest (such as *Come Back, Africa* and *The Savage Eye*) could still be made, but only with private financing—and limited distribution. The really profitable field for the film of fact, however, was the sales pitch disguised as a travelogue, and industry-sponsored "institutionals," and the carefully neutralized public affairs documentaries made for television. Since the handling of fact on the screen requires special disciplines and techniques, there were plenty of openings for skilled documentarians. But as the documentarians themselves grew more opulent, the form seems to have gone into a sharp decline.

Some estimate of the depths of that decline was afforded the other evening by an Academy-arranged screening of the five contenders in the documentary categories for this year's Oscars. They had been, I was assured by several members of the nominating committee, carefully winnowed from some seventy international entries—the cream of the crop. Skimmed milk might have been the more accurate description.

Easily the best of the lot was *Black Fox*, a feature-length film on the rise and fall of Adolf Hitler. Independently produced by Louis Clyde Stoumen, and incisively narrated by Marlene Dietrich, it stitches together photographs, pencil sketches, works of art, and bits of stock footage into patterns that are exciting graphically, but which in sum add little to our knowledge of the man, his regime, or his conduct of World War II. Early in the film there is the suggestion, made in the commentary, that the responsibility of the German people for their complicity in Hitler's crimes against humanity will be exposed; but this is quickly forgotten—perhaps because no parallel could be found in Goethe's fable of *Reynard the Fox* which Stoumen uses, with the Dore illustrations, as a literary foreshadowing of the Hitler story. What remains, then, is a well-integrated but fairly superficial recapitulation of one of history's blackest decades, replete with all its most familiar symbols—the ranting oratory, the incessant parades, the horrors of war, the nightmares of the concentration camps. Surely these must not be forgotten; but just as surely, after twenty years, one can say more about them than that they were bad.

A similar technique, the editing together of existing newsreel footage, was employed by producer Robert Saudek to make a no more trenchant observation on Communism in *The Road to the Wall* for our Department of Defense. Sketchily tracing the history of the Russian Revolution, the struggles for power within the Communist Party, and the threat to world peace posed by Cuba and Berlin, the script, breathlessly read by James Cagney, races headlong from incident to incident, underlining each black deed with an even blacker black. There is no room for subtlety, no time for thought—no time, indeed, for anything save resentment of the sledgehammer methods used to bash away all doubts and hesitations about meeting force with force and, presumably, deceit with deceit.

The John Glenn story is one to make all Americans proud, but *The John Glenn Story*, as produced by Warner Brothers for the Department of the Navy, is not. Frantically waving the flag, it "reveals" Glenn through a series of too-pat interviews with teachers, minister, and family. The effect is Grant Wood combined with Norman Rockwell; the basic ingredients are sound enough, but they have been sweetened for popular consumption. There are shots (but not enough) of Glenn inside the capsule during his earth-circling flight, then more (far too many more) of the speeches and ceremonies that followed its successful completion. The film ends with postal card views of America the beautiful hymned with a full complement of clichés by the narrator, Jack Webb. Only slightly less pretentious, and equally self-conscious, was the British documentary *Dylan Thomas*, whose main virtue was Richard Burton's mellifluous reading of Thomas's verses. *Alvorada*, a feature-length documentary on Brazil, began with perhaps ten minutes of beautiful shots, but when nothing else seemed to be happening, I left the theatre. For documentaries, beauty is not enough.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TOUJOURS L'AMOUR

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents on the left fifteen literary titles each of which contains the word "love" and asks you to match them with their scrambled seventeenth-to-twentieth-century authors on the right. Answers to this labor of love on page 74.

1. "A Prologue to Love"	( ) Marcel Aymé
2. "And Have Not Love"	( ) Taylor Caldwell
3. "By Love Possessed"	( ) George Meredith
4. "All for Love"	( ) William Congreve
5. "Love in a Cold Climate"	( ) James Gould Cozzens
6. "Love in Five Temperaments"	( ) John Dryden
7. "Modern Love"	( ) Paul Laurence Dunbar
8. "Indian Love"	( ) J. Christopher Herold
9. "Love Is Eternal"	( ) Laurence Hope
10. "Love for Love"	( ) Alison Lurie
11. "Love Me Little, Love Me Long"	( ) Nancy Mitford
12. "Love and Friendship"	( ) Anne Parrish
13. "Lyrics of Love and Laughter"	( ) Charles Reade
14. "The Conscience of Love"	( ) Ring Lardner
15. "The Love Nest"	( ) Irving Stone

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Actors Studio's First Long Pants

EVERY now and then we need to be reminded that Eugene O'Neill was quite a playwright, that Jose Quintero is quite a director, and that Actors Studio is quite a place. Simultaneously accomplishing all three of the above functions is the current revival of *Strange Interlude*, which is, to say the least, quite a production.

One might expect that this 1928 play would now emerge as a thoroughly archaic period piece, for it is laid in the Twenties and filled with the manifestations of psychological and sociological pressures a previous generation was just beginning to become aware of, but which we take for granted and even mistrust as less genuinely dramatic than the individual's own search for identity in a complex world.

However, O'Neill possessed the rare capacity of being able to view American life as a continuum, so that no matter what the period of his plays, they always seems to remain a lingeringly valid criticism of the totality of American life, past, present, and future. Indeed, this five-hour chronicle of wasted lives revolving as satellites around an incompetent who taps a fount of meaningless energy to become a tycoon is a grotesque spectacle still being repeated in a country O'Neill regarded as too long adolescent.

Furthermore, in *Strange Interlude* O'Neill was using for the first time a technique in which actors spoke aloud their private thoughts before and after speaking the dialogue the other characters are assumed to hear. Unfortunately, American playwrights have not made much use of this valuable technique since, but one finds it in one brilliant scene of O'Neill's later *More Stately Mansions*, and something like it in some of Brecht.

Such a device can be performed in two ways. Either the actor can speak each of the private thoughts with an emotion that simply reinforces the statement in them, or he can speak the thoughts with an emotion appropriate to the character's motives and situation, with little or no regard to the words themselves. The Actors Studio production uses both techniques, but the play becomes most vital and interesting when the second approach is operating. And indeed it is this second approach that best suits Method actors.

The play begins somberly with Franchot Tone as the elderly professor, Geraldine Page as his daughter, Nina, and William Prince as an epicene man spiritually in love with both Nina and his own mother. Mr. Tone emanates an eloquent sense of human wreckage as a father consumed with guilt for having prevented his daughter's marriage to a war hero who was killed before he could return to her, yet the act is mostly exposition.

But things begin to pick up when we meet Pat Hingle as Sam, the not-too-bright suitor for Nina's hand, and Ben Gazzara as his young doctor friend, Darrell, who prescribes marriage to Sam as the best medicine for Nina's nervous breakdown. And soon we are eagerly awaiting each new afterthought, delivered with sharp and amusing awareness of what is really happening in the play. Miss Page also prospers from the moment she begins to portray Nina as a designing woman, and the most effective of the play's nine acts is the sixth, in which the intrigue for possession is most dynamic.

In this act there is a marvelous exchange between Charles, played by William Prince, and Sam, who is trying to get Charles to finance him in business. The previously unambitious and meek Sam suddenly turns executive and believes that he has lined the wealthy Charlie up for the kill. Here—and this is not in O'Neill's stage directions—we see Sam patronizingly patting Charlie's shoulder as if he had him in the bag, before he grins smugly and says to himself, "He'd be an easy partner to handle." Instantly we hear Charlie's private reaction, "I preferred him the old way," which is not only amusing because it shows that Sam has fooled himself in being convinced that he has fooled Charlie, but it is also dramatically acute in revealing to us the whole absurd process in which we deal with others as if they always fulfilled our vastly oversimplified image of them instead of as the complicated beings they are.

It is in this act, too, that Miss Page puts her female machinery into high gear, as she suddenly finds herself in the delicious position of possessing four men, each in a different way, and in her private thoughts expresses her pleasure with calculating but somehow completely innocent inflections and behavior, so that we both share her response and see it for the selfish and frighteningly powerful thing it is.

And Mr. Gazzara brings his remarkable sardonicism into play throughout so that we are constantly held in anticipation of his next electrifying bombshell. He can take an ordinary line like "Sam is the only normal one" and lift it into superb irony by suddenly smiling in revelation and putting progressively increasing stress on each of the last three words.

Because this is the first Actors Studio production, *Strange Interlude* also has in its cast Betty Field, Jane Fonda, and Geoffrey Horne playing lesser roles they would ordinarily eschew, and their presence sustains the high quality of this presentation. David Hays has designed the settings imaginatively with translucent walls through which we can see the characters before they enter. And his scene changes, accomplished excitingly before our eyes by a revolving stage and raised and lowered backdrops which are often not in place until after the ensuing scene is started, are a delightful and dramatically effective departure from the illusionistic theatre convention of letting the background establish itself and thereby seem to evoke the action. Here it is the reverse, with the characters seeming gradually to recall the backgrounds, to leave us with a sense that the inner lives of people come first.

PARTIAL credit for this concept must go to director Jose Quintero, who has also elicited such penetrating performances from his all-star company. While the production sacrifices something in orchestration and shape to the task of keeping the action as fully alive as possible, Mr. Quintero proves again not only his affinity for O'Neill but also his ability to get fresh and interesting performances out of actors. While *Strange Interlude* does not supply an experience of the order of *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, and indeed is far from O'Neill's best play, it nevertheless manages to make most contemporary theatre pieces seem trivial by comparison. And above all, this first Actors Studio Theatre production must be welcomed as its long overdue emergence from its nursery stage into the commitments of an adolescence which with the right discipline could lead to a glorious maturity.

A number of other stars are currently lending their box-office appeal and their established skills to the challenging task of making a somewhat cut version of Shaw's 1931 play, *Too True to Be Good*, entertaining. Under Albert Marre's direction, Lillian Gish, Cedric Hardwicke, Eileen Heckart, Glynis Johns, Ray Middleton, Robert Preston, Cyril Ritchard, and David Wayne do succeed in making a few individual scenes into funny charades. But Shaw's fitful play, which the author maintained was a demonstration of the fact that our social system is cruel to the idle rich, seems often engaging, but seldom engaged.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Books

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43 The Man Who Rode the Tiger: The Life and Times of Judge Samuel Seabury, by Herbert Mitgang

44 To Katanga and Back, by Conor Cruise O'Brien

45 Africa for Beginners, by Melvin J. Lasky

46 Poetry Quarterly, by Charles Simmons

49 Sissie, by John A. Williams. Cockatrice, by Wolf Mankowitz

50 Boys and Girls Together, by William Saroyan. A Fortune in Dimes, by Mary Carter

51 Criminal Record

LITERARY HORIZONS

Dreiser to Farrell to Wright

ACCORDING to the publisher, Richard Wright's *Lawd Today* (Walker, $3.50) was written before *Native Son*, which would make it his first novel and contemporary with the stories in *Uncle Tom's Children*. I should like to know more than that. Did Wright himself decide against publication, or, as is more likely, was the novel turned down by a publisher or publishers? And, however that may be, why did he not take up the manuscript again after he had become famous? It is less powerful than either *Native Son* or *Black Boy*, but it has its own kind of interest.

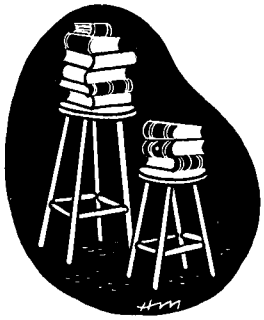
It is the story of one day in the life of Jake Jackson, a Negro post office clerk in Chicago. The day is February 12, 1936, and though the fact that this is Lincoln's Birthday has only minor significance for Jake—"Old Abe Lincoln sure was a smart man"—it has an ironic bearing on the story.

Jake rises sullenly, quarrels with his wife, gives her a slap and a kick, eats a large breakfast, dresses fastidiously, goes out, loses money at policy, has a haircut, joins some of his fellow workers in a game of bridge, eats lunch, and goes to work. At the post office he pleads successfully for his job, which is in jeopardy; borrows a hundred dollars at an exorbitant rate of interest; is bawled out by an inspector for carelessness, and gets through the tedious work day. After work, with the borrowed hundred dollars, which he and his wife need for a dozen purposes, he takes his three friends to a whorehouse. After a brief time of pleasure he finds that his pocket has been picked, and there is a fight. When he gets home, drunk, he has a row with his wife and breaks up the furniture.

The day is described in unsparing detail. More than two pages, for instance, are devoted to Jake's combing of his recalcitrant hair. We are allowed to read the circulars he finds in his mailbox, and we are told how policy is played. Movie posters are described, and the conversation that goes on in Doc Higgins's Tonsorial Palace is reported. The bridge game, with three sample hands, runs to nine pages. A medicine man's spiel takes six. Wright gives a full account of the processes by which mail is sorted, together with pages of the aimless conversation with which the four friends accompany their work.

Growing up in Chicago, and starting out as a writer in the middle Thirties, Wright could scarcely have failed to be influenced by James T. Farrell, who was just beginning to have a strong effect on American fiction. As Farrell had learned something about documentation from Dreiser, so Wright had learned from Farrell. At this point he was clumsier than Farrell, but he had found a way of expressing his vision of life in the Chicago he knew.

What interests me is that, although Wright was a Communist sympathizer and very possibly a member of the Communist Party when he wrote the novel, he did not make it a piece of direct Communist propaganda. Jake is no Communist; on the contrary, he denounces and ridicules the only Communist who appears in the novel. Nor does Wright portray Jake simply as a victim of the capitalist system. He is a victim, to be sure; but of a great complex of forces. Whatever Wright's political opinions may have been, his vision as a creative artist went far beyond them.



If the novel would have been disturbing to most orthodox Communists in the Thirties, it would have been equally distressing to many Negroes. Far from setting an example to members of his race, Jake is a contemptible person. He treats his wife brutally and indulges his appetites with outrageous selfishness. He is improvident, gullible, superstitious, lazy. Although hatred of white discrimination is bred in his bones, he has no sense of racial solidarity—"Yeah, it takes a black sonofabitch to rub it into his own people"—and he regards as fools those Negroes who work for the betterment of their people.

I have used so many negatives that one might get the impression that Jake

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nas no positive qualities, but this is not true. He has a capacity for the enjoyment of life, and even in the dreary day Wright describes there are moments of excitement and satisfaction. At the end, when he is reflecting ruefully on the loss of his hundred dollars, he thinks, "But when I was flying I was a flying fool."

Jake, on this Lincoln's Birthday, is a slave—of an unjust economic system, of racial prejudice, of faulty education—but he is not merely a slave, any more than he is merely a Negro. He is a man, erring but alive.

James Baldwin, in one of the three essays on Wright in *Nobody Knows My Name*, has written: "It is strange to begin to suspect, now, that Richard Wright was never, really, the social and polemical writer he took himself to be. In my own relations with him, I was always exasperated by his notions of society, politics, and history, for they seemed to me utterly fanciful. I never believed that he had any real sense of how a society is put together. It had not occurred to me, and perhaps it had not occurred to him, that his major interests as well as his power lay elsewhere."

Wright, as Baldwin says, was not made to be a political thinker, and it was his misfortune that he lived in a time that cast him in that role. He outgrew his Communism, of course; but he continued to think of himself as a novelist of ideas, and in 1953, under the influence of Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, he attempted an existentialist novel, *The Outsider*, which was weak precisely where he wanted it to be strong. (It is interesting to note that the hero of that novel begins as a worker in the Chicago post office, though he has gone a long way by the time the novel ends.) Baldwin observes: "His great forte, it now seems to me, was an ability to convey inward states by means of externals."

Lawd Today was an apprentice work, and Wright soon learned to handle externals more adroitly, but even here what Baldwin says is applicable. Clumsy as the massing of detail sometimes is, we do come to know not only the society in which Jake lives but also Jake himself, and, despicable as he is, we come to feel with and for him.

We often have occasion to wonder why this American writer or that was frustrated and failed to fulfill his promise. With Wright we can make a good guess. It was his misfortune that he became first a Communist and then a self-appointed spokesman for the Negro people of the world. What he was capable of as a writer is evident even in so imperfect a work as *Lawd Today*. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

EMPIRE STATE

The Gentle Politician

—*From the book.*

Herbert H. Lehman—a "little New Deal."

Herbert H. Lehman and His Era, *by Allan Nevins (Scribners. 456 pp. $7.50), sums up the role of New York's ex-Governor in U.S. political history. Warren Moscow is author of "Politics in the Empire State."*

By WARREN MOSCOW

HERBERT LEHMAN has been social worker and philanthropist, banker and businessman. He has also been a highly successful politician, having run for office in New York State on nine occasions and been defeated only once. Now, to mark the eighty-fifth birthday of this devoted public servant, Allan Nevins has produced an authorized, full-length biography covering Lehman's life down to his recent leadership of the reform movement among New York City Democrats.

The author's task is difficult because of the nature of Lehman's career: most of his activities were concurrent with other and larger events. While Lehman was acting as Franklin D. Roosevelt's "good right arm" in Albany, FDR's drive for the Presidency was making headlines. Lehman's "little New Deal" in New York State stood in the shadow of the big New Deal in Washington. As Director General of UNRRA Lehman worked against a shifting backdrop of military victories in Europe and the Pacific, the atom bomb, the U.N. and the start of the Cold War.

Mr. Nevins is equal to the challenge in some areas, particularly the UNRRA years, 1943-1946. During this period Lehman kept a diary (for the only time in his career), and with its aid Mr. Nevins portrays the patience, determination, and dedication Lehman gave to a mission that of its own nature could not be completely successful. His assignment was to see to the feeding of Europe's starving millions, yet the military had first priority on the necessary food and transportation—this to enable the armed forces to score more victories and free additional hungry millions for Lehman's organization to care for.

The Lehman family background is handled deftly: its place in the hierarchy of German Jews who intermarried and increased in wealth, influence, and philanthropic activity over the years; the gulf between them and the Slavic Jews who immigrated to America at least a half century later; the family's attitude toward religion and Zionism.

Mr. Nevins is excellent in his dispassionate treatment of Lehman's seven frustrating years as U.S. Senator from New York, a post that would have been most rewarding had he held it a dozen years earlier, when he first thought of seeking it. After he did reach Washington the Democratic Party went out of power; McCarthyism flourished; and Lehman never attained membership in the "club." His voice often cried to an empty Senate chamber.

Herbert Lehman's political career was important to history for nearly forty years. It therefore is unfortunate that on this count the biography is incredibly shoddy, confusing people, times, dates, places, and issues in a manner unworthy of a historian of Mr. Nevins's stature. Background is even created to fit events that never happened. The author paints a vivid word-picture of Franklin Roosevelt emerging from oblivion and reopening his political career on the occasion of Al Smith's unopposed nomination at the Houston convention in 1928—whereas Roosevelt's "Happy Warrior" speech, acclaiming Smith in the midst of the bitter fight over McAdoo and the Ku Klux Klan, was delivered four years earlier at Madison Square Garden, and had real significance.

Again, Lehman's important role in

(*Continued on page* 43)

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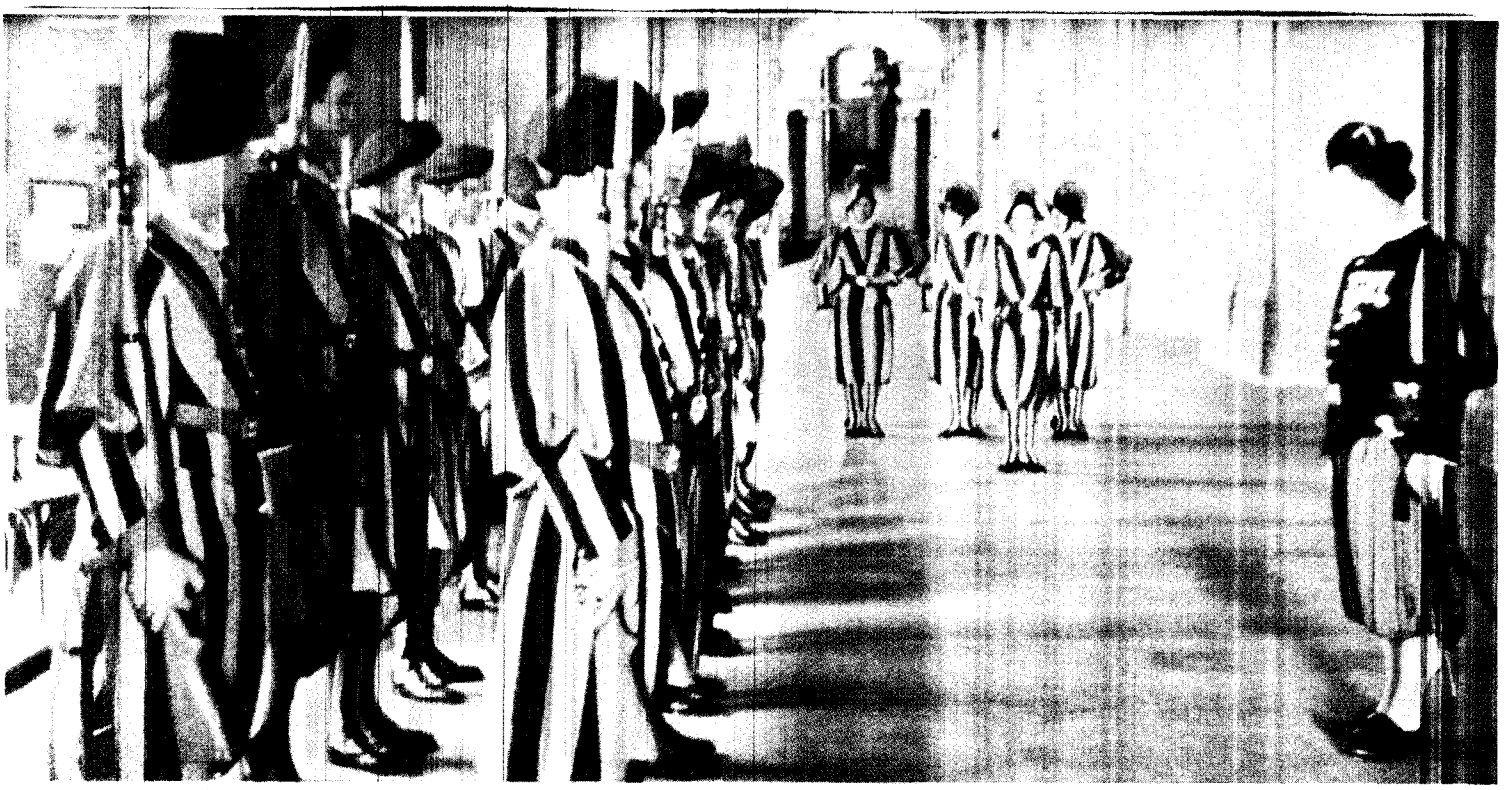

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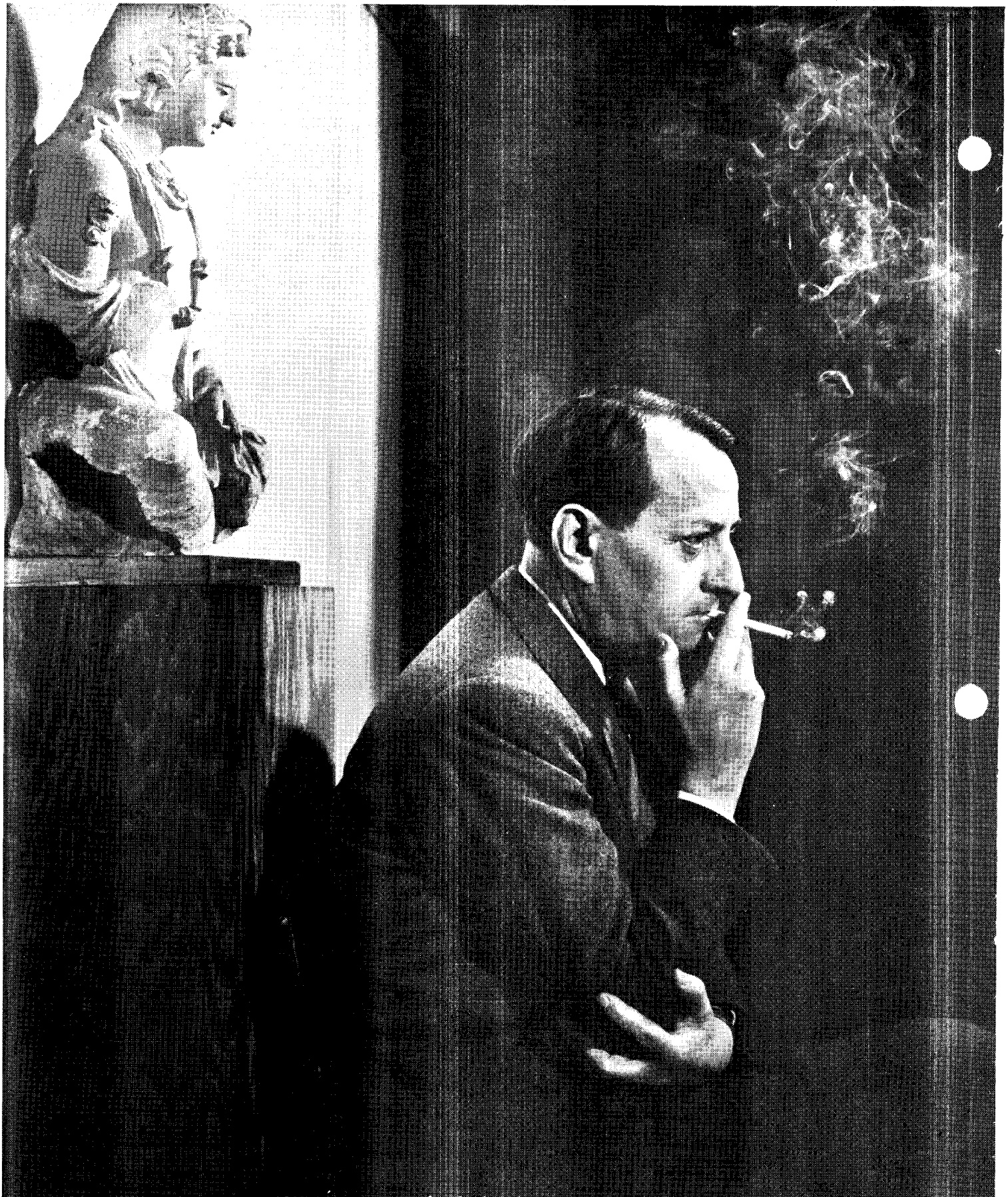

ANDRÉ MALRAUX has had perhaps the most successful life of any intellectual of our epoch. Goncourt Prize winner, *homme engagé*, soldier, Minister of Culture, Malraux is also an unequalled authority on art. His prodigious work, THE VOICES OF SILENCE, written after thirty years of travel, absorption, and contemplation, is the most significant and creative book on art in the Twentieth Century. A brilliant and provocative inquiry into the meaning of all art, it has revolutionized man's thinking about his relationship to his art—and to his fellow man.

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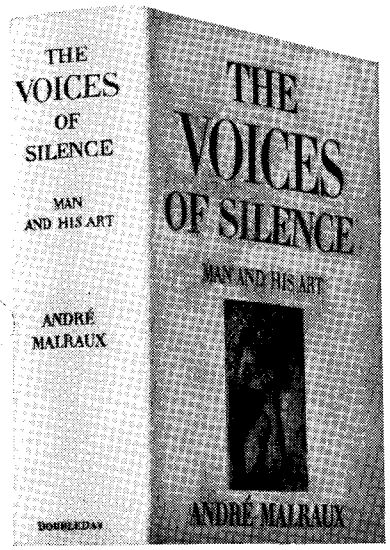

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— *The New Yorker.*

André Malraux's startling talent for placing the important elements of artistic development into a new and cohesive perspective makes "The Voices of Silence" a profoundly satisfying reading experience and an essential addition to your library. A selection from M. Malraux's synopsis of "The Voices of Silence" follows.

PART ONE:
Museum Without Walls

I. The museumless ages — The Art Museum, a purely European growth — The Grand Tour of art.

II. End of the unchallenged sovereignty of Italy — Interpretation of sculpture by reproduction in black-and-white — Fictive or suggested arts — Modernization of works of art by photography — Color reproduction — The history of art: a history of what can be photographed — The miniature — Styles come to seem like individual artists, the art book playing the part of an accelerated film.

III. The Greek statues have turned white — All the remote past reaches us colorless — Why the isolated, reconstructed work of art is a monstrosity—Leonardo a greater poet than Ronsard — Baudelaire and Michelangelo — A Titian is not a XVIth century Renoir — The lapse of time disintegrates a work, but also re-integrates it.

IV. The effect of modern art on the composition of the existing art museum and that of the ideal art museum — Leonardo — Myths of Antiquity, of the Renaissance and of our conception of Greece — Greek figures are the figures Man would have chosen had he been God — Discovery of the smile — The female nude — Technical discoveries of the Greeks and those of the Renaissance.

V. The break with museum art began around 1860 — Goya and Hals masters of the new art museum — The *Maja Desnuda* and *Olympia* — The pink patch of the wrap in *Olympia* — Relations of colors *between themselves* — Rèvival of two-dimensional *painting* — *The sketch comes into its own* — Constable, Delacroix, Corot, Daumier: sketches and drawings.

PART TWO:
The Metamorphoses of Apollo

I. The whole ancient world, from Gallia Narbonensis to Transoxiana swept by the Retrogression — The art of the Celtic coins — Total retrogression: the ideogram—The winged horse — Even the clumsiest craftsman has no trouble in copying proportions—Technical proficiency indispensable to the artist only in special types of culture.

II. Alexandrian art and Buddhism — Wisdom presented in the guise of beauty — Calligraphic drawing — The whole visible world a *décor* of serenity.

III. Byzantium unintelligible if regarded as "Lower" or "Later" Empire — The break-up of classical art — Rome — Sarcophagus paintings — There is a new light in the eyes of the dead; a glimmer of immortality — Mosaics and *illuminations.*

IV. Every Roman value bound up with the notion of self-control—Christian art individualizes human destinies and is based on specific events — The Greek gods carry their attributes, but the Virgin carries the Child, and Christ the Cross—The royal crown and the crown of thorns—The devil's first setback — Rheims, Paris, Donatello.

V. Giotto and Gothic emotion — Gothic *versus* Byzantine styles: St. Francis and St. Thomas — The cathedral statues are isolated, Giotto's personages grouped — St. Modesta of Chartres, the Strasbourg Synagogue — *The Renaissance not anti-Christian; it* gave as much to classical art as it took from it.

PART THREE:
The Creative Process

I. The artist's eyesight put to the service of his style, not *vice versa;* that of the non-artist to the service of what he is doing or wants to do — Great artists of the emotional necessarily sensitive, but a highly sensitive man not necessarily an artist — Renoir and the garage-proprietor.

II. Every great artist's way of seeing conditioned by works of art — Giotto did not copy sheep but Cimabue's figures — The artist's mature work does not stem from his childhood sketches — All artists of genius begin by copying others, not by imitating nature.

III. The artist, "prisoner of a style" — Does the artist *choose* his masters? — Harlequins and fruit-dishes in Japan — The discovery of painting as a world quite other than the real world —Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*—Representation, a means to style — The great artist achieves his own style by starting out from one of the forms the world has assumed in the hands of one of his recent predecessors.

IV. The creator's "schema" in literature and painting — Every great artist impelled to break with the art from which he stems — Though genius repudiates established values it is not necessarily an indictment of the world — Giotto and Goya — The school of "amiable accusers" and their methods of creation — The myth of Leonardo.

V. The great Venetians — Fra Angelico; the Convent of San Marco — Lessons to be drawn from Van Meegeren's forgeries — Is there an absolute perfection?—The alloy in Caravaggio's genius — Latour's secret — Poussin — Botticelli and Lippi.

VI. Ingres and Raphael — A style can not be "dubbed"—"Motives" of the machine age: a dish of apples and a Harlequin — El Greco — The successive versions of *Christ driving the Traders from the Temple*—He retains Baroque movement, while suppressing what led up to it: the quest of depth.

PART FOUR:
Aftermath of the Absolute

I. The lightning-flash of Protestantism — Holland — Rembrandt — Vermeer — Eclipse of the absolute — The middle class — Revolutions and religions — The messages of Ingres and Daumier — Legacies of the imaginary — A revision of accepted values — Our machine-age civilization has failed to build a single temple, a single tomb.

II. Anti-baroque art — Humanism — Popular art — Color — Rousseau the Douanier — The People and the Masses —End of the hero—The Black Virgins.

III. The art of lunatics — Naive art — The arts of savages — Arts that arraign the world around them — The devil rears his head again.

IV. Man and his underworld — The arts of Africa — Oceanian art — Emergence of *all* the art of the past — The straw men — The African as artist — Cézanne's and Van Gogh's copies.

V. Modern art and the arts of the past — Religious cultures did not regard the objects of their faith as mere hypotheses — The Absolute and the Social Order — Renoir and the Panthéon — The modern picture — Art as an absolute.

VI. Our art, a questioning of the scheme of things — The past seen steadily and whole for the first time — The common language of forms never emerges in isolation from their context—Pre-Columbians and Cubists.

VII. The inner voice — Culture: a heritage of the *quality* of the world — Irreconcilable elements of the past — Man as revealed in the museum—Art, a revolt against man's fate — The noblest legacy of the past and the first world-wide artistic culture—"To rediscover Man wherever we discovered that which seeks to crush him into dust."

The day may come when, contemplating a world given back to the primeval forest, a human survivor will have no means even of guessing how much intelligence Man once imposed upon the forms of the earth, when he set up the stones of Florence in the billowing expanse of the Tuscan olive-groves. No trace will then be left of the palaces which saw Michelangelo pass by, nursing his grievances against Raphael; and nothing of the little Paris cafés where Renoir once sat beside Cézanne, Van Gogh beside Gauguin. Solitude, vicegerent of Eternity, vanquishes men's dreams no less than armies, and men have known this ever since they came into being and realized that they must die.

ANDRÉ MALRAUX

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Empire State

Continued from page 38

ıe 1940 Democratic Convention is misrepresented, along with almost everything else about that assembly. The book confuses the prearranged, one-man Roosevelt draft conducted by Chicago's Commissioner of Sewers from the stadium basement, where he controlled the amplifying system, with a "spontaneous" draft-Roosevelt demonstration that never took place. It even lists James Farley as an avid aspirant for the Vice Presidency on the Roosevelt ticket. Not only was Farley barred from candidacy by the Constitutional provision against a President and Vice President from the same state; he had bitterly and openly fought against a third term for FDR.

Samuel Seabury's checkered political career included a race for the Governorship as a Tammany nominee, not as a Republican. There are scores of such factual errors of both major and minor import.

For his facts Mr. Nevins apparently relied on Mr. Lehman's memory and little else. That is not enough for a serious history of a public figure or an era. Apart from the erroneous statements there are serious omissions: not a word on how Lehman shifted his political allegiance from Smith to Roosevelt, or on his actual role in the battle of his successor as Governor, which split the Democratic Party in New York for at least a decade.

In the final chapter, however, Mr. Nevins presents an appraisal of Herbert Lehman the man that is intelligent, sensitive, and heart-warming.

A Time of Tin Boxes

"The Man Who Rode the Tiger: The Life and Times of Judge Samuel Seabury," *by Herbert Mitgang (Lippincott. 380 pp. $6.95), reveals the complexities of the man who forced the resignation of New York's Jimmy Walker. Robert A. Low, an attorney, serves on the New York City Council.*

By ROBERT A. LOW

SAMUEL SEABURY is remembered for the investigations that forced the resignation of New York City Mayor James J. Walker. But this stern foe of the Tammany tiger—a man of many contradictions—had a long and dazzling career.

The Judge was a hard man to love, and few claimed to have an intimate relationship with him: the son of a professor of canon law and a direct descendant of the first Episcopal Bishop in America, he was proud and condescending. Yet he remained a socially-conscious liberal through much of his life. As a struggling young attorney he was a crusader for the single tax theories of Henry George, for municipal ownership of transit, and for a shorter work week. He was a reformer; but the shadow of his own political aspirations dogged his every step.

Clearly a "political creature," Seabury first ran for office at the age of twenty-six. He was elected to the City Court with the Fusion forces of Seth Low in 1901, and joined with William Randolph Hearst in the effort to dislodge Tammany four years later. When he was thirty-three, he became a justice of the New York State Supreme Court by virtue of a deal between reform and regular forces. In 1913 he was the unsuccessful Progressive Party candidate for justice of the Court of Appeals, and he was elected in 1914 with the support of both the Democratic and Progressive parties.

Seabury's bid for the governorship in 1916 is a strange tale of political double-talk and even duplicity, if the Judge's own notes of a fateful conversation with ex-President Theodore Roosevelt can be taken at face value. Seabury called on Roosevelt at Oyster Bay and came away with what he considered to be a firm commitment from T.R. for the gubernatorial race. Elated, Seabury resigned from the bench. With the acquiescence of Tammany boss Charles A. Murphy, he carried off the regular Democratic nomination.

But T.R. and the Progressives never came through with an endorsement, and on election day the returns from the city suggested something less than all-out support from Murphy's organization. Seabury, who took a bad beating, would not forget the role that Tammany played in his defeat.

At the age of forty-three Seabury returned to the law, developed a substantial appeal practice, and began to live in the grand manner of a successful English barrister. Politically, he seemed through. But abruptly, in August 1930, all of this changed. While on a trip abroad, Seabury received a wireless appointing him referee to conduct an investigation of the magistrates' courts of the City of New York.

Meticulously, and with a fierce persistence, he set about exposing the corruption that infested the courts and the police of the city. As witnesses, underworld characters and crooked politicians and police made good newspaper copy throughout the country. Seabury became a household name.

In March 1931 Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt commissioned the Judge to investigate the competence of the New York City district attorney, a genial and ineffectual gentleman who seemed incapable of obtaining convictions of the shady figures Seabury exposed. Then the state legislature established a special bi-partisan committee to investigate the affairs of the city, and Seabury was appointed its counsel.

"Seabury," says his biographer, "allowed himself the privilege to dream." He, like Roosevelt, had his eye on the Presidency. With the Democratic convention but weeks off, the Judge put the ever-popular Jimmy Walker on the stand. This confrontation became the talk of the nation. Seabury drew out a sordid picture of the mayor's financial dealings and unexplained bank and brokerage accounts. FDR was on the spot. If he fired Walker, he might alienate city delegates, whose allegiance to the mayor never wavered; if he did nothing, he would appear indecisive and lose independent-minded delegates. The hearings closed, and FDR fired off a statement: "If the evidence . . . warrants, it is time for the legislative committee and their counsel to stop talking and do something."

Unable to get the committee to move, Seabury sent to Albany the transcript of Walker's evidence with a conclusion that Walker was guilty of nonfeasance and malfeasance. Faced with charges prepared by the Governor's staff, Walker stalled and FDR was compelled to go to the convention with the Walker matter ominously threatening his nomination.

Seabury hoped to block Roosevelt at the convention, and he believed that he had an understanding to this end with William Gibbs McAdoo of California. But on the fourth ballot it was McAdoo who rose to announce the crucial swing of California delegates that put FDR over the top.

The Seabury investigations had an enormous impact on the politics and moral climate of New York; they brought about the Fusion administration of Fiorello La Guardia and charter revision. Mr. Mitgang, of the editorial staff of the New York *Times*, has performed a real service in bringing to the public this immensely readable story of the man who rode the tiger.

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One Side of Truth

—Pix.

U.N. Troops in Katanga—only a "defensive action"?

To Katanga and Back: *A UN Case History, by Conor Cruise O'Brien (Simon & Schuster. 370 pp. $5.95), attempts to justify the Irish diplomat's actions in the Congo, which resulted in his ouster from his United Nations post late in 1961. Dan Kurzman discusses the Congo in his new book, Subversion of the Innocents.*

By DAN KURZMAN

"I HAVE only three Belgian friends here," Conor Cruise O'Brien wrote to his sweetheart in Ireland while running United Nations operations in Katanga in mid-1961. Actually, he was exaggerating, O'Brien says he discovered later. Two of those "Belgians" were in reality Dutch. "That left only one." This interesting disclosure, spoken almost with pride, succinctly captures the bitter substance, often flavored with sardonic humor, of *To Katanga and Back*, an impressively literate effort by O'Brien to justify his actions in the Congo before he was ousted from his U.N. post in late 1961 apparently for incompetence and "indiscretion."

The author, an Irish diplomat, writer, and professor who sees himself as a lonely Apostle of Truth ruthlessly crushed under a steamroller of organizational conformity, is discriminating indeed in his friendships. Everyone who agrees with his views is intelligent and kindly looking. Everyone who doesn't is usually stupid and ugly.

He compares Belgian Foreign Minister Paul Henri Spaak to a fleshy, "well-fed cat." He pictures Moise Tshombe, who was Katanga president before the U.N. finally overthrew his government recently, as a pathetic creature with no mind of his own. He despises the white missionaries in Katanga, as distinct from those in other areas, for their "sneering" attitude toward the Africans, as if Katanga missionaries were by nature some special, nasty breed.

But not a word of criticism does O'Brien utter about Congolese central government leaders such as Patrice Lumumba and Antoine Gizenga, whose cruelty and emotional instability were certainly second to none. Of Bocheley-Davidson, a Lumumbist who would have taken over the Katanga government if the first U.N. attack on the region in September 1961 had succeeded in ending its secession from the Congo, the author says: "He struck me as a gentle, rather ineffectual person."

Yet the U.N. itself, in a dossier on him, blames the "gentle" Bocheley for having helped to foment the anti-white bloodshed in the Congo during Lumumba's heyday.

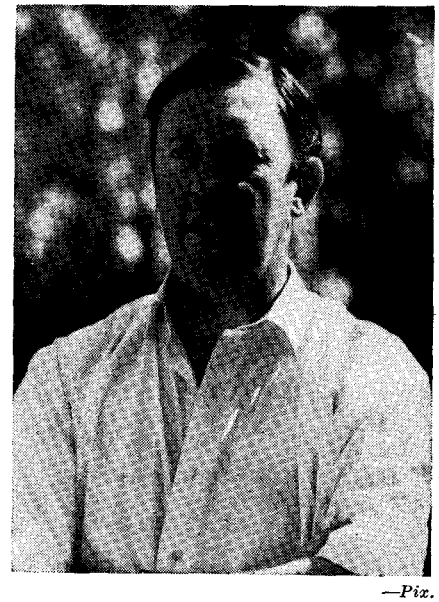
Nor is O'Brien particularly averse to contradicting himself. He states in one breath that Interior Minister Godefroid Munongo, the real strongman of the Katanga regime, is a man of powerful personality to whom Katanga "had clearly a deep emotional significance." In the next breath he maintains that the "old slave-owners"—the Belgians—"are still in control of the ship, and of the slaves," presumably including Munongo.

The fact is that the Belgians and the Katangese simply used each other, with the Belgians in greater need of Katangese good will than the reverse. O'Brien's anti-colonial witch-hunt is the key to his thinking, and to his righteous preachings against hypocrisy, of which he accuses many people. Among his targets is Dag Hammarsjkold, whom he charges with a love for "ambiguities," though he acknowledges the Secretary-General's skilful exploitation of them.

Actually, the author's charges are not always off the mark. But what is indigestible about them is the fact that they are made by a man who is no stranger to hypocrisy himself. While accusing the Belgians of failure to treat Africans as individuals, he has this to say about Belgian business leaders he met at a dinner party:

"My memory is a collective one, as if these people were not individuals at all, but part of one biological organism. It is a memory of many dusty, peering, red-rimmed eyes, of short necks and folds of yellow flesh. . . ."

It would be unfair, however, to blame only O'Brien for the U.N.'s misjudgments in the Congo, though he was perhaps the most hysterical of the anti-Katanga U.N. officials. In fact, when it



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Conor Cruise O'Brien—"indiscretion."

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came to Congo policy, O'Brien was one of the few U.N. representatives who was totally forthright. He wanted to end the Katanga secession, and he bluntly said so when he ordered the September attack—even if the U.N. was, by employing force to achieve an internal political objective in a sovereign country, violating the most fundamental purpose of the peace organization.

Sadly, his superiors dismissed him not because of this violation, but because of the embarrassment he caused the U.N. by publicly announcing the reason for the U.N. attack. Couldn't he have alibied as they, his superiors, did, that the U.N. was only taking "defensive action"?

It is little wonder that U.N. leaders have severely castigated O'Brien for publishing his book. Its shoddy revelation of U.N. deviousness, arrogance, and inconsistency in the Congo reflects on the whole organization, tragically giving enemies of the U.N. barrels of propaganda ammunition.

This is not to say that O'Brien or his U.N. colleagues should be criticized for

favoring Congolese unity, a valid viewpoint if not the only one. But readers who have sufficient background to see this book in perspective may wonder whether these officials, in using the U.N. as an instrument of violence to impose this viewpoint on others, might not have seriously compromised the moral authority it is supposed to wield in the service of peace.

Nor did American encouragement of this misuse of the U.N., based on the false theory that such action was necessary to keep Communism out of the Congo, lend weight to U.S. pleas that countries should settle political disputes without resort to force.

It is interesting to ponder if O'Brien's next book will concern Ghana, where he is now vice chancellor of the University of Ghana directly under President Kwame Nkrumah, the self-appointed chancellor. For even with full utilization of his considerable literary talent, he is likely to have a hard time explaining his boss's suppression of minority tribes after so devotedly exposing similar horrors perpetrated by the Moise Tshombe regime.

State Safari

Africa for Beginners: A Traveler's Notebook, *by Melvin J. Lasky (Lippincott. 171 pp. $3.50), transmits nuances and revealing remarks recorded by the author during a tour of the Dark Continent in 1961. Gary Gappert works for Transition magazine, published in Uganda.*

By GARY GAPPERT

IN THIS book Melvin J. Lasky, co-editor of the British magazine *Encounter*, reports the numerous interviews and conversations that he had in Nigeria, Ghana, the Sudan, and Ethiopia during an African tour two years ago. From them one can perceive the principal crosscurrents sweeping the continent today.

We find in Nigeria the most important countervailing force to the militant anti-imperialism nextdoor in Ghana. Yet Nigeria is far from being a "colonial stooge." Rather, she is so determined to become a modern and prosperous country that she just hasn't got time for the self-deluding myths of black racism and is prepared to receive assistance from any quarter—even the dying horse of colonialism.

Nigeria also represents a vital cultural force in Africa and has produced some of its leading intellectuals and writers, including Ulli Beier, Ayo Ogunsheye, Christopher Okigbo, and John Pepper Clark. *Black Orpheus* is published in the University of Ibadan, where the Mbari Writers Club is a Mecca for serious artists and authors.

Although Lasky doesn't ignore the problems facing Nigeria, he sums up on a hopeful note: "With a little bit of luck Nigeria in the next five to ten years should be richer, more powerful, more stable, and a profoundly constructive influence in Africa."

Ghana is the antithesis to Nigeria. There the strong centralized government of Osagyefo Kwame Nkrumah has intensified its anti-European campaign since Lasky's visit, but it is easy to see in his notes the tendencies that are so apparent today.

When he comes to the ideological limbo that is the Sudan, his narrative drags a little; nevertheless he is informative about local conditions. "In most everyday respects," he reports, "the military dictatorship would seem to be fairly mild and slow-moving but having picked up the catchwords of 'progress' and 'positive neutralism' it goes along with its Arab or African neighbors,

A Passing Helper Was His Father

By George Cuomo

(Headline of news story in Victoria, Canada *Times*:
Nanaimo: Christopher S_____, born 18 years ago in London during an air raid, died Saturday after a car accident in Nanaimo.

His father, Gerald S_____, returning home from work, was the second person at the accident scene.

He directed traffic around the scene for a few minutes without knowing his son was involved . . .)

THIS lacks the emphasis of news. Too much
Happened, the pyramid collapses.
Nor
Would it, really, make much of a novel,
Despite its violence-to-violence theme,
Its spare and neatly circular plot.
Nor
Poem, nor play. It's been done: father
And son, deadly together and unknown
At some dark spot where two roads meet.
What's left
Happened, allowed by its own clear laws.

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Nasser and Nkrumah, on excursions into rhetorical militancy."

And in the Sudan Lasky records one of his most encouraging and disturbing conversations. "Here," a student told him, "the West is erring grievously in arousing and reinforcing a mind-lost materialism. The debate is already raging everywhere amongst us between material output and democracy. Where do Western philosophers stand? . . . Warn the West, which seems to think that some kind of totalitarian democracy is good enough for the Dark Continent *—it is not . . .*"

After the Sudan we are taken several thousand feet up to the Ethiopian plateau. There a foreign observer, talking to Lasky, gives us the best view of this quasi-medieval land, one of the two oldest independent African countries: "Does the Emperor now realize that the *l'état c'est-moi* way of doing things is over? If he does, then the nation state that he and his predecessor forged out of the disparate and farflung tribes which populate the plateau and lowlands of this country may survive . . . otherwise chaos may come again, and there may be civil wars and even—who knows?—foreign intervention."

Mr. Lasky could well have spent some of his time recording the views of the Man-in-the-Government-House to complement his conversations with the Man-in-the-Shamba and the Poet-in-the-Café. Much of the New Africa is the handiwork of some of its leaders, and a few comments from Julius Nyerere, Tom Mboya, Sekou Touré, Nkrumah, and others would have been enlightening. Nevertheless "Africa for Beginners" is the kind of book that the expert could safely recommend to the novice.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1025

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1025 will be found in the next issue.

KTD EVHW MBTMSB QBYTEB

VQOFJVYF VO V DVW TR

VMMBVJPHA MJTRTLHN!

GTLQBJF.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1024

Every extreme attitude is a flight from the self.

—HOFFER.

POETRY QUARTERLY

Poets in Search of a Public

By CHARLES SIMMONS, *who is a member of the New York Times Book Review staff.*

POETS are likely to ask that their poems be read aloud. They do not ask that their poems be reread, although this is their deeper wish, knowing that only by being reread will the poems be read at all. In this, poetry is unlike prose, which for the most part is intended to be read once. To put it another way, a novelist wants to know whether you have read his novel; a poet whether you know his poetry.

Because poetry is not consumed by one reading—nor, if it is particularly fine poetry, by many readings—every new poem competes for attention with old poems. The poor-mouthing, not only of poets but of poetry editors, poetry critics, poetry publishers, poetry teachers indicates an unwillingness to face this fact.

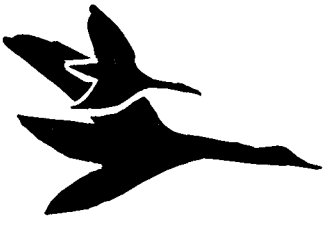
It is not a debased public taste, nor is it modern poetry's notorious intracacies or its frequent nastiness, that accounts for its being unattended by the public. It is that the public's hunger for poetry—voracious, if one judges from the presence in print of old poetry—is more readily satisfied by classic English and American verse.

This is the state of affairs because new prose makes use of new information in a way that new poetry does not. Poetry tends to use the same subject matter century after century. When he triumphs, therefore, the poet makes a new pattern of old materials. The prose writer, on the other hand, is a curious photographer, seeking the exceptional, eager to gather and record small details, to report what is new.

Add to this the fact that, just as during the last half of the nineteenth century painting was displaced by photography from representational rendering, and just as the best novelists are being displaced today by the movies from representational narrative, poetry was long ago turned out by prose from the domains of moral exhoration, lengthy narrative, stage drama and scientific statement. Virtuosos continue to sing into the wind; but poets on the whole have let slip their old job without a struggle.

One poet at least has resisted the enclosure, and done it without aggression or regression. He is James Schevill, who writes: "Contemporary poetry has focused mainly on short, lyrical forms and given up much of its narrative and dramatic force to fiction and biography. In attempting to restore some of this narrative and dramatic force in my own work, I have tried to write many poems based on dramatic events in the lives of famous and infamous people. I wanted to revive some of the relationship between poetry and biography, to create characters with weight and depth."

In his new collection, *Private Dooms and Public Destinations: Poems 1945-1962* (Alan Swallow, $1.65), which includes work from his three previous books, Mr. Schevill accomplishes his intentions with poems about Fabre, Victoria and Disraeli, Seurat, the photographer-scientist Roman Vishniac, Soutine, Gogol, Houdini, Hemingway, Milton, St. Thomas, Descartes Rousseau, Marx, Freud, and a number of others. These are not slight, metered celebrations of famous people. They are hard, ingenious portraits worked



by a man who does not so much generate like the spider as find like the squirrel. Here is a piece from the middle of a fourteen-stanza poem about Whistler:

A small and dapper man,
Five feet four inches tall with a perky peacock prance,
At the barber's he directed the cutting of every hair,
Favoring a white lock over his right eye like a flag,
which he called his "white feather"
and combed carefully in the mirror.

He spoke with a language of gestures,
An arch of bushy eyebrows and a flicker of delicate fingers,
Telling continuous, slippery stories about himself,
Crying, "Ha-ha!" with a mocking voice, so demonically
that Henry Irving copied it
when playing Mephistopheles.

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For an exhibit,
He decorated all the galleries in white
and yellow,
Yellow the attendant's livery and the
assistants' neckties,
Yellow the flowers, pots and chairs,
yellow Whistler's socks,
a rage for yellow,
tang of his mustard spirit.

This is not all of Mr. Schevill. Twenty poems at least, on such subjects as gambling in Las Vegas, an aging newsboy in a barroom, cigars, Alcatraz, the Coast Guard, a Quaker meeting, could be quoted for the pleasure of the transcribing. This collection is recommended to the judges of national literary awards, particularly to those who would like their prizes to create and not merely to confirm celebrity.

Mr. Schevill's statement of his purpose was quoted from an interesting volume called *Poet's Choice* (Dial, $6.95), edited by Paul Engle and Joseph Langland. These two Americans asked 100 poets who work in English (including themselves) to select the favorite poem from their own work and explain the choice. Three (Eliot, Sitwell, and Auden) declined; and some others, willing enough to be represented by a poem, rather resisted the explanation: "I don't have any favorite poems, not even anyone else's, let alone my own. . . . So that in the circumstances I would like to offer a little verse. . . ." (George Barker). "I am not sure I like this poem better than any other I have written, but. . . ." (Allen Tate). "I am not partial with my poems, any more than a mother with her children" (Robert Frost).

Other poets came on strong and clear, and it is good to hear their comments. E. E. Cummings, in describing his choice of "my father moved through dooms of love," might have been describing himself: "I choose this poem in the hope that it's not only a portrait of a particular person (one erect generous whole human unique being) but a celebration of the miracle of individuality—by contrast with everything knowable and collective, common and corrupting, cowardly and truthless." In cheaper, paperback edition, this book should make a valuable supplementary text for high school and college students.

Charles Gullans, whose *Arrivals & Departures* (University of Minnesota Press, $2.75), was recently published, sings with many voices.

Yeats's:

Beauty is but a mask
That speaks to your desire,
So what your eyes now ask
Love never should require.

Dorothy Parker's:

Shall I sue, shall I stir
My last year's lust to life for you?

Wallace Stevens's:

Water, with lidless stare,
Invites a cool surmise,
Holds there his curious eyes,
Blind with the midday glare
And false surprise.

Donne's:

Come, let us teach
The virtue of plain speech
And plainer actions.

Keats's:

Through many cities, continents, and
races,
I have come across the vexed
Atlantic . . .

Milton's:

Now every trace of his mortality
Is loosed upon the wind like the
light leaves,
Consigned to dissolution by the
year . . .

These are the beginnings of six of the forty-eight poems in Mr. Gullans's collection. There are other voices, some muted, some mixed, and although Mr. Gullans's own voice is no doubt here it would be difficult to identify. It is doubtful if Mr. Gullans was conscious of his own virtuosity, because these echoes stir up expectations that the poems do not satisfy. Only when he speaks like Marvell does he justify his appropriation, and then quite beautifully:

Here in the lounging shade of noon
I wait
Upon the slow descent of summer's
state.
Blown roses go to seed, their petals
brown,
Turn crisp along the edges and droop
down
About the seedpod's firm and knuckled
ball.
The vines are dense upon the garden
wall,
In places, massive, override the top
With green exuberance before they
stop,
Held to their individual clusters there
By brown and yellow jars of earthenware.
The grapes are full; some late and
hard still run
Along the lattice where three days of
sun
May bring them to perfection on the
vine,
And the last sweetness to the heavy
wine.

Anne Sexton, on the other hand, does have a voice of her own. It is flat-feminine:

After the sweet promise,
the summer's mild retreat
from mother's cancer, the winter
months of her death,
I come to this white office, its sterile
sheet,
its hard tablet, its stirrups, to hold my
breath
while I, who must, allow the glove its
oily rape,
to hear the almost mighty doctor over
me equate
my ills with hers
and decide to operate.

Book reviewing stimulates troublesome questions in conscientious practitioners. How much should the reviewer try to play everyman, or is any attempt in this direction dishonest? Consider the stanza above, one from a long poem called "The Operation," which is perhaps the centerpiece of Mrs. Sexton's *All My Pretty Ones* (Houghton Mifflin, $3). It ends with the patient's release from the hospital, her "stomach laced up like a football for the game." Until recently neither women nor men made literature from this kind of experience. Now that it is possible, women have used the option more than men. Some of them, in fact, seem to have been waiting in the wings, to talk at last about the untalked about. Not everyone enjoys this kind of writing, although often, as in "The Operation," it is clear, touching, and human — qualities one would think guaranteed good writing.

There is another poem, "Housewife," which because it is short can be quoted in full:

Some women marry houses.
It's another kind of skin; it has a heart,
a mouth, a liver and bowel movements.
The walls are permanent and pink.
See how she sits on her knees all day,
faithfully washing herself down.
Men enter by force, drawn back like
Jonah
into their fleshy mothers.
A woman *is* her mother.
That's the main thing.

There is desperation in these and other poems of this collection, but

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there is also courage. Mrs. Sexton sings with frightening intensity the feelings Simone de Beauvoir discusses dispassionately. If she pushes her awareness beyond the demands of personal needs she may achieve the country Yeats lived in at the end of his life.

Richmond Lattimore in *Sestina for a Far-off Summer* (University of Michigan Press, $3.75) exhibits the impulses of a painter. He is happiest when he fixes a scene full of light, depths, and colored objects. Chronological extension is not usually necessary to him. The few seconds or minutes that separate one occurrence from another in his poems could be represented simultaneously. When he wants to go back in time, it is to a morning, afternoon, or night, when episodes do not so much happen as express themselves in arrangements of people and things. Like a painter, too, he is as content with the close view of the small scene as the distant view of the large one. His descriptive words have a super-exactness—that is, they are appropriate beyond denotative adequacy—reminding one of the way thing-fond painters expend themselves on, say blades of grass in a background. Watch the beginning of "The Crabs":

There was a bucket full of them. They spilled,
crawled, climbed, clawed: slowly tossed
and fell: precision made: cold iodine color of their own
world of sand and occasional brown weed, round stone
chilled clean in the chopping waters of their coast.
One fell out. The marine thing on the grass
tried to trundle off, barbarian and immaculate and to be killed
with his kin.

Mr. Lattimore, professor of Greek at Bryn Mawr, has been, with such talented men as William Arrowsmith, Dudley Fitts, and Robert Fitzgerald, accountable for the renaissance of American translation from Latin and Greek. Creative translating is, of course, as strict a semantic discipline as one can subject himself to. The translator must lay open the heart of words as well as sniff their faintest bouquet. Thus there is not a carelessly used word in Mr. Lattimore's book. But, as if in compensation, there is rarely that delicious acknowledgment and use of speech rhythms, which finally all literature rests on.

Do you remember, Aphrodite, the sea hours we had; sun gone green in water
lapping over knees; the stare of the offshore
boats at the beachward bodies bare
in the daystar beat and noon glare?
Do you remember arms hesitant, given,
squeezed in the sun; the long day divided between
us (o Aphrodite remember heaven);
hung between memory and fancy of future, in the still
air of our day owned in the sun and the sea?

Compare this with another nostalgic, erotic poem by Cummings, who, when the occasion called for it, could use speech like a juggler:

goodby Betty, don't remember me
pencil your eyes dear and have a good time
with the tall tight boys at Tabari'
s, keep your teeth snowy, stick to beer and lime,
wear dark, and where your meeting breasts are round
have roses darling, it's all i ask of you—

Apart from this shortcoming, which keeps only a minority of his poems from success, Mr. Lattimore has great strengths, especially his cool and generous imagination.

To read *Silence in the Snowy Fields* (Wesleyan, $3.50), by Robert Bly, is to be quieted. There are almost no people in Mr. Bly's world. It is as if the earth had been depopulated by a deadly cloud, which left only him, an animal or two, and the dessicated remains of once growing vegetation. Things are beyond rotting here; all is glistening snow, abandoned farms and houses, harbors at dawn, pure skies, barren fields of fallen grasses seen at night. Even in sleep the authorial persona of the poems dreams of unpeopled places. Mr. Bly describes nature with metaphors of the body, and his self with metaphors of nature, as if he wished to join the two. There is a rare and attractive cleanliness to his style:

It's a cold and snowy night. The main street is deserted.
The only things moving are swirls of snow.
As I lift the mailbox door, I feel its cold iron.
There is a privacy I love in this snowy night.
Driving around, I will waste more time.

Robinson Jeffers made a career from the poetry of isolation. But Mr. Bly, to do it, must find a path out of his snowy fields to legend, fantasy, or some broader aspects of nature.

Ogden Nash invented a verse form, and signed his name to it so large that no one imitates it, beyond an occasional reviewer of his books who has been made skittish. This has not happened in reading Mr. Nash's *Everyone But Thee and Me* (Little, Brown, $3.95). In fact there is little more to say of the collection than that the man who once wrote: "The Bronx./No thonx." now offers: "I'm mad about mustard—/Even on custard."

To exit smiling, however, one poem from Gregory Corso's uninhibited new book, *Long Live Man* (New Directions, $1.60), will be passed along:

I was happy I was bubbly drunk
The street was dark
I waved to a young policeman
He smiled
I went up to him and like a flood of gold
Told him all about my prison youth
About how noble and great convicts were
And about how I just returned from Europe
Which wasn't half as enlightening as prison
And he listens attentively I told no lie
Everything was truth and humor
He laughed
He laughed
And it made me feel so happy I said:
"Absolve it all, kiss me!"
"No no no no!" he said
and hurried away.

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FICTION

Blue Note for Bigotry

***Sissie,** by John A. Williams (Farrar, Straus. 277 pp. $4.50), recalls the traditional "immigrant" novel in its portrayal of conflicts between generations in a Negro family. David Boroff, a critic and essayist, teaches English at New York University.*

By DAVID BOROFF

WE MAY realistically expect that a group of Negro writers of the first rank will emerge within the next decade or so. All signs point to it. The rapid tempo of change in Negro life, the double vision Negroes have of where they came from and where they are going, their sheer exhilaration with language—all these factors portend a flaring up of creative energy whose beginning we may now be witnessing.

John A. Williams is the author of the earlier *Night Song*, a novel about jazz. In his new work, *Sissie*, he draws in part on his authoritative knowledge of that world, but this novel is far richer and cuts deeper than most books about jazz. For *Sissie* is a chronicle of Negro life in transition, and it unites, as few novels do, the experience of the brutalized older generation of Negroes with that of the sophisticated young, who, one way or another, have made it in American life. As such, it is full of vivid contrasts, and it conveys memorably an image of the double war that Negroes wage—against their white oppressors on the one hand, and generation against generation on the other. In its portrayal of the conflict of generations, *Sissie* suggests the American-Jewish novel of a few decades ago in which the younger generation rebels against, but is emotionally wedded to, the experience of its parents.

Sissie is a proud, indomitable matriarch with two surviving children, Ralph and Iris. On one level the story is almost a sentimental saga of a Negro family that struggles against poverty and demoralization and finally achieves a tenuous respectability. Here the book is akin to the traditional American "immigrant" novel. But *Sissie* is steadily redeemed from sentimentality by the hard grain of its sensibility and by its implacable anger. There is none of the congratulatory tone of the usual up-from-the-slums story. The author is far too keenly attuned to the monstrous price of the victory.

John A. Williams—"a quiet anger."

The most arresting characters are not the younger people, who are limited *as characters* precisely by what limits them in life. Deracinated spiritual vagrants, they inhabit the limbo of the quasi-sophisticated. It is Sissie and Big Ralph, her husband, who most engage our sympathies. When we first meet Ralph, he is a huge, hearty man, spilling over with gusto, a music-maker. But he is beaten down by an existence that conspires against his manhood. Out of baffled rage and desperation he stabs his wife and later deserts his family.

BUT if Ralph excites sadness at all that misspent vitality, it is Sissie who looms largest. She may well be the authoritative portrait of the Negro mother in America, that *Machtweib* who has given the beleaguered Negro family whatever strength and stability it has. Williams depicts Sissie with stunning fidelity—her capacity to endure, her cunning, and her abiding strength, at once supportive and disabling. For what *Sissie* is really about is the effort of her children to emancipate themselves from this Big Mama who in nurturing them almost destroyed them.

Young Ralph and Iris are the New Negroes. After many hardships, Ralph achieves success as a playwright, and Iris, a refugee from a desolate marriage, becomes a celebrated pop singer. But the glittering present does not provide balm for old wounds, and Ralph wanders from marriage to marriage, tries psychoanalysis, and is delivered from the hammerlock of the past only by the death of his mother.

New Negro or old, the sense of racial victimization that this novel conveys is unrelenting. There is a wonderful seriocomic struggle between Ralph and his analyst, with the patient insisting on the reality of race prejudice as a factor in his misery, and the analyst smugly maintaining that it is the patient's own personality that is at issue.

Inevitably, this novel invites comparison with James Baldwin's *Another Country*. *Sissie* is by far the better work. For all his platform polemics, Baldwin does not seem to possess the grasp of the Negro *milieu* that Williams displays. And where *Another Country* is shrill and noisy, *Sissie* is permeated by a quiet anger that builds and builds inexorably. John A. Williams may well be a front-runner in a new surge of Negro creativity.

CINEMATIC JUGGLER: "Keep your balls in the air. That's what a showman has to do, keep juggling," says Danny Pisarov, the dubious hero of Wolf Mankowitz's racy novel *Cockatrice* (Putnam, $3.95) about movie-making in England. Between girls, Danny has a few spare moments for philosophizing of this sort, generally as a prelude to some shabby deal that he hopes will transform him from producer's assistant to full-fledged producer. Danny, taking full advantage of his employer's absence for the Christmas holidays, throws a whole series of balls into the air—curvaceous starlets, predatory agents, hack writers—and proceeds to juggle them brilliantly. It is not his fault that one of them shatters, and his dream falls to pieces around him.

Like Danny, Wolf Mankowitz is also something of a juggler. Underlying this novel is his fundamental dislike for the people who control the movies; he distrusts their motives and despises their morals. This goes up into the air. But Mankowitz has an eye for the buck himself, so into the air go Marcia and Billie and Monica, a gallery of beauties more buxom, more toothsome, and more compliant than any encountered since Mickey Spillane went straight. The author, however, also takes a craftsman's delight in a neat, tight structure, in his journalistic training for sketching in a scene with deft, vivid strokes, and in the rare gift of the born writer for setting down dialogue that has the ring of normal speech. All together, it makes for a fairly splashy display.

The only trouble is that Mankowitz, who would never dream of taking

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Danny Pisarov seriously, takes himself very seriously indeed. His novel, he wrote recently for the English *Vogue*, "presents familiar truths of a business about which no intelligent person has ever been deluded." Perhaps so, but he has put his finger on the basic weakness of his book. His "familiar truths" have been made familiar by virtually every movie novel since *What Makes Sammy Run?* Looking back in anger, he has conveniently ignored the newer manifestations of the British cinema—films like *A Taste of Honey* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, film makers like Tony Richardson and Karel Reisz. Or are we to believe that they are Danny Pisarovs, too?

—Arthur Knight.

FROM TRAPEZE TO TREADMILL: His wife, Daisy, nags at him with her repeated question "Do you love me?" and Dick keeps telling her, usually until they fight about it, that it's the question he can answer only if she stops asking it.

Left to his own impulses, he would blurt out a yes sometimes, and sometimes a no. Their youngsters, Johnny and Rosey, though they never mention love, can't possibly get along without each other, or without father and mother. Their friends, Charley the barber and Ellen, Leander the portraitist and Lucretia, and Oscar the aging film actor and Alice, don't often bring up the subject of love, but they talk a lot about going to bed. There must be loads of love around somewhere, according to novelist William Saroyan's novelist hero in *Boys and Girls Together* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95), but somehow it has spoiled. What a writer earns falls ever farther behind what he spends, family and friends use up his time and waste his energy, and in the midst of what Dick incorrectly but understandably calls a shambles, the main problem is, how can he turn out more stories and plays?

Daisy wants company, and Dick, who should be upstairs at his desk, comes down to drink. Being with the children is wonderful fun, and contributes to man and writer. Being with the grown-ups is to fritter away his talent shamefully—though we owe to misspent days and nights this very human story and the vivid sense of tenderness and love surging through it.

There is the old inimitable Saroyan, happily, but alas a different one, too. Maybe it's our fault, maybe it's his, but "My Heart's in the Highlands" no more, and the wanderer who was showered with gifts for his sweet music is lost in the man who can't earn enough to pay his bills. "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" is now on the treadmill.

—W. G. Rogers.

SUN AND SURF SET: A small foreign car with a paddleboard lashed to the top swings onto a freeway near Pasadena. Wedged inside are Decker Wells and two of his friends. One of them proposes that they break out of th Balboa beach-party mold and flee to the clear air of the mountains; a churlish debate—are we or aren't we conformists?—has broken out. They'll end up at "Bal," as usual.

In *A Fortune in Dimes* (Little, Brown, $4.95) Mary Carter has written an informed first novel around these affluent third-generation Californians. We might say that palmy Pasadena has found its O'Hara—one who reports social mannerisms with more compassion and a more acute psychological awareness than "our man in Gibbsville" would have employed. We're tempted to say that feminine perspicacity has something to do with this, but maybe it's just the direct, disarming picture of the author on the back cover.

It is Christmas ritual in Decker's family to visit Big Bob, the gusty grandfather who made "the stake." This retired tycoon now amuses himself with an antique piano museum near Santa Monica; the visit involves splitting a small "fortune in dimes," coins tossed into the wishing well during the year. Big Bob's jaded, homogenized heirs are bored by the game and ashamed of the man behind their idleness—ashamed be cause he is an eccentric, not becau he is a crass old crook, having his ten cent joke at the expense of the tourists. The younger Wellses, alas, have neither morality nor color to their credit. When they sup together, "contention runs around the table like a disorderly child," but spirit is lacking.

Decker is a handsome lad, amiable enough when his flaccid tribal personality isn't too severely tried. The issue, hardly fresh in present-day fiction, is whether or not the boy can become a man. Tested by holiday tragedy, found slovenly in the devotionals of love, his future seems less than inspiring.

Mrs. Carter's sun-and-surf set can be tediously bland, but she has created several characters who stay tenaciously on long after the book is closed.

Jane Murdoch, a willowy UCLA girl, a doctor's daughter from a small town near Phoenix, is one of them. As a disruptive outsider in Decker's world, she supplies the quality of truth so often missing from current novels, showing that forthrightness, resolution, simple intelligence still exist, and their possessors can be interesting, even exciting people. Without being in any sense fictional snow maiden, Jane redeems a book that might have been just another slice of despondent life—not inaccurate in its reportage, but incomplete.

—Walt McCaslin.

"Question: are they retroactive?"

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Editorial

(*Continued from page 29*)

...r without inspection. This is a legitimate position, if one's underlying assumption is that the pursuit of force can provide genuine security. But if one's underlying assumption is that our security—as well as the prospects of mankind—depends on the workable control of force in the world, then Dr. Teller's position must be viewed in the gravest terms. It is difficult to see, moreover, how anyone except the Chinese Communist leaders can benefit from what he advocates. For both he and the Chinese seem to agree that a military showdown is inevitable and can be sustained.

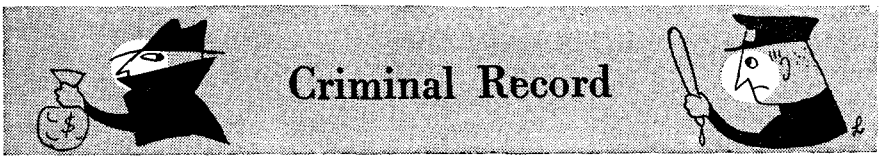
As is to be expected in a free society, a large part of the decision rests with the people themselves. If their decision is to support the President rather than Edward Teller and the groups he represents, then they will have to make that support visible and dramatic. How can this be done? The answer is uncomplicated. Just do and say all the things you would do and say if you were convinced that the President had the power to increase your salary or reduce it. Under these circumstances, you would think it proper to make your ...rguments as cogent and forceful as ...ossible. The future of a free society and the condition of humankind would seem to warrant no less. For it is not just the bombs that are being tested. The ability of a free people to see deeply into things is the most important test of all. —N.C.

Boot Zonder Dek

By David Cornel DeJong

IT IS nothing but a boat
without deck, my father
said. It has nothing to hide
you from God or gull during
the terrible squalls of life.
It is, he mumbled in Dutch,
savoring it, nothing but
een boot zonder dek.

Even so we pushed off
from shore, praying and
singing in English and Dutch,
not trusting the friendship
of dolphins who might be
the servants of insanity.
The rains came and drenched
us and the sun made us as
anonymous as Papuans and
even God lost track of us.
"Een boot zonder dek,"
my father wept. "Yes," I
challenged as we drifted on.



THE HUEY LONG MURDER CASE. *By Hermann B. Deutsch. Doubleday.* $3.95. New Orleans newspaperman whose acquaintance with Louisiana's Kingfish dates back to 1919 gives graphic account of events preceding his assassination and the killing itself; motives are dissected. An excellent piece of reporting.

POISONER IN THE DOCK. *By John Rowland. Archer House.* $4. Twelve British fact murder cases, each concerned with a different venom, make up this once-over-lightly job. Emergent truth seems to be that poisoners are basically stupid people.

THE LIGHT OF DAY. *By Eric Ambler. Knopf.* $3.95. Shopworn rogue, part English, not too bright, meets with tough client in Athens, undertakes trip to Istanbul, collides with deep trouble. A masterpiece of comic suspense.

THE DIPLOMAT AND THE GOLD PIANO. *By Margaret Scherf. Crime Club.* $3.50. New York decorating set dithered when two of its members fade like old wallpaper; binoculars are employed to good purpose. Well written and easy to take.

THE SUBJECT OF HARRY EGYPT. *By Daniel Broun. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. New York playboy and amateur photographer gets involved with mob planning elaborate split-second grab; AT&T will not like. Fascinating gimmick job.

MOURNERS' VOYAGE. *By Shane Martin. Crime Club.* $3.50. Chartered Mediterranean schooner's half-dozen oddball passengers include perpetrator of Neapolitan murder; but who is he—or she? Good seamanship, but cast is too voluble.

THE MAN ON A NYLON STRING. *By Whit Masterson. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. American mountainclimber tackles Alpine peak to rescue body of victim who has dangled there for a year; was swinger murdered, maybe? Ending literally a cliff-hanger.

THE ZILOV BOMBS. *By D. G. Barron. Norton.* $3.95. The year is 1973, and Russian forces occupy Britain, but there are pockets of resistance, and who knows what will happen? A well-reasoned, tensely suspenseful peep into a let's-hope-it-isn't future.

I WAS CICERO. *By Elyesa Bazna with Hans Nogly. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Turkish valet who sold British secrets to Germans in Ankara (1943-44) here tells full story of how he carried on his perilous traffic. This fine fact job is a beautiful blend of high adventure and not-so-high comedy.

NO QUESTIONS ASKED. *By Forbes Rydell. Crime Club.* $3.50. Complications in adoption racket jolt residents of New Hampshire village; there are dead. Sensitive and sure treatment here.

FIND THE WOMAN. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $3.50. Connecticut M.D.'s death in Maine lake sends Jeff Di Marco, Massachusetts claim adjuster, on exacting jaunt. All-New England job is a double lulu.

GIDEON'S RIDE. *By J. J. Marrick. Harper & Row.* $3.50. Commander George Gideon, Scotland Yard overlord, has busy days as crime pops all over; labor troubles also cause worry. Once again a superb interlocking job.

DELIVER US FROM WOLVES. *By Leonard Holton. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Father Bedder, Los Angeles peeper-priest, takes on lycanthropic chore far from his base (Portugal, no less). The good man is much more entertaining on his home grounds.

THE CHASE. *By Richard Unekis. Walker.* $3.50. Downstate Illinois supermarket heist brings all kinds of cops into action in effort to catch pair of crooks who lam at 140 m.p.h. Get this one or be sorry.

TECHNIQUE FOR TREACHERY. *By Seldon Truss. Crime Club.* $3.50. Mr. Horace of London *Daily Snapshot* gets knocked about a bit in helping Supt. Gidleigh solve security job. Unusual amount of noise in this one.

BLACK FLAMINGO. *By Victor Canning. Sloane.* $3.95. Unfrocked British pilot takes new identity in Central Africa and finds self in parlous situation. Right on the heels of the news.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING. *By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Norton.* $2.95. This yarn, first published in 1945, restores to circulation the once vastly popular Cape Cod detective Asey Mayo; other tales will follow. Welcome back!

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Labor

Continued from page 25

out because company and union could not agree on what should be done about an employee who called a foreman a bad name. Now 99 per cent of all agreements provide for settling all such rows by submitting them to an outsider for final and binding arbitration.

My own belief is that in the present strike impasse the best way to avoid the Scylla of too little public protection and the Charybdis of too great a restriction on economic freedom lies in a combination of fact-finding and arbitration. I would favor a narrowly drawn emergency statute, applying specifically to such industries as transportation and aerospace manufacture. It would start, as Taft-Hartley now does, with the President obtaining an eighty-day injunction when he felt a strike or strike threat necessitated intervention.

DURING the truce period a Presidential board of inquiry would attempt to mediate the dispute. If it got nowhere in the first month, it would submit its own ideas on what would represent a fair settlement. If negotiations on its recommendations were unavailing, the panel would have the same authority as Baruch's proposed court to make a final and binding decision. Yet, avoiding the formality and institutionalization of a court should diminish the temptation one side or the other might feel to default entirely on the obligation to bargain. In disputes that have a harmful impact on the public, but not of the same order of peril as those in transportation or top-priority military programs, the emergency board should be limited to fact-finding recommendations without the power to order their adoption.

Another line of approach could be even more salutary in combining the twin goals of better community safeguards and maximum play for private decision-making. This would be the assumption by the central leadership of the AFL-CIO of greater authority to exercise a moderating role in situations where long strikes are undermining the public prestige of all labor. George Meany himself has conceded that the nation can no longer afford the "luxury of tough disputes."

True, nothing is more cherished by any union than its autonomy to establish its strategy in collective bargaining and to carry out that strategy in its own way. Even the parent union seldom interferes with the conduct of a strike by its locals. The federation has no direct voice at all. However, the concept of autonomy already has been substantially altered in such matters as union corruption, racial discrimination, and even that holiest of holies, jurisdictional disputes. A recognition of how much labor's total image could be marred by the defects or the squabbling of individual unions in these fields has resulted in the ceding of a degree of authority to the central leadership that would have been considered unthinkable in the pre-merger AFL.

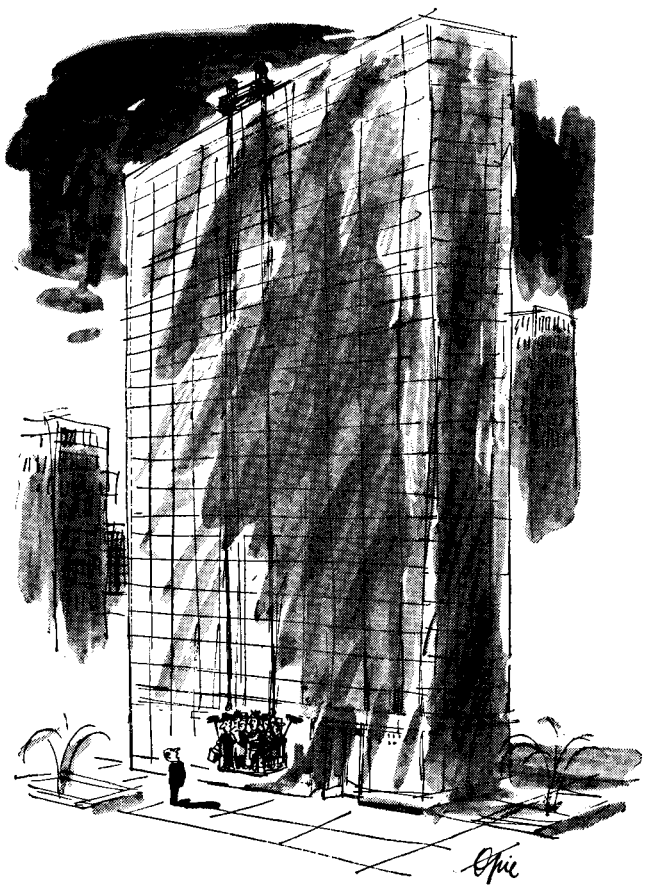
The most effective way to avoid government compulsion is through the extension to crisis strikes of the same kind of self-policing the federation now exercises to keep out crooks, to curb racial bias, and to prevent interunion piracy. It would help even more if similar machinery could be created within management, but the chances of any real initiative by the major employer associations seems remote. Most of their energy is applied to seeking to make little unions out of big ones through application of the antitrust laws.

The public has a responsibility, too. In some respects it is much less of an innocent bystander than it likes to consider itself in industrial disputes. The most intractable strikes these days have their root in the great worry among workers that automation will throw them on the industrial scrapheap to live out the rest of their lives in dependent uselessness.

This is a fear that would be much less terrifying if unemployment were not so widespread and so entrenched. Joblessness has stayed above 5 per cent of the work force for the last five years. The need for new jobs just to keep pace with the surge of youngsters into the job market is 25,000 a week; yet the number of jobs is expanding only half as fast as in the first decade after World War II. No wonder Secretary Wirtz pronounces himself appalled at how little concern the country shows about the plight of the idle or the urgency of achieving full employment. "We lost more man-hours in unemployment last year than we lost from strikes in thirty-five years," he reports.

Until we as a nation do something substantial to bring down the staggering waste of human talent and aspiration represented by our bulging unemployment rolls, it will be hard to convince workers that they are injuring both the nation and themselves by striking against the onrush of a technology they identify with job destruction, rather than with increased abundance for all.

The challenge of change requires a new recognition of the interdependence of all elements in our society. We cannot build the instruments for a cooperative approach to this challenge in a spirit of vengefulness or hysteria. Rigid authoritarianism is no answer, as de Gaulle's tribulations with the French coal miners prove. Neither can we tolerate the victimization of the entire community through isolated but damaging excesses by power blocs in either labor or management. If governments must cede some element of their sovereignity in our turbulent world, there can be no assertion of absolute sovereignity by unions or employers where their interests find expression at the expense of the total good. Any other view is not an affirmation of democracy, but a denial of it. The search for realistic deterrents will be a difficult one. It is time to begin.



"I appreciate initiative as much as the next man, Simpson—but after quitting time or not, you will *not* sell rides at a buck a head!"

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Hindemith on Wilder—Solti's *Boris*—NYC Ballet

A UNIQUE blend of talents introduced a new composite of beauty in Paul Hindemith's setting of Thornton Wilder's *The Long Christmas Dinner* at its first performance in America at the Juilliard School under the composer's direction. A kind of microsketch for *Our Town*, this predecessor by seven years (1931) views the life cycle of the New England Bayards in terms of the annual Christmas dinner. It spans marriages and births, reunions and separations, from the building of the homestead to its abandonment ninety years later by the youngest generation. Periodically, there is the most poignant leavetaking of all, as death claims its relentless due.

Wilder's single act runs without interruption for three quarters of an hour, a sizable stretch of music for any composer. But, at this time of his productive life, Hindemith may be trusted to choose wisely what interests him, and work well to interest us in what interests him. From its beginning with the tune of "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen" thoroughly Hindemithed (which is to say, reconstituted in woodwinds and low brass) to its reprise at the end, this is a fluid, beautifully sonorous musical setting. As the time approaches, one senses that Hindemith's feeling for structure will make that reprise inescapable, but it is a tribute to the art with which he has spanned the incidents and emotions in between that the inescapable is also the inevitable.

Wilder has made his own adaptation of the play for Hindemith, but it remains substantially an unversified text. There are few set pieces as such, but the interchange of thought develops, every so often, into a trio (an intricate canon of deceptively simple sound) or a sextet (in the manner of a chorale prelude) which varies the vocal texture and renews interest in the resumption of dialogue. An orchestra of about thirty is utilized, and it occasionally suggests, through skilful use of the low woodwinds, French horn, and muted strings, the sound of a small organ or harmonium. This is a touch of local color much in keeping with the surroundings.

As the generations come and go (they emerge from a white framed door at stage right and disappear at death through a black-shrouded portal at stage left), they acquaint us with the joys and woes to which family life is prone: the good marriage and the bad, the children that grow to maturity and those that are carried off young, the spinster and the youth who is a war victim. What might, in the hands of another, court cliché becomes, in Wilder's, the touch of nature that makes us all kin, and Hindemith has responded in kind. The values of the richly written score were clearly discernible in a more than presentable performance on the stage as well as in the pit. John Harris sounded particularly well as the first Bayard, Marilyn Zschau gave promise of accomplishments to come as Mother Bayard, and Geraldine McIlroy was a very good Genevieve in a cast composed of graduate students of Juilliard. The stage was well set by Thea Neu, with the oval Christmas-decked table dominating the scene. These were the first performances in English of *The Long Christmas Dinner*, which was introduced in German at Mannheim in December 1961. An artful and affecting work, it should have frequent performances both by professional and workshop groups. On the two evenings for which Hindemith was his own conductor, the associated work was *The Demon* of 1924, choreographed by José Limon; two other performances conducted by Jorge Mester offered Martha Graham's version of *Herodiade* as prelude.

IF strong conducting and a powerful projection of the leading role can be rated the essentials of a good performance of opera, then the season's first *Boris* under the direction of Georg Solti and with George London as the Czar qualified. But what Moussorgsky has written, and Dmitri Shostakovitch has instrumentally elaborated in the version now in use at the Metropolitan, is less an opera than a chronicle play treated musically. When London was working with surety and poise at the fine characterization he has built, or Solti had the chorus under ringing response, the satisfactions were many. But the incidents between failed to attain the same level for lack, in all probability, of the time to mold an ensemble from a group of mostly able singers not too familiar with their roles. All, of course, were new to the conductor.

Among them was Ezio Flagello as Brother Pimen. He sounds better as Varlaam, in which he was replaced by Fernando Corena, whose tongue doesn't produce the English text as John Gutman wrote it. Neither Helen Vanni as Fyodor nor Lynn Blair as Xenia is as good in these roles as those who performed them in 1960, and Lili Chookasian's Nurse was vocally agreeable if dramatically less appealing than Mignon Dunn, who was performing the Innkeeper this time. Paul Franke gets around the music of Shuiski admirably, but the sinister character of this plotter is not as well developed by him as it is likely to be. Other changes were productive ones: Walter Cassel characterizes Rangoni believably, Rosalind Elias sings the music for Marina beautifully, and William Walker made a little specialty of the part of Shchelkalov.

As the foregoing suggests, Solti was presented with a handful of loose strings to pull into a tight texture, and some eluded his grasp—especially when those on stage didn't exert as strong a counter-pull as London, or Nicolai Gedda, the excellent Dimitri. Nathaniel Merrill's staging was intelligently organized, though it is still contrary to the sense of the libretto for Dimitri to appear at the end of the Polish scene as Marina's partner after Rangoni has warned him not to show himself.

IT'S been long, too long, since the New York City Ballet gave a proper season at the City Center (spring 1962) and it seems like forever since one has been able to see such sculptural movement so beautifully executed to a score so well suited to it as in the performance of the Balanchine-Stravinsky *Apollo* with which the current engagement began. Here, in the persons of Jacques d'Ambois (what a great dancer he has grown to be!) as Apollo, and Allegra Kent, Patricia Wilde, and Jillana as the Muses, is technique become transparent, the better to reveal the airy designs of Balanchine's choreography. A great work and a timeless one, it made an ideal affirmation of the high standards to which this company aspires, notched even higher since its acceptance at the mother shrine of ballet, Moscow's Bolshoi. The orchestra and its conductor, Robert Irving, properly shared in the cheers and applause of a demonstrative audience. Novelties are not abundant in the season that stretches through most of April, but choreography of Balanchine's quality and execution of it on this level are novelty enough in themselves.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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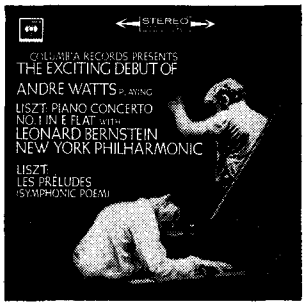

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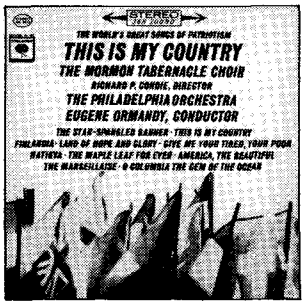

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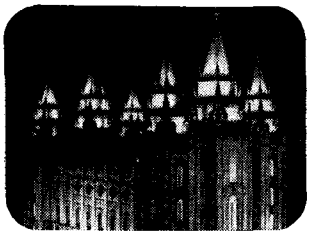
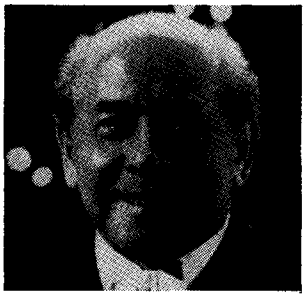
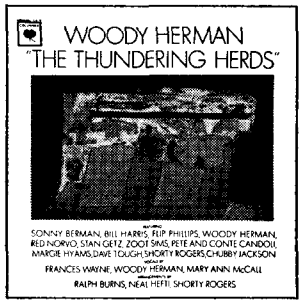


Shostakovich's brilliant, controversial Symphony No. 4 in its American recording première — performed with color and excitement by Eugene Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra.



Doris Day and Robert Goulet, recording together for the first time, are right on target in a lively, newly orchestrated re-creation of Irving Berlin's celebrated Broadway classic.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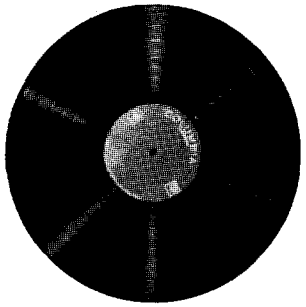

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Dmitri Shostakovitch, as depicted in a contemporary (1961) lithograph by the Soviet artist Levinshtein.

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SOVIET MUSIC SINCE STALIN

By BORIS SCHWARZ

DURING the last five years, the de-Stalinization of the arts has proceeded at an accelerated pace. Lately, there have been signs of an official behind-the-scene struggle between two opposing trends: continued liberalization versus stricter regimentation. In literature, liberalism has won a victory with the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, but another author, Victor Nekrasov, was rebuked for his "bourgeois objectivism" toward the capitalist world. In art, the modestly progressive exhibit at the Moscow Manège (*SR*, Jan. 26) was partly offset by a scathing attack on an experimental show of abstract art. In music, many issues remain unsolved. Last fall a special commission was set up headed by the young and clever Leonid Ilyichev to deal with the unruly intelligentsia.

The most recent pronouncement (March 8) of Chairman Khrushchev on cultural affairs has dispelled all lingering doubts: peaceful coexistence in the field of ideas is "a betrayal of Marxism-Leninism" and hence not to be tolerated. It was made clear that the party would watch over ideological purity and root out any "treachery." In effect, this marks the end—at least for the time being—of a movement toward liberalization, which was gaining momentum during the fall of 1962.

It is possible that events were brought to a head by the recent controversy centered, once again, around Dmitri Shostakovich. True, it had not reached the acrimony of 1936, when official criticism forced the withdrawal of his opera *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk*. Nor can it be compared to the musical "purge" staged in 1948 by Zhdanov, Stalin's cultural executioner, when the three leading Soviet composers—Prokofiev, Miaskovsky, and Shostakovich—were castigated for "disregarding the great social role of music." Not until ten years later were these Soviet composers rehabilitated by the decree of 1958; the injustices were blamed on "Stalin's sub-

Boris Schwarz is professor of music at Queens College, N.Y., and a specialist in Russian music. He recently returned from a three-month cultural exchange visit to the Soviet Union.

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jective approach to certain works of art."

As for Shostakovich, his reputation has reached a peak: he is the unchallenged master of Soviet music. All the more unexpected was the controversy concerning his latest work, the Thirteenth Symphony, which is actually a symphonic cantata based on texts by Yevgeni Yevtushenko. Each of the five movements is a musical setting of a poem for baritone, male chorus, and orchestra. The selection of the texts—all previously published—reflects the personal predilection of Shostakovich, for the five poems do not form any "cycle" as conceived by the poet. Yet they have one trait in common: the courage to speak out against Stalinist abuses.

The première of this new work was awaited in Moscow with intense anticipation. When I approached the Conservatory on the evening of December 18, 1962, the entire plaza was cordoned off by police. Inside, the large hall was filled to overflowing. The first movement, the dramatic *Babyi Yar* denouncing anti-Semitism, was greeted with a burst of spontaneous applause. At the end of the symphony there was an ovation rarely witnessed. On the stage was Shostakovich, shy and awkward, bowing stiffly. Soon he was joined by Yevtushenko, moving with the ease of a born actor. The rhythmic clapping redoubled, the cadenced shouts of "Bravo Shos-ta-ko-vich" and "Bra-vo Yev-tu-shen-ko" filled the air. The audience seemed to be carried away as much by the music as by the words, although contrary to custom—the texts were not printed in the program.

The following morning, a one-sentence report appeared in *Pravda*—an absurd anticlimax for anyone who had witnessed the exciting event. But another surprise was yet to come. It became known that there was official dissatisfaction with parts of the text and that no further performances of the Thirteenth Symphony were to be permitted until certain adjustments were made in *Babyi Yar*. The fact that the poem, in its original version, had been translated and published around the world did not seem to perturb the cultural guardians. Yevtushenko had to comply, as did Shostakovich, who made the necessary adjustments in the score.

Much rebellious talk was also heard at the three-day conference on "Tradition and Innovation in the Art of Socialist Realism" held in Moscow last November. Speaker after speaker arose to denounce the evils and remnants of cultural Stalinism. Tempers flared, any hint of regimentation was booed. The traditionalist painter Serov was interrupted by hecklers; a few days later he emerged as the new president of the Academy of Fine Arts. As one musician remarked with concern, "It's the fashion today to blame the past—but what about the present and the future?"

Indeed, what is the present state of Soviet music ten years after the death of Stalin (and, incidentally, of Prokofiev, who died the same day—March 5, 1953)? Has the intellectual relaxation produced a surge of bold new creativity? Hardly. The esthetic barriers against twelve-tone technique, atonality, and serialism remain strong. The attitude toward jazz is ambivalent: American-style jazz is rejected, and the visits of such bands as Duke Ellington and Count Basie have not been approved. Mere imitation is pointless, as Khrennikov told me; in order to be acceptable, jazz must absorb indigenous Russian elements. Opposition to Western avant-garde experiments is not necessarily government-inspired: it is firmly rooted in the traditionalism of the Russian musicians—composers, performers, critics, and, last but not least, the public. Outspoken in their opposition are the foremost Soviet composers who, as teachers and cultural leaders, exert a dominating influence on the younger generation. Formalism, a word first used in the 1930s to denounce all Western-style modernism, is still a potent weapon. (Prokofiev once quipped, "Formalism is the name given to music not understood at first hearing."). Socialist realism, proclaimed in 1934 by Maxim Gorki, is still a cherished ideal. But it is freely admitted in Moscow that these doctrines are now being redefined and reinterpreted with more flexibility and latitude. Beyond Moscow's jurisdiction, however, the party line in art is openly flouted by fellow Communists.

THE comparative conservatism of contemporary Soviet music may also be partly due to the Stalin-enforced isolation that lasted well over two decades. It might take years before the trends and techniques of Western modernism are fully assimilated by Soviet musicians. One of the important accomplishments of de-Stalinization is the gradual dismantling of these cultural barriers. Through the Composers Union, musicians are able to study the latest materials from abroad: scores, recordings, books on music, and translations of foreign musical criticism. The conservatories, too, show a revitalized approach toward twentieth-century Western music. Recently, a class in Leningrad spent several sessions on Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*—a score which, after all, dates back to 1920. The professor told me, "The students were transfixed. There was no use pointing out certain fallacies in the work. They've been cut off for so long. To us, the older generation, all this seems like a memory." Indeed, it is well to recall that during the 1920s the emerging Soviet state welcomed all kinds of artistic innovation and experiment. One wonders whether such an open-minded attitude will ever be permitted again.

In the meantime, the intensified contact with the Western world has produced certain changes in the style of young Soviet composers. Among the new trends to be noted are a broader concept of tonality, a bolder use of dissonance, a more sophisticated approach to folk material, and even isolated experiments with twelve-tone technique. Much in evidence is a motoric vitality, especially in writing for the keyboard, and a predilection for a lush orchestral sound punctuated by energetic percussion. The most progressive compositional schools are those of Leningrad and Estonia. But "progress" is a relative and elusive term; perhaps no less remarkable is the musical progress in some outlying regions of the Soviet Union where, until some thirty years ago, music was transmitted exclusively through oral tradition; today they have a solid system of musical education and a national school of composition.

For that reason, one cannot evaluate Soviet music merely in terms of Western modernism. The Russians have evolved their own concept of "progressive" art and discount many aspects of Western music as "decadent." The Soviet composer creates with a social purpose; he is taught early to be mindful of Lenin's words that "art belongs to the people." In his quest for new horizons, the composer dare not estrange himself from the listener; his art must remain "understandable to the masses and be loved by them."

Soviet audiences are known for their receptivity and enthusiasm. Yet how "advanced" are their tastes today, after having been sealed off from the outside world of music? Lately, the Soviet philharmonic societies have made a determined effort to broaden the scope of the concert programs. Visitors from abroad—orchestras, guest conductors, performers—also contribute their share, often playing representative works of their respective countries. Well-known names have begun to reappear in the concert halls—Stravinsky, Bartók, Hindemith, Honegger and many others, although Schoenberg and his disciples are still shunned. Among new names, Benjamin Britten, Samuel Barber, and Aaron Copland are warmly received, but extreme modernists remain excluded. Also interesting is the gradual rehabilitation of Soviet compositions rejected during the Stalin era; significant examples are the Fourth Symphony of Shostakovich, withdrawn prior to its première in 1936 and first played in 1961, and Prokofiev's

(*Continued on page* 69)

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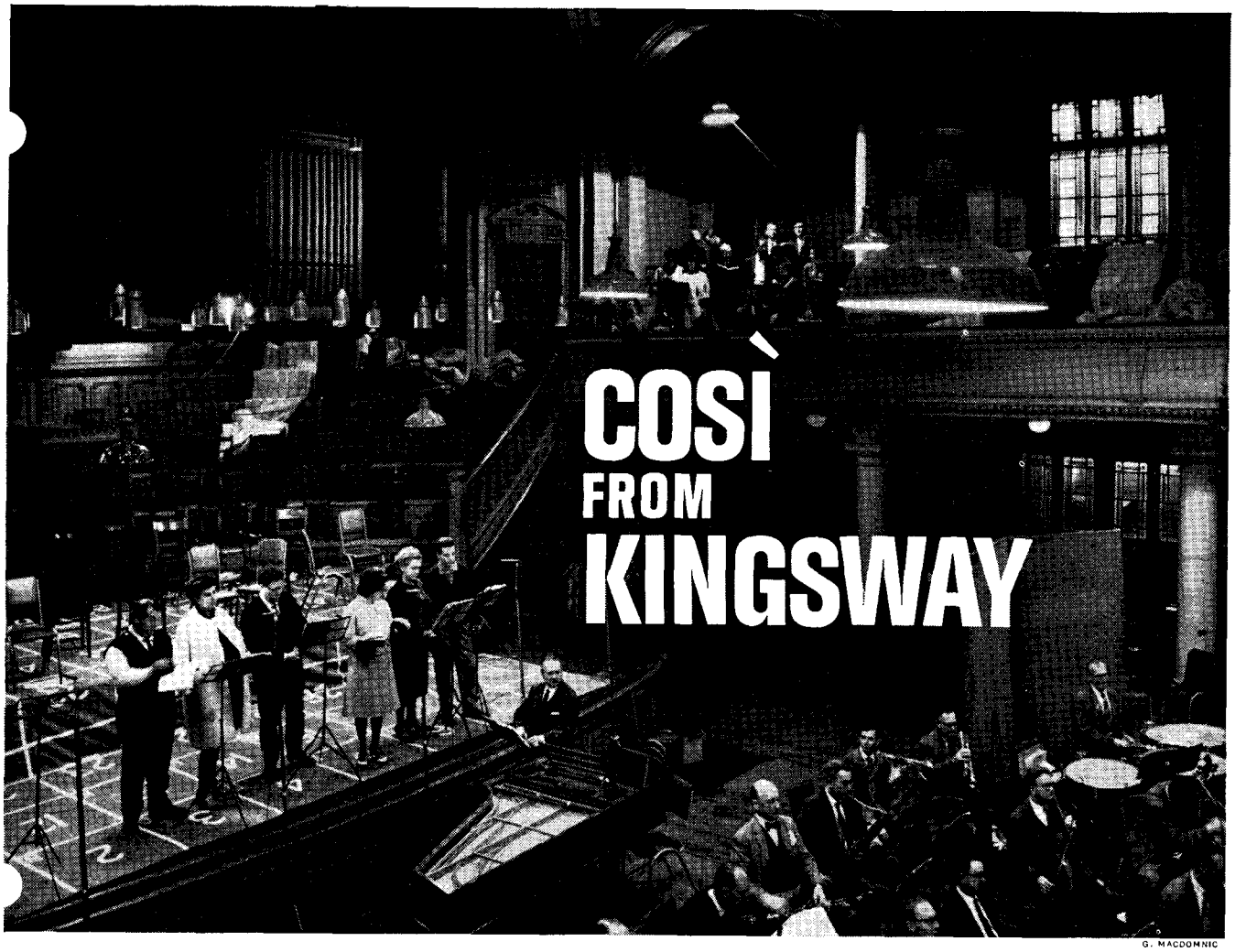

G. MACDONNIC

"I'd like to think I could live to hear anything more beautiful..." Walter Legge

The following report is reprinted from **high fidelity.** *To achieve every possible degree of perfection, release has been postponed from the date anticipated here. This remarkable performance will be available about April 1.*

LONDON

It looks at this writing as if the EMI-Angel *Così fan tutte* will be in your shops as well as ours at the beginning of February. Walter Legge, EMI's recording chief, said to me, "This recording is meant to last for twenty years." Having heard tape samples, most of them electrifying, I should not be surprised if this turned out to be a laughable understatement. Here, it strikes me, is a performance for all time.

The cast is a mixture of *Così* familiars and *Così* newcomers. Apart from previous individual experience of their roles, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Christa Ludwig had sung Fiordiligi and Dorabella side by side in Vienna and at Salzburg for five years and were a gleaming partnership even before Karl Böhm (who is estimated to have conducted *Così* over three hundred times) first lifted his baton in the Kingsway Hall studio.

The Despina, Hanny Steffek, principal soprano of the Munich Opera, had sung the part in German but never before in the original Italian. The Don Alfonso (Walter Berry), the Guglielmo (Giuseppe Taddei), and the Ferrando (Alfredo Kraus) were entirely new to these roles. Mr. Legge had the Scala coach, Antonio Tonini, work on Ludwig, Steffek, and Berry in Salzburg and Munich a month ahead of the Kingsway sessions. Kraus's and Taddei's turn came later, in London. Preliminaries ended with the entire cast having spells in Mr. Legge's drawing room at Hampstead, with a musical assistant at the piano.

At Kingsway there were eighteen recording sessions with the Philharmonia Orchestra and a professional chorus of sixteen. Most of the ensembles were prepared and, up to a point, recorded in groups. After hearing the last of the five trios, all sung in a row, Mr. Legge picked up his microphone in the downstairs control room, which he calls "Nibelheim," and said over the loudspeaker to the assembled company in the studio: "I'd like to think I could live to hear anything more beautiful than that."

Later I heard tape samples in Mr. Legge's editing room at St. John's Wood. Three factors or episodes struck me especially. One was the complete lucidity and sharp articulation of all the ensembles up to sextet-plus-chorus level. Another thing was Schwarzkopf's fervor and brilliance in that formidable steeplechase of an aria, *"Come scoglio,"* with its leaps of nearly two octaves. The third point was the successful acoustical handling of the quasi-serenade, *"Secondate aurette amiche,"* in Act II. According to Mozart's stage directions, this duet is supposed not only to be sung by the two lovers in a barque at the back of the stage; it is supposed further to be accompanied by a wind sextet who are on board with them. In the theatre the wind band usually plays from the orchestra pit, putting the voices more or less out of focus and ruining the gently veiled effect that Mozart had in mind. For this number at Kingsway Hall, Mr. Legge had Taddei, Kraus, and the woodwind party retreat to the back of the hall, up near the organ pipes and far away from the microphones. The effect is bewitching.

CHARLES REID

Angel

(S) 3631

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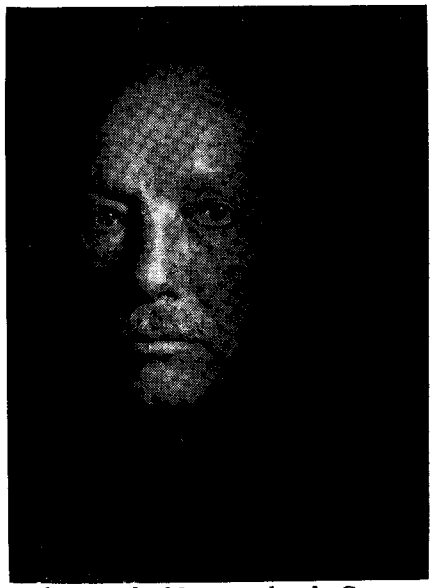
An English View of Strauss

By ROBERT BREUER

ADMIRERS of the late Richard Strauss have long remarked the paradox that the two biographical studies in English were both published before his life and work were half completed (Ernest Newman's in 1908, Henry T. Finck's in 1917), but nothing has been added of later date, or since his death in 1949. Now finally, with the observance of the Strauss centenary in 1964 only a year away, a sizable addition to the literature has appeared. It is the work of Norman Del Mar, the English conductor and composer who was, like Strauss's father, trained as a French horn player. Thus far only the first part of a projected two-volume work has appeared (Barrie and Rockliff, London, 65 shillings) but its magnitude (462 pages) and the interest of the subject matter invite attention.

Del Mar has beaten—by at least one year's length—the appearance of the awaited study by Dr. Willi Schuh, the official Strauss biographer, who was authorized by Strauss himself to write the definitive story of his life and works. Working with painstaking care, Schuh is concentrating his efforts chiefly on thoroughly digesting the wealth of material amassed in the Strauss heirs' family archives at Garmisch-Partenkirchen. His monumental task, although interrupted several times on account of severe illness, is planned as a highly scholarly as well as a completely factual study.

Del Mar, on the other hand, had to rely mainly on the existing Strauss literature. His research, as can be seen from the titles of books and articles listed in Appendix E of his illustrated tome, by-passes several significant works written on Strauss. Missing is the *Hans von Bülow—Richard Strauss Correspondence* (although published in an English translation); missing is the informative volume, *Stage Works* (issued both in Zurich and London); missing are the two *Strauss Year Books* (1954 and 1959-60), along with the works of Arthur M. Abell (*Talks with Great Composers*) and Neville Cardus (*Talking of Music*). One looks in vain for any references to Kurt Pfister, Günther Baum, Ludwig Kusche, L. Petzold, A. Baresel, Max Chop, and Eugen von Ziegler, who have dealt,



Photograph of Strauss taken by George Kossuth in Wheeling, W. Va., during the composer's American visit in 1921.

in various degrees, with biographical, artistic, and analytical aspects pertaining to the "first half" of Strauss's life, which is the subject of Del Mar's study.

The bibliographical index and its companion appendices listed below, although appearing at the end of Volume I of an intended pair of books, also list works clearly pertaining to the "second half" of the composer's life, thus indicating that Volume II will not contain any similar material.

The overall structure of Volume I—which, no doubt, will be paralleled by a similar chapterization in Volume II—mirrors (if reading between the lines is not misleading) Del Mar's strangely two-sided approach to the much admired *and* much debased hero of his clinical, sometimes overly friendly, sometimes ironic observations. The nine chapters that follow the Preface and a List of Works Discussed are headed: Beginnings; Maturing; The Tone Poems (I); Guntram; The Tone Poems (II); The Decline of the Tone Poems; The Return to the Stage; The Stage Tone Poems (subdivided in I and II); and The Crowning Success. The era dealt with consists of the years 1864 to 1911, the time from the composer's birth, in Munich, to the première of *Der Rosenkavalier*, in Dresden.

Conceding that judicious separation of facts and figures dealing with a two-volume work is difficult if not impossible to achieve, one may ask (a) whether simultaneous publication of both volumes would not have dispelled the author's dilemma, and (b) whether leaving at least four of the appendices to the closing pages of Volume II would not have been advisable.

In his book, which is "affectionately dedicated to the inspiring memory of Sir Thomas Beecham," Del Mar leaves the reader with the impression that he both loves and hates his subject; however, he displays an earnest desire to master the warring forces of glorification and doubt that beset him. While his approach to an artist of Strauss's stature quite obviously differs from the Teutonic one (which is respectfulness, devotion, and adoration packed in one), it would be wrong to say that cool Anglo-Saxon detachment is the mark of his pen.

The tone is firmly set in the brief Preface, which deals with Strauss's appearances in London during Septembe 1947. Del Mar, who had been assigned the task of rehearsing the Symphonic Fantasia from *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, remembers several words he and some others heard Strauss utter.

"During my own rehearsal," he relates, "Strauss came up to the podium, glumly regarded the score for a few moments, muttered 'All my own fault,' and went away." Although remembering "him being very terse and uncommunicative throughout the entire visit," he gives the following information: "During the rehearsals for this [Albert Hall] concert he was again monumentally undemonstrative and uncommittal. But he made one very remarkable comment. Something had not quite pleased him and *he was heard to say* [Italics mine]: 'No, I know what I want, and I know what I meant when I wrote this. After all, I may not be a first-rate composer, but I *am* a first-class second-rate composer!' " These words, Del Mar muses, could stand as a "fair assessment for a certain part of his creative life—but certainly cannot stand as an overall judgment on one of the world's greatest musicians."

Finally, by declaring, "This parado is the theme of my book," Del Mar no only established his guiding *leitmotif*, but also unleashed a chain reaction of correspondence arisen from fear that a "new distorting Strauss myth" had

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sprung up. Dr. Julius Kopsch, the president of the International Richard Strauss Society (Berlin), promptly interrogated Willi Schuh and Dr. Ernst Roth (head of the London branch of Strauss's publishing firm, Boosey & Hawkes). Through their long acquaintance with Strauss these gentlemen possess an intimate knowledge of the composer's personal attitudes toward his own work and toward the British orchestras which, in 1947, he had to treat with tact. They are of the opinion that Strauss would have uttered such words in a humorous vein, if indeed he did so.

The balance between life (considered by Del Mar to have been dull as neither dishing up scandals nor being made interesting by *amours*) and works drifts, as the narrative unfolds, more and more into a musical analysis. This is illustrated with such a wealth of detailed, well-chosen thematic examples, that, without the help of a piano, merely reading the book would, at least for the general reader, be the most ungainful travail. He will find himself confronted with a style as polished and glowing as some of Strauss's masterful tone poems, only to marvel at the maze of thickly sliced prose emerging from pages that deal with works Del Mar holds in contempt.

Giving but the barest accounts of the composer's life, Del Mar could not be expected to draw a new picture of Strauss's personality. The few glimpses we gain of him as a human being are done in pastel shadings, neither exaggerating his faults and weaknesses nor praising overly his lesser-advertised virtues. One misses a single word about what Strauss in his so-called greed for money achieved for the sake of his contemporaries: creative and performing musicians who now found the courage to rally behind the man who unflinchingly waged and won a battle for proper fees. We are also left pretty much in the dark regarding his relationship to the musicians who played in the orchestras led by him.

It is in the chapters somewhat misleadingly titled *The Stage Tone Poems I* and *II,* (each deals with but one operatic work) that Del Mar writes most impressingly. For describing *Salome* and *Elektra,* and in the final chapter *Rosenkavalier* in all their bewitching glory, Del Mar's rich vocabulary seems to be like an unending fountain. Inspired by both these stage works' libretti and music, the analysis of the action, constantly interwoven with the finest examples of how words, thoughts, and situations are mirrored in the score, teems with such forceful, glowing inspiration as to make novices and habitués hungry for more.

Bach and Son

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH: *"Du wahrer Gott und Davids Sohn" (Cantata BWV 23) and "Schet, wir gehn hinauf gen Jerusalem" (Cantata BWV 159). Ursula Buckel (soprano), Eva Bornemann (mezzo-soprano), Johannes Hoefflin (tenor), Jakob Stämpfli (bass), the Frankfurter Kantorei and the Cantate Orchestra conducted by Kurt Thomas.* Cantate 651 214 stereo. $6.95.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH: *"Schwingt freudig euch empor" (Cantata BWV 36) and "Sehet, welch eine Liebe" (Cantata BWV 64). Maria Friesenhausen (soprano), Andrea von Ramm and Eva Bornemann (mezzo-sopranos), Johannes Feyerbend (tenor), Hartmund Ochs (bass), orchestral soloists, and the Westfälische Kantorei conducted by Wilhelm Ehmann.* Cantate 651 213 stereo. $6.95.

JOHANN CHRISTIAN BACH: *Dies Irae. Bruna Rizzoli (soprano), Rena Garazioti (contralto), Petre Munteanu (tenor), Lorenzo Gaetani (bass), the Polyphonic Chorus of Turin, and the Angelicum Orchestra of Milan conducted by Ruggero Maghini.* Music Guild stereo. $6.50.

The cantatas of Johann Sebastian Bach, are, without a doubt, among the genuine wonders of the music world. Their variety, invention and religious (substitute "emotional" if you will) fervor seem all the more remarkable when one recalls that Bach produced over 300 of them, one third of which are regrettably lost. With a handful of notable exceptions, the cantatas had been neglected until the advent of LP. Now, record companies are cranking them out with almost as much speed and ease as the composer himself did, if not with consistently comparable quality.

Similar things might be said for the "lesser" works of the "lesser" Bachs. Music Guild's focus of attention upon Johann Christian Bach, Johann Sebastian's youngest surviving son, serves as a reminder that there is ample room in history, and in record libraries, too, for more than one composer of the same name.

In his sleeve notes for the *Dies Irae,* Dr. William B. Ober has some provocative things to say about Johann Christian Bach and his musical relations. He concedes that Johann Sebastian was a genius, but chooses to label the younger Bach, his brothers, and cousins merely as composers "of considerable musical talent." (A little private detective work disclosed, by the way, that Dr. Ober is a pathologist at a major New York hospital.)

The uninhibited melodic thrust and formal logic of the *Dies Irae* would indicate that Dr. Ober is underestimating his subject, were it not that he puts Buxtehude, Berlioz, and Bartók in the same class. The class-conscious doctor even goes further out on the proverbial limb: the Scarlattis, Mendelssohn, Weber, Chopin, and Stravinsky, he claims, also "fall just short of the top rank."

Top rank or not, the fact remains that Bach *fils*—as presented here—appears more remarkable for his forward glance to Mozart and his successors than for any backward nods to Bach *père*. The *Dies Irae,* a portion of a complete requiem mass written in 1757, is the product of the Italian tradition in which the composer was trained, specifically that of the *opera seria.*

The difference between the sacred music of Johann Sebastian Bach and that of his son has less to do with the religions involved than with the national schools. The cantabile style of the Italian theatre, and some of the naïveté that goes with it, mark the *Dies Irae,* just as a starker, more intimate, and more intellectual approach typifies the Bach cantatas. While Johann Sebastian concerned himself especially with niceties of text setting, for instance, his son was more interested in exploiting the human larynx. The technical mastery of each in reaching his goal, however, is beyond doubt.

Music Guild's *Dies Irae,* though not flawless, argues well for further examination of the Johann Christian Bach output. The remainder of the mass nibbled at here might be the logical next installment. Maghini leads his small-scale chorus and orchestra in a performance more notable for brio than for polish. With the exception of Munteanu, a flexible and tasteful *tenorino bianco,* the soloists favor gusto. Gaetani makes a properly dramatic utterance of the "Quantus tremor," however, and Rizzoli at least brings excitement to the coloratura writing of the

(*Continued on page* 73)

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Recordings in Review

Second Hearing for Watts

LISZT: *Concerto No. 1. André Watts piano, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein. "Les Préludes." Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic.* Columbia MS 6458, $5.98. Mono ML 5858, $4.98.

The circumstances that produced young André Watts as soloist with the New York Philharmonic in place of Glenn Gould at the end of January have subsided, but they have left behind a more tangible index of accomplishment than is customarily the case. For those who may not have quite believed what they heard of Watts in the hall or on radio, or for those who do not believe what they heard about him, this playback of the experience is the kind of test that rarely confronts a performer who has made good all at once.

The clear, clean, incisive performance that Watts puts to his credit here is self-evidence of his ability to do it again, and again (if need be). What distinguishes his effort from those of other performers of his age—or some with more years than his sixteen—who can play the notes with equal fluency, is his ability to project a personal view of Liszt along with the notes. This is not a byproduct of bravura alone, though he has this in ample measure, but rather an expression of a warmly musical nature with a feeling for phrase and contour that are quite specially his own. It is on such values that one bases hope for Watts in the years to come.

Bernstein's effort on his soloist's behalf is vital and deftly adjusted to his collaborator's scale of sonority. The same energy applied to "Les Préludes" doesn't yield nearly as good results.

Monteux's No. 9 (More or Less)

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9. Pierre Monteux conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, the London Bach Choir, and Elisabeth Soederstroem, soprano, Regina Resnik, mezzo soprano, Jon Vickers, tenor, and David Ward, bass.* Westminster WST 234, $11.96.

So far as one can judge from this representation of it, Pierre Monteux's conception of the Ninth Symphony is everything one would expect from him—superbly expressive, cleanly articulated, cumulative, and, above all, noneccentric. The orchestra is obviously devoted to his interest, the quartet's voices are strong and well-matched, and the choir is competent.

But the essential qualification must be stated: the best of what Monteux is trying to do is constantly at war with the worst of what the recordist is up to. The presumption must be that he, too, is devoted to serving Monteux's ends no less than the orchestra. But the effect, in projecting inner voices, accentuating one choir, then another, putting a stress there, a touch of understatement there, is to interpose an additional judgment or discretion between Beethoven as conceived by Monteux and the fusion as perceived by the listener. As, for example, as early as measures 80-85 of the first movement in which the strings and the woodwinds, both *piano*, are heard in a statement-and-response pattern. The statement of strings is as close as one would like to hear it, but the answering winds are not in the same listening plane at all—but off yonder someplace. And, again at measures 140-150. In a drawing this would be just bad perspective—and so it is in a sound recording.

All of this busy and unwanted intrusion is deplorable, for it robs a really fine performance of much of its character. Furthermore, by separating the composite sound into all its stranded entities, and bringing the strings prevailingly into the foreground, it minimizes luster and resonance, emphasizes rasp and dryness. This may register as some people's concept of hi-fi, but it is hardly a musical one.

LPS at 45 RPM

FRANCK: *"Prélude, Chorale et Fugue";* CHOPIN: *Scherzo in B minor, Ballade in A flat. Ivan Moravec, piano.* Connoisseur Society CS 662, $6.98.

MOZART: *Sonata in C minor, K.457;* BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in F minor, Op. 57. Moravec, piano.* Connoisseur Society, CS 562, $6.98.

Ivan Moravec is a Prague-born performer in his mid-thirties with admirably disciplined fingers and the pianistic power to make the deep chords of the Franck or the percussive arpeggios of the Beethoven resound with as much decibel product as almost anyone. That point is stressed first relative to the special technical interest this disc presents: stereo at 45 rpm, from wide-track tape, with side lengths ranging from eighteen to twenty-two minutes.

It is the contention of Connoisseur Society's publicists that stereo recording at 33 1/3 loses maximum fidelity after eight to ten minutes of playing time. Whether there is universal or only partial truth in this contention,

Pierre Monteux (seated right) and soloists (standing): Jon Vickers, Elisabeth Soederstroem, David Ward, and Regina Resnik. At Monteux's right, Kurt List, recording director.

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the sound of Moravec's piano, especially the Franck, is impressively solid, ringing, and free of distortion. It is also the work which he plays with the greatest conviction and interpretive command, which is always helpful to an imposing totality. If it be suggested that 45 rpm is costly to playing time—and it is—reference can be made to the only other Franck "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue" now available: by Richter. By evidence of the Schwann catalogue, it, too, occupies a full twelve-inch side. Moreover, Connoisseur has an answer to the price objection also: replacement of any record, if damaged, scratched, or worn out within a five-year period, on payment of $1.

As for Moravec's other performances: they show him as a strong-minded as well as a strong-handed pianist, with what might be called a zippy feeling for Mozart (no languishing over expressive details) and a rather bombastic one for Beethoven (distortion of rhythmic values, dimuendi which slow up and crescendi which accelerate, neither indicated in the music). His Chopin is stormy rather than impassioned, and not always accurate. Moreover, his rhetoric tends after a while to become rhetorical—because it is more *his* rhetoric than Chopin's. In other words, Moravec tends to make everything just a little bit bigger than life-sized, and in so doing deals more in the theatrical than the dramatic.

Bruckner's F Minor Mass

BRUCKNER: *Mass No. 3 in F minor. Karl Forster conducting the Berlin Symphony Orchestra, the choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, and Pilar Lorengar, soprano, Christa Ludwig, mezzo, Josef Traxel, tenor, and Walter Berry, bass.* Angel Stereo S 35982, $5.98 mono $4.98.

As well as being the first stereo version of this beautiful work, this is the first version for the phonograph to give a suitable insight into its tonal values. A previous version on Vox, whatever its musical utility, could hardly be said to have fulfilled that need.

And need it is. For without a proper accounting of the orchestral writing to go with the chorus and soloists, it is not possible to say that one has heard this work at all. Or, at least, not in its true relationship to the symphonies (of which only No. 1 had been performed in Linz prior to the conclusion of this Mass in 1868).

It is in the later portions of the work, beginning with "Et resurrexit," that one

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Silhouette of Anton Bruckner conducting.

begins to see the shape of symphonic movements to come in Bruckner. Indeed, the Benedictus, if the vocal parts were consolidated with the orchestral, could very well stand on its own as an isolated "symphonic" movement. It is suggestive at least of the possibility that the symphonies served as an outlet for the same impulses as the Masses (the D minor, No. 2, is not far beyond No. 3 in interest) when he found organ and voices a poor substitute for the orchestra. It is historic fact that Bruckner wrote no Masses once he was well launched on his symphonic sequence.

Not much is known of Forster beyond his abilities as a Bruckner conductor, but these are obviously considerable. This is a performance that exudes full confidence in the director's ability to see it through with power and meaning, a confidence steadily justified as one section succeeds another. I would not cite the wiry voice of Miss Lorengar as the ideal sound for Bruckner (or anything else), but the other performers are all able, and the choir is extra able. The surroundings of the recording are not identified, but it spreads out in a spaciously satisfying way.

Sutherland's "Sonnambula"

BELLINI: *"La Sonnambula." Joan Sutherland, Nicola Monti, Fernando Corena, and Margreta Elkins, with Richard Bonynge conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino.* London OSA 1365, $17.94 mono $14.94 tape $21.95.

So much has already appeared in these pages about Joan Sutherland and her singing of Amina (last spring after the concert performance in Carnegie Hall, and a few weeks ago after the Metropolitan première) that it is a temptation to say "Here it is" and let it go at that. However, that is a temptation that must be resisted, if only because it would not be doing justice to the unique qualities of artistry and intelligence embodied in Miss Sutherland's effort.

Then, too, there may be a few here and there who have not yet heard through one medium or another that Miss Sutherland commands a voice of substance as well as purity, and that she can mold a legato line as artfully as she skips across staccati or accents the desired notes of an arpeggio. This is a somewhat more embellished vocal line she is singing than Maria Callas does in her version of 1957, for the obvious reason: it plays to the strength of her style of singing more than to her model's—who nevertheless remains unapproachable in the sense of fantasy and the supernatural she creates in her Amina.

On this level of artistry there is honor enough for all, as well as reason for recommending two versions of the same work.

Beyond the fact that this *is* Sutherland's *Sonnambula,* there is not too much to be said for its vocal components. Nicola Monti is again the Elvino as he was in the Callas set. This has less to do with inevitability than availability. The high register is often a trial for him, and he benefits from some transpositions. On the other hand, the use of Fernando Corena (more baritone than bass) undervalues the basso cantante quality of "Vi ravviso." Sylvia Stahlman sings well as Lisa.

The musical direction of Richard Bonynge is to a degree advantageous to Miss Sutherland (his wife), though the promise of brightly paced tempi in the opening scene is unfulfilled in some of the solo sequences later on, where a little more animation would have been desirable. His observations on the musical text are a valuable addenda to an excellently edited brochure.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartok: Concerto. György Garay, violin, with the Leipzig Radio Orchestra conducted by Herbert Kegel. Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138 786, $6.98 mono 18 786, $5.98.	Though Garay is a new name here on records, his credentials are impressive ones: a pupil of Hubay, pupil of Leo Weiner, professor at the Budapest Academy since 1949. Withal, his performance is not as deeply expository of the work as Stern's, nor touched with as much zeal for the composer as Menuhin's. In other words, a very commendable effort which does not excel existing standards. Kegel's identity is no more conveyed by his conducting than by the absent biography. As a final factor, the studio that was utilized imparts a rather flat, unresonant sound to the total.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 5. Gina Bachauer, piano, with London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. Mercury SR 90321, $5.98.	In its way this is well accomplished, though its way is somewhat light-sounding and top-of-the-keys for the kind of sonority some consider suitable for this work—the first movement in particular. Miss Bachauer's degree of emphasis is better suited to the adagio, which is very comprehendingly played. However, the performance as a whole suffers from the limitations of what Skrowaczewski has to say on the subject of the orchestral part from the conductor's desk. It is competent and well controlled, but lacking urgency, power, breadth, or a real sense of the music's magnitude. The processing is good, though surely it is an oversight that a "take" in the first movement that includes some egregious wrong notes in a chord has been utilized.
Borodin: "Steppes of Central Asia," "Polovtsian Dances" ("Prince Igor"); Moussorgsky: "Night on a Bald Mountain"; Rimsky-Korsakov: "Capriccio Espagnol." Georges Pretre conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel 35951, $4.98.	In his brief history as a contender in the phonographic sweepstakes, Pretre has run a winning race or close to it with almost every assignment that has come his way. This is no easy literature in which to make an impression, and Pretre does it the difficult way, with the relaxation, flexibility, and refinement of feeling he imparts to these much-played works, without sacrificing either interest or vitality. Perhaps the thought is father to the fact, but the association with Beecham's orchestra brings to hearing some of the same kind of easygoing but meaningful interpretation associated with that great master. A very nice quality of sound throughout, also.
Brahms: Concerto No. 1 in D minor. Clifford Curzon, piano, with George Szell conducting the London Symphony. London CS 6329, $5.98.	Both principals have recorded this work before (Curzon with Jorda and Van Beinum, Szell with Schnabel, Serkin, and Fleisher), but the concordance of talents and temperaments at this particular time in their careers strikes me as producing a joint result superior to any other with which they have been associated. This takes in, on Szell's side, a driving endeavor to produce all the sound on the low end—basses and timpani—which Brahms wrote into his organ points, and, with Curzon, a freer, more rhapsodic kind of playing than has hitherto been typical of him in so large a work. The consequence is a performance not only powerful but also insinuating, the best since the Rubinstein-Reiner of a few years back. As indicated, the sound is exceptionally good.
Brahms: Symphony No. 3, "Tragic" overture. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony. Command CC 11015SD. $5.98. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CS 6249, $5.98.	Because the direct comparison does not leave the American orchestra at all embarrassed, it may be interpreted as flattering. In totality, the Steinberg performance has a stronger, steadier forward surge than the Karajan, though the latter has the showman's capacity for turning an extremely effective point at a climax or other high spot. I prefer the Command sound to the London, if only it succeeds—as has been true in certain past instances—in expunging a kind of aural film between the orchestra and the listener. Both performances of the overture are good, though here the Karajan talent for the dramatic adds a value that the work can use.
Gade, J: "Jalousie"; Massenet: "Castillane," "Aragonaise," and "Navarraise" ("Le Cid"); Gomez: "Il Guarany"; overture, Borel-Clerc: "La Sorella"; Marquina: "Espana Cani"; Codina: "Zacatecas"; Benjamin: "Jamaican Rhumba"; and Sinigaglia: "Danze Piemontesi." Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting. RCA LM/LSC 2261, $4.98/$5.98.	The latest reproduction of the Boston Pops' famous performance of Jakob Gade's "Jalousie" would hardly call for specific mention were it not that some might construe it as in some way a memorial gesture for the composer who recently died at 82. The recording is, rather, a tribute to the enduring popularity of this singularly successful piece, and only coincidentally a memorial. Like its discmates, "Jalousie" is robustly performed, with rather more gusto than finesse. For those otherwise uninstructed, all the material is top of the pops, including "La Sorella" and "Espana Cani," which hide two tunes with which everyone is familiar without being able to identify them by name. Broad, sometimes boomy reproductions.
Liadov: "Baba Yaga," "The Enchanted Lake," and "Kikimora"; Guarnieri: "Brazilian Dance"; Barlow: "The Winter's Past"; Kennan: "Night Soliloquy"; Grieg: "The Last Spring"; and Sousa: "The Stars and Stripes Forever." The Eastman Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Howard Hanson. Mercury SR 90299, $5.98.	As a memento of the orchestra's much-reported trip to the Continent (including the Soviet Union) last year, this brilliantly reproduced disc demonstrates that both the quality of the performances and the spirits of the (mostly) student performers were high, and that the representation of native achievement—Russian as well as American—was of a very solid character. In any other respect, the disc can also be commended for the highly satisfactory performances of the Kennan, Grieg, and Sousa pieces, which draw the best from players and conductor. The Liadov could be more varicolored, several tints brighter than they are made to sound here. The identity of the excellent solo flutist in the Kennan work is not given.
Mahler: Symphony No. 1. Paul Kletzki conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel S 35913, $5.98. Erich Leinsdorf directing the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2642, $5.98. FTC 2129, $8.95.	Each of these conductors provides something the other lacks and vice versa. With Kletzki it is a lightness and swing in the first movement that sometimes eludes Leinsdorf, plus a drive and conviction in the climaxes that carries them to greater emotional heights. To the latter's credit, however, is a cleaner definition of texture in the passages of overlapping thematic material, a better balance that enables some instruments to be heard that are obscured in Kletzki's treatment. Moreover, the pace and momentum of the work are well adjusted throughout. All of which must add to the conclusion that this is a knotty problem in formulation for any one man, unless his name is Bruno Walter. Both orchestras perform in the manner for which they are celebrated, with the advantage to Kletzki of soloists who are more idiomatic voices (oboe and horn especially) for this style. Countering this is the effect of RCA Victor's Dynagroove technique, which gives superb presence to the whole ensemble, and over-all smoothness in low-level passages which is not sacrificed to distortion in the climaxes. In short, two very good performances with varied strengths and weaknesses.
Wagner: Prelude to "Parsifal," Prelude to Act III "Tannhäuser," "Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla" ("Das Rheingold"), "Ride of the Valkyries" ("Die Walküre"), "Forest Murmers" ("Siegfried"), and "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" ("Götterdämmerung"). Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35947, $4.98.	To judge from this evidence, Klemperer should be just the man to supervise a new "Parsifal" for the phonograph, if and when it is in order. He has the proper sense of repose and a finely modulated orchestral sound that surpasses the effect, even, of Knappertsbusch in this music. The prelude to Act III of "Tannhäuser" is also beautifully formulated. The "Ring" excerpts are given in a rather matter-of-fact way which deprives them of sweep and effect. The solo horn playing in the "Rhine Journey" is brazenly carefree, in defiance of all difficulty, and the recording throughout is first class. However a new disc, factory sealed, was pitted and full of crackles on first usage. —Irving Kolodin.

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Unhomogenized Smetana

By JAN HOLCMAN

IN THIS epic era of LPs, the harvest of albums featuring the complete piano works of a given composer approaches encyclopedic proportions. A quite unexpected addition to this series is Supraphone's Smetana, whose name in Polish means sour cream. He came out here in unhomogenized form, with the cream, fat, and waste of his keyboard opuses—some seventy-five piano pieces in all. Smetana, whose dream of youth was to become "Mozart in composition and Liszt in technique," may surprise those who link his name mostly with *The Moldau* and *The Bartered Bride*. Supraphone's contribution (SUA 10074-84) consists of eleven twelve-inch LPs, providing nine hours of listening time.

The series spans four decades. Not all of the recorded numbers are published works, some being, in fact, incomplete. Still others are repeated in revised or recast versions. If anything, these discs confirm that Smetana must have been an outstanding pianist; his works pose great technical demands. In addition to constituting another fine chapter in the encyclopedia of perpetuated sound, the album suggests some fresh material for pianists seeking encores other than *La Campanella*, as well as a few longer works to enrich their repertoire. Prior to this release Smetana's piano music was not a total stranger to the grooves, but earlier attempts, such as Firkusny's, were rather sporadic, and this is the first time the listener may choose his favorites from a huge selection. This can be done with genuine pleasure, for the playing is superb.

Although the program notes by Professor Ocadlik are printed in three languages, the album neglects—as so many Eastern releases do—to do more than name the soloist. She is a certain Vera Repkova of, we might guess, Czechoslovakia. Judging from her vitality, she cannot be less than eight or more than eighty years old; the listener is free to conjecture any age in between. Her pianism could be placed in a class with that of Nadia Reisenberg.

Smetana's style in general reflects five different influences: Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt (stronger), and Schumann (still stronger). Schumann's influence can be traced in such pieces as the Romance in B flat major or the Prelude in F sharp minor, Opus 4; Chopin's in the Prelude, Opus 2, and in the *Consolation*, to mention only a few. The quasi-Schubertian works as the "Quadrilles," or the *B minor Impromtu*, need programmatic explanation and a sublime performer to relieve the boredom. Neither can the Impromptu in E flat minor stir up sufficient interest, although here Smetana incorporated an excerpt from *Oshi Chornia*, which, incidentally, synchronizes still better (note by note) with Chopin's Etude Opus 25 No. 2. The repetitious *Warrior*, dedicated to Liszt, resembles an old-fashioned and unfastidious arrangement for four hands, but is capable of evolving quite a bit of cheer. Some summer veranda-lemonade waltzes and several melodramatic tremolos in the *Dance from Wedding Scenes*, or the cascading repeated chords in the Sonata round out this section. There is also Smetana pure and simple.

A particularly interesting part of Smetana's body of works is a cluster of two dozen polkas (the word means "Polish girl"), a dance which originated in Czechoslavakia around 1830. The artistic ennoblement of the polka occupied Smetana's mind from an early age, and to some extent he was to this native dance what Chopin was to Poland's mazurka. While less refined in harmonics and modulations than his predecessor, Smetana's melodies and motifs are as reminiscent of his folklore as Chopin's pieces are of the Polish. This broad and diversified bouquet of polkas ranges from lyrical lentos to vigorous vivaces, suggesting coquetry and grace as often as plebeian rhythm. Varying in mood from contemplative primitivism to Lisztian virtuosity, they create at times the impression of music written for three hands. While a few of these pieces might be candidates for a Czech *Les Sylphides*, others are country fêtes, with some trivialities not entirely absent. A broad range of forms also prevails, with an equally diversified set of titles occasionally conflicting with the very nature of the music.

Smetana's more rewarding pieces include the evocative poem "Ximene" with a slow, nostalgic, and captivating motif, resembling the theme from the Polish folk dance "Kujawiak." Not less entertaining is the "Astrid Dance," where "the maiden invites her lover to come to her house" (who would refuse?). A deserving encore, but for a capable pianist, is the "Toccatina." Among arresting creations that cannot be neglected are the dramatic "Desire" and the original "La Discorde."

Returning to Repkova, the pianist, her flights over varying Smetana landscapes reveal a sensitive, skilled, and independent pilot. She can maintain the same equilibrium in a contemplative duet from the "Treasury of Melodies" as in the "Melancholy," Opus 5. Her version of the "Allegro," Opus 2, can serve as a model for expressive shading and smooth legato. Individual, coquetish, and piquant is Repkova's version of the "Bridegroom and Bride," while her rhythm, grace, and charm find an ideal outlet in the Scherzo-Polka, Opus 2: the listener anxiously awaits the end of the chromatic scales, each time anticipating them more eagerly and with increased fun.

As for Repkova's vital temperament and broad dynamic range, she reserved these forces for the awesome ending of the third "Bagatelle-Impromptu" and for equally Lisztian passages in "The Bear," interpreted with a keen sense of instrumentation. Most triumphal are, however, Repkova's larger canvases, such as the unfinished and difficult Ballade in E minor, with its heroic and original introduction, powerful chords, and double octaves. And those who wish to experience the highest temperature of her virtuosity must listen to the sizzling coda of the "Harvest Home," filled with interlocked octaves and other explosive devices which also rumble the C major concert-study—a monster, pianistically related to the "Islamey," written much later by Balakirev.

As might be deduced from earlier comments, Repkova's playing at times is more rewarding than the music itself. She can "rescue" certain pedestrian pieces by her own special gifts. Yet sometimes Repkova is helpless. Such works as "The Curious Man" are too tiresome to sustain *our* curiosity. Generally, Repkova prefers slower tempos than Firkusny and other keyboard compatriots. Her pianistic and artistic excellence is only occasionally disturbed by muddled pedaling, over-long fermatos at the beginning of technical runs, and sporadic sectionalization.

Unhomogenized Smetana has one major drawback—to get to the cream one must buy the whole dairy farm. But there is a corresponding advantage: since the listener's appetite can be as capricious as it is unpredictable, only a rich choice of Smetana can assure full satisfaction. If we overlook a single disc, it might turn out to be precisely the one we might have liked best.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs & Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albeniz: "Torre Bermeja," "Granada," "Sevilla," "Zambra granadina"; Granados: "La Maja de Goya"; M. De Falla: "Pour le Tombeau de Claude Debussy"; Malats: "Serenata Espanola"; Segovia: "Remembranza"; Turina: "Fandanguillo"; Moreno Torroba: Sonatina; Sainz de la Maza: Four Spanish Pieces. Alirio Diaz, guitar. Vanguard VRS 1084, $4.98.	If it is true that all guitarists may be divided into Andrés Segovia and the others, Diaz belongs in the top flight of "the others," a player of taste, facility, and that indescribable rapport with his instrument that separates the elect from the ordinary. As may be noted from the titles, more than a few of the pieces (by Albeniz, Granados, and Malats) are transcriptions. This is of slight consequence, for the style they embody was borrowed from the guitar in the first place. They make highly enjoyable additions to the literature as expounded by Diaz. Bright, plectoral sound.
Brahms: Waltzes (Opus 39, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 14, 15); Bizet: "Jeux d'Enfants"; and Hindemith: Sonata. Paul Badura-Skoda and Joerg Demus, piano. Music Guild Stereo S-22, $6.50.	Badura and Demus play the Brahms pieces so well one can only regret that they didn't do the whole set, with the "Liebesliederwalzer" as encore. And how about the "Hungarian Dances" in their four-hand form? With the Dvorak Slavonic Dances, please? In any case, Badura-Demus is almost as much a physical entity as Badura-Skoda. The Bizet is played with grace and fine sound, the Hindemith as suitably in its own way. As the recording space is large and resonant, the disc reproduces better at a slightly reduced volume level than at an accentuated one.
Byrd: Mass for five voices; "Ave verum corpus," "Magnificat," and "Nunc Dimittis" from the Great Service. Choir of King's College, Cambridge, David Willcocks conducting. London OS 25725, $5.98.	The clarity and precision of these performances are blended with just the degree of remote, disembodied sonority to achieve the maximum effect for Byrd's writing. This applies not only to the long, sustained lines but also to those patterns in which crossing parts and subtly defined lines require maximum audibility. This is a tribute both to the quality of performance under Willcocks and to its perfect microphoning by the London technicians in the Chapel of King's College, Cambridge.
Haydn: Quartets Op. 64, Nos. 1-6. Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster XWN 18603, -4, -5, $4.98 each.	As evidence of the best work being done in pre-stereo days, this trio of reissues could hardly be surpassed. The vitality of the playing is almost tangibly presented, with a large, resonant frame around the full, beautifully balanced sound. Quite aside from the quartet playing itself, which is profoundly suitable to the material with which the players are concerned, the taste and judgment conveyed by the reproduced sound are quite sufficient evidence that stereo may or may not add "realism" in the sound of such a group as this one. In all, a six-part study in chamber music excellence.
Haydn: Mass in D minor ("Nelson"). Sylvia Stahlman, soprano, Helen Watts, contralto, Wilfred Brown, tenor, and Tom Krause, baritone, with the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, David Willcocks conducting. London OS 25731, $5.98.	The phonographic standard for this work is high (Vanguard 470) and by no means easy t surpass. The present performers give a very good account of themselves and the music the have to sing, especially Krause, whose vibrant voice and profound sense of meaning in the Miserere are quite enough to make the issue of commanding interest. The reservations relate to some tentativeness on the part of conductor Willcocks, who has a very sound idea of the music in this score but doesn't always put the orchestral emphasis where it belongs; and to the rather blurry sound in the big room or chapel utilized. To judge from the similarity in quality, it could be the Chapel of King's College, Cambridge, utilized for the Byrd "Mass for Five Voices" (see above). For those not acquainted with the music, it may be identified as one of the prime products of Haydn's ripest years (in 1798, when he had finished all his 104 symphonies) and a rare source of pleasure for those to whom it may have remained unknown to this time.
Mozart: Divertimento No. 14 in B flat, K. 270. Vienna Symphony Winds. Quintet in E flat, K. 452. The same, with Hans Graf, piano. Westminster WST 17023, $5.98.	One thing is beyond question here: the quartet of the Vienna wind players is a better-sounding ensemble without the piano than with it. This has to do, in a measure, with the skill of the players themselves, which are quietly and efficiently combined in the diverting quartet for winds. However, in the quintet not only is the harmonious partnership of the wind instrumentalists intruded upon by the keyboard player (whose style is not nearly as subtle as theirs) but the normal balance is disturbed by the recordist "bringing out" salient passages here and there. The late Alfred Einstein would possibly be entertained (had he been able to read it) to read the comment by the nameless annotator that "K. 21 and K. 270 . . . are what Einstein *correctly* calls 'true garden music.'" A significant concurrence, no doubt.
Pergolesi: "La Serva Padrona." Anna Moffo, soprano, Paolo Montarsolo, baritone, Franco Ferrara conducting. RCA Victor LM 2650, $4.98.	A proper version of this delightful work would be a welcome addition to those now in the catalogue, but this hardly qualifies for the description. Miss Moffo mixes archness with coquetry, and insinuation with mock pathos in approximately the right proportions, but she lacks the vocal art to carry off the necessary alterations of quality. Nor is her counterpart in this lengthy duet, Paolo Montarsolo, of more than ordinary quality. Altogether this sound track from a Cine Lirica Italiana production lacks the values of art or fidelity to qualify as a representative recording.
Puccini: "Che gelida manina"; Bellini: "Vieni, vieni" ("I Puritani"); Rimsky-Korsakov: "Song of India" ("Sadko"); Donizetti: "Fra poco a me recovero" ("Lucia"); Verdi: "Di quella pira"; Ruiz de Luna: "Alegrias," "Volveras," "Que Bonita es la Mar," etc. Alfredo Kraus, tenor. Montilla FM 177, $4.98.	There is Kraus for all tastes here, and some, perhaps, for none. The latter would include the strained singing of "Di quella pira" pointed for the top C at the end, or the lachrymose version of the "Largo" from Handel's "Serse." Much more to a possible liking are the well-phrased "Vieni, vieni" and the very relaxed, light-voiced singing of the pop songs (all from a film). Kraus's disposition to exploit his top (C, C sharp, D) is understandable, but not his impulse to downgrade the results by hanging on to these tones interminably. The orchestra and recording are both rather compressed.
Stravinsky: Sonata; Hindemith: Sonata (four hands). Milhaud: "Scaramouche"; Debussy: "En Blanc et Noir." Grete and Josef Dichler, duo-pianists. Supraphon SUA 10185, $5.98	The Dichlers (she was reared in Czechoslovakia before going to live in Vienna where she studied with as well as married Dichler) command the desirable elements for quality performanc of this literature: a lively sense of rhythm, a sharp ear for textual detail and stylistic awareness, a well as the all-important ingredient of ensemble without which the other virtues would be negated. Of particular interest is the Hindemith sonata for four hands, a creation of 1939 which is possessed of more motivation than some instrumental works of this composer. Traces of ideas more familiar from "St. Francis" ("Noblissima visione") show themselves from time to time. Mono, but bright and well balanced in sound. —I.K.

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Non-Scala "Scala di seta"

NINE years ago, Period Records issued a recording on one twelve-inch LP of the one-act farce that Rossini composed to a libretto by Giuseppe Foppa (or possibly Gaetano Rossi) and called *La Scala di seta*. The performance was conducted by Giuseppe Morelli with strong feeling for the style of Rossinian farce. The six singers, who had not been granted beautiful or very expressive voices, nonetheless shared their conductor's insight into the meaning of libretto and score. The result was a second-rank re-creation. But it provided an opportunity to hear Rossini's intermittently delicious score in something approaching the proper tone. Now RCA Victor has issued a two-record album of *La Scala di seta* (LM 7020, $9.96) conducted by Franco Ferrara. The performance communicates no feeling whatever for the manners of the little farce. The six singers—with the exception at a few junctures of Graziella Sciutti and Margherita Rinaldi—have neither beautiful nor expressive vocal ways and share their conductor's pervasive slackness and want of definition and transmitted enlightenment. The result is inferior to the earlier recording in almost every spect.

This recording of *La Scala di seta* is described in the accompanying booklet (which contains the Italian text and, in very slightly amended version, the wholly inadequate English translation originally issued with the Period recording) as "from the sound track of the Cine Lirica Italiana presentation, which uses a musical revision by Vito Frazzi." Why Rossini needs "musical revision" is not, because it cannot be, explained. But perhaps that revision is to be blamed for the dismal, far-away, thin sound of the orchestra, which is constantly drowned out by the singers and which distinguishes itself, even in the overture, by some remarkably ineffectual playing. Perhaps in a movie theatre as heard from the film, the balance was better. Perhaps there, too, the images seen (Miss Sciutti's, for instance) made all the difference. But as a recording this is unworthy both of its material and of contemporary engineering techniques.

La Scala di seta, first sung at the Teatro San Moisè, Venice, on May 9, 1812, was the third of the six Rossini operas heard for the first time that year. Only a very mild success, it never became one of his widespread hits. It has survived as a name only because of its delightful overture. The careful composer, who had borrowed at least one of its arias from his first 1812

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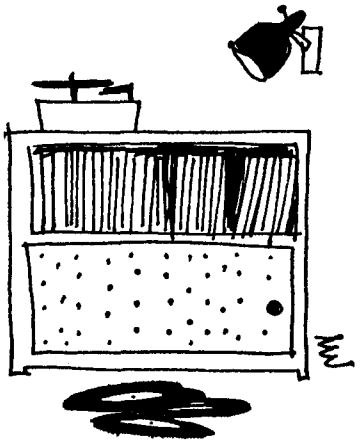
opera, *L'Inganno felice*, therefore rescued a bit of it for one of his 1813 operas, *L'Italiana in Algeri*. Not counting a frippery that Rossini had composed when only fourteen, *La Scala di seta* was only his fifth opera, and it demonstrates that he had begun to compose too fast too soon. Here the result is a slender and fragile miniature, not to be handled roughly. It is a delight to devotees of Rossini's unique wizardry, but it does not at all foretell the composer who could create *L'Italiana in Algeri* the next year, *Il Turco in Italia* the year after that, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* two years later.

The movie-track recording of *La Scala di seta* brings up again the question recently raised by a New York concert performance of Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan*. What purpose really is served by reviving (in performance or recording) these early romantic operas if we do not perform them with adequate singers and a close approximation to the style they demand? Won't the result, for the uninitiated, be the altogether incorrect assumption that sleeping dogs really had best be left asleep? RCA Victor LM 7020 emits a flattened-out "revision" of *La Scala di seta*. But we already had Period SPL 591, which was much better. And the only remedial justice that could be done this trifle by the twenty-year-old Rossini would be a performance and recording as superior as, for example, the Angel recording of *L'Italiana in Algeri*, with a cast as superb as that one (including Sciutti sounding much better than she sounds here). What really is important is that we realize that short of such a recording, we have available no dependable basis for judging or enjoying *La Scala di seta*. If this is the best we can do for it, we would do far better to stick to *Aïda*. —HERBERT WEINSTOCK.



THE AMEN CORNER

Out of the Past

THE record companies are making this a rich period for jazz antiquarianism, and allowing us to find many of our old, treasured, and possibly fractured 78 rpm discs reissued in the convenient LP form. I have before me five albums in point.

The Original Dixieland Jazz Band: Their Historic Recordings in England (Riverside 156/157) offers seventeen tracks waxed in 1919-20 by the ODJB expeditionary force consisting of Nick LaRocca, cornet; Emil Christian, trombone; Larry Shields, clarinet; Billy Jones, piano; and Tony Sparbaro, drums. There are eight celebrated numbers composed or adapted by members of the band, including "Tiger Rag" and a rare and most welcome "Satanic Blues." In these works the outfit sounds much as it did in its original U.S. Victor recordings of 1917-19. This is the classic, curtain-raising sound of Dixieland, the first recorded music out of the New Orleans tradition. Then there are nine popular tunes interpreted by the band, including "Sphinx" and "Soudan," which fall into the fragrant old category which used to be known as "Oriental fox trots." These last nine tracks today have largely a picturesque and nostalgic interest, but there is something else to be said about the other eight selections. There are numerous commentators who write patronizingly about the ODJB, sometimes implying that this white combination had little to offer by comparison with their Negro contemporaries (who did not begin to record until a few years later). But I will repeat here my conviction that the cornet-trombone-clarinet interplay of the ODJB, in such numbers as "At The Jazz Band Ball" and "Ostrich Walk," had a felicity which was unique and that, in fact, both in a *rhythmic* and *linear* sense, the ODJB provides a more various and stimulating music than the Negro recording pioneers, King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band.

Eddie Lang & Joe Venuti: Stringing the Blues (Columbia C2L 24) is a collection of thirty-two tracks recorded in 1927-33 and featuring the legendary duo of violinist Joe Venuti and the late guitarist Eddie Lang. Venuti was and is a crisp, brilliant syncopated fiddler, and Lang a forceful chording guitarist and a pioneer in single-string jazz solos. Together with their small chamber groups they evolved what might be described as the apotheosis of the "Turkey in the Straw" tradition, from which they veered off in lyric and blue directions. No one who admired their music originally can think of them without such associates as Adrian Rollini on the bass saxophone or Don Murray on the baritone, and both of these masters of the heavy horns are well represented here, as are Lang's duets (under the name Blind Willie Dunn) with the splendid Negro guitarist Lonnie Johnson, and also that curious period in jazz history when the late Tommy Dorsey, most polished of trombonists, was playing a tough, strident Negroid trumpet with Eddie Lang and others. These two LPs are an excellent compilation, with fine program notes by Richard du Page (and photographs to make an iconographer's mouth water).

Jack Teagarden: King of the Blues Trombone (Epic SN6044) gathers forty-eight tracks made in 1927-40 by bands including one of the greatest of all jazz masters, a trombonist combining the warmest lyricism and irr sistible rhythmic punch with a technical fluency that makes the listener forget that any instrument is involved. Teagarden's horn seems merely an extension of his singing person. The album contains a good deal of music with a commercial tinge, but Teagarden always sounds with his own authoritative voice. He belongs to the golden age of jazz trombonists, along with Big Charlie Green, Jimmy Harrison, Dickie Wells, and J. C. Higginbotham. Among Teagarden's finest passages in the album are those in "Dr. Heckle and Mr. Jibe," "Texas Tea Party," and "Moonglow," and in four performances with Bud Freeman and His Famous Chicagoans. In all of these numbers the trombonist is in real jazz company, without commercial burdens.

Bunk Johnson and His Superior Jazz Band (Good Time Jazz M12048) is the first LP release of the 1942 recording session in New Orleans when the venerable trumpeter Bunk Johnson came out of retirement and, in effect, sparked the whole revival of the classic New Orleans style. The other players were Jim Robinson, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; Walter Decor piano; Lawrence Marrero, banjo; Aus tin Young, bass; and Ernest Rogers, drums. The ten tunes include such fundamental stuff as "Make Me a Pallet on the Floor," "Weary Blues," and "Moose March." The tenth track con-

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tains a talk by Johnson and an extract may help to suggest the savor of Bunk Johnson's life and art: "I had the opportunity of hearing King Bolden's band at Lincoln Park. And I got crazy to play with Bolden and Bolden played my style of music that I liked. I liked to read but I rather played that head music better—more jazz to it. I liked to read, and I could read good—good reader—but Bolden played mighty much by ear and made up his own tunes. But everything that he played I could whistle, I could play and I jumped Olivier's band and went with Bolden. That was in 1895."

Little Rock Getaway (Riverside RLP158) consists of twelve tracks recorded in 1953 by Joe Sullivan, the fifty-six-year-old Chicagoan who represents bedrock jazz pianism, based on the early ragtime, blues, and stride piano professors. He made his recording debut in the late twenties, and, so far as I am concerned, his rugged force and feeling have never lost their potency. This new album is an admirable summation of his style. There are famous Sullivan originals such as "Gin Mill Blues" and "My Little Pride and Joy," and interpretations of standards including "Sweet Lorraine," "Honeysuckle Rose," and "I Cover The Waterfront." The program notes contain a quotation from Sullivan that is one of the finest tributes ever paid by a white musician to the Negroes as the originators of jazz: "I discovered that my heart was set with the colored musicians. . . . Sitting in with the Kelly's Stable band—Johnny and Baby Dodds—to me was such a thrill that I was afraid. . . . When I was first feeling my way around after that classical training, I felt on the defensive, felt I wasn't worthy of playing as they were used to. It was only when they accepted me that I got the confidence I needed. Whatever I owe, I owe to those guys." —Wilder Hobson.

Jack Teagarden—"one of the greatest."

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Pros and Cons of Dynagroove

MOST record buyers recognize that it is possible, if not easy, to produce a record superior in sound even to the high average that prevails today. Those whose hobby is hunting for the golden needle in the haystack occasionally come upon such finds—sometimes at the direction of a reviewer who has made the lucky discovery himself, sometimes just by word of mouth—and guard them jealously as equipment-testers. More often than not, such standouts are the product of custom-tailoring procedures, or of the smaller, highly quality-conscious manufacturers who can treat each item as a priority project. Everest did it, Vanguard does it, Command does it. It is much harder, of course, to maintain such excellence in the mass-produced records that make up the catalogues of our largest manufacturers.

The newest approach to the knotty problem of maintaining such rigorous quality control—which, in essence, is what is involved—is being proclaimed by RCA Victor on behalf of its "Dynagroove" process. Not unlike some other catch phrases—"Living Stereo" is a companion on the same disc—this one is less a specific than a catch-all for procedures all along the line from the studio itself to the microphones to the mastering and the finished disc—all with the laudable purpose of improving the quality of sound to be heard from the average RCA product. In that endeavor, RCA-Victor has scored some points in the largest item of its new batch of releases—a splendid-sounding *Madama Butterfly* with Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker, Philip Maero and Rosalind Elias led by Erich Leinsdorf (RCA Victor LSC 6160, $17.94). This, however, strikes me as much related to its spacious new studios in Rome from which much was expected as a matter of course, anyhow. The other classical matter in this package is Boston Symphony-derived—the Mahler No. 1 directed by Erich Leinsdorf ($5.98), a Ravel omnibus conducted by Charles Munch (RCA Victor LSC 2664, $5.98), and a Pops collection under the direction of Arthur Fiedler which takes its title from Jakob Gade's *Jalousie*.

Somewhat cryptically, the biggest letters in the proclamations announcing "Dynagroove" are devoted to this statement:

"The sound of this new RCA Victor record challenges comparison with the sound of any other record available on any label anywhere." This, I would have thought, RCA-Victor would have said about its records for lo these many years. Are we to understand that all prior releases are not eligible for that comparison?

IN all the new releases, beginning with the *Butterfly*, I hear a better relationship of sound to surroundings than has prevailed in some of the same company's issues in the past. I also hear a smooth quality overall, which might be a by-product of microphones better suited to their function than those previously in use. The records are gratefully noise-free of the pops, clicks, and crackles that have plagued their products and those of other companies as well in the last few years (as has been evident in the "Letters to the Recordings Editor" column of this publication, as well as comment elsewhere). In the Boston Symphony issues as well as the *Butterfly* there is an emphasis on that valuable element called "presence"—the sense of contact with the sound source that results when its reproduction is centered well forward and comes to the listening ear readily. Naturalness is also a consistent factor, with a minimum of the stridency that results when the sound is souped up or "peaked" to produce a special prominence in one part of the frequency range.

These results, however, do not impress me as all gain and no loss. Some of the additional "presence" strikes me as being purchased at the price of the widest dynamic range possible on an LP. A comparison of the Bernstein *Bolero* on Columbia MS 6011 with the Munch on RCA LSC 2664 leaves little doubt that it begins at a much lower volume level—a true *piano*—and

gains gradually to its maximum volume over a much wider, more relevantly musical range of dynamics. The Munch, from its point of beginning, plugs along more or less at that same level for minutes and when it moves into the *crescendo* for which the piece is famous, does not seem to have covered nearly so much aural territory. Something of the same sort prevails in both the *Butterfly* and the Mahler No. 1 though it is not evident as graphically as in *Bolero*, where these distinctions are at the heart of the piece itself. Moreover, the contention that "inner groove distortion" has been "eliminated through Dynagroove" is not sustained. "Eliminated" is a big word in any case; but even by stacking the cards in its favor by giving a full side to its *Bolero* (the Bernstein is followed, on the same side, by *La Valse*), RCA's version yields clashes in the mid-range, the typical breaking up of the brass sound at certain pressure points which spell distortion to me, still.

AS TO the procedures in general: the objectives are all applaudable, assuming they are not achieved by shortcutting others of equal or greater importance. This cannot be determined on the basis of any group of records produced especially to make an impression. If the quality controls they represent can be sustained in a broad range of releases, and the values of presence and clarity of surface retained without penalizing dynamic range or curtailing response in the frequency range of pops and clicks (and the necessary overtones also), then "Dynagroove" may justify the emphasis RCA is putting on it.

Meanwhile, the competitors, who have reacted to the introduction of "Dynagroove" with the contention that it represents "not a forward step in our industry, but a backward step, because it is a step away from the faithful reproduction of the artist's performance" (that is the dynamic values to which I have already referred), have a better course than complaint. That is to produce a better-sounding product of their own.

In that kind of competition the only beneficiary must be the discriminating record buyer—who would dearly appreciate such concern for his interest after years of overproduction and priority for the mass market. —I. K.

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Soviet Composers

Continued from page 56

last opera, *The Story of a Real Man,* rejected in 1948 and presented by the Bolshoi Theatre in 1960. No less significant is Stravinsky's recent success in Soviet Russia, reversing thirty years of acrimonious attacks.

Perhaps the most startling reversal of cultural policies is the recent revival of Shostakovich's opera *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk.* Written in 1932, when the composer was twenty-eight years old, the opera was first performed in Leningrad in 1934 and soon afterward was produced in Moscow by two opera houses. A vitriolic attack in *Pravda* in 1936 castigated the work as a "negation of opera" and a "leftist monstrosity"; it was the opening gun in Stalin's battle against modernistic "formalism." Shostakovich, deeply hurt, decided not to write another opera until *Lady Macbeth* was rehabilitated, and for twenty-six years he kept his word. For the revival, Shostakovich made a few revisions, changing some of the orchestration and the extreme registers of certain vocal parts; he also composed two new orchestral interludes. But he maintains that the revisions are minor and that the opera is basically the same. Uncertainty surrounded the première set for December 26; for that date, all placards advertised *The Barber of Seville* and the change was not made public until the morning of the performance. Informed Muscovites, of course, knew of the impending première; among musicians, a standing joke was "see you at the *Barber.*" On the evening of December 26, the Stanislavsky Theatre was filled by Moscow's cultural elite, intermingled with an audience which had come to hear Rossini. Time and again, all eyes turned to Shostakovich, who sat in the center of the parquet; he seemed oblivious to his surroundings as he listened intently to the savage realism and surging passion of his youthful score. The ovation at the end was more than a tribute to a great composer; it seemed as if every listener identified himself with this historic act of vindication. On the stage appeared Shostakovich amidst the applauding performers. His sensitive face was haggard and showed the emotional strain. He had won a battle—but at a price.

In fact, will the battle for complete freedom of artistic and intellectual expression ever be won under the Soviet régime? It seems unlikely, for—in Mr. Khrushchev's words—"there shall never be absolute freedom for the individual . . . the will of one man must be subordinated to the will of the collective . . . ." Once again, the wings of Russian art have been clipped.

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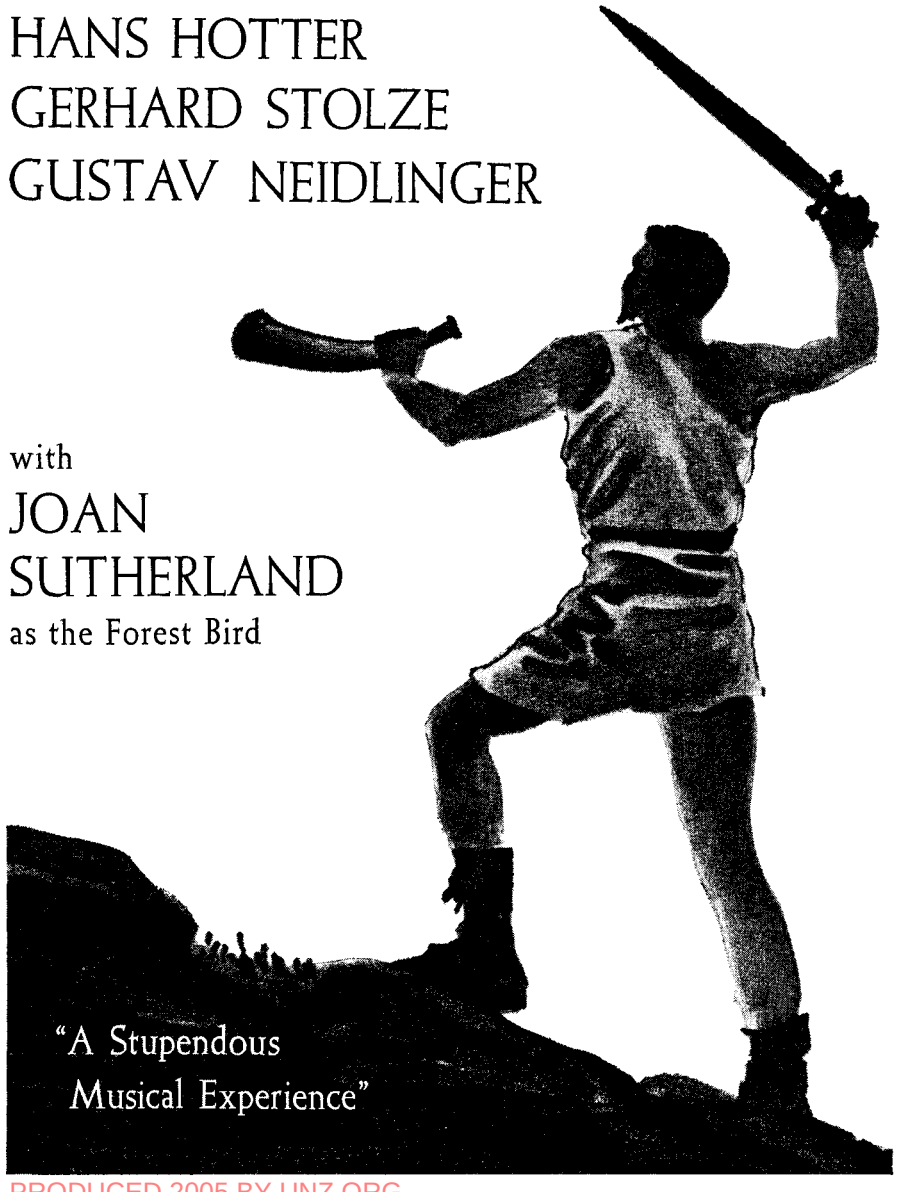

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THE OTHER SIDE

"That Was the Week, That Was" on Disc

LONDON.

KEEPING up with musical events in London these past few weeks has meant "a life crowded with incident." Kempe returned to Covent Garden to conduct *Meistersinger,* which he had never before performed over here; his unhurried, lyrical approach was widely appreciated—partly, no doubt, as a welcome corrective after an overdose of Dr. Solti's pep pills. But, on the stage, it was the resident team (Evans as Beckmesser, Ward as Pogner, Veasey as Magdalene), rather than the guest artists (Wiener as Sachs, Uhl as Walter, Claire Watson as Eva), who took the honors. Since Colin Davis became its musical director, Sadler's Wells no longer seems content to play the role of a mere Volksoper; instead it is pursuing an increasingly independent and adventurous policy which augurs well for its projected move into the fine new opera house to be built shortly on the South Bank. Since the beginning of the year, this company has offered us no fewer than four works off the beaten track: Rossini's *Count Ory,* Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* (an outstanding production, first seen last season), Henze's *Boulevard Solitude,* and the Brecht-Weill *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny.*

From the Argo label come two interesting discs of contemporary chamber music—attractive wind quintets by Roberto Gerhard, the late Matyas Seiber, Peter Racine Fricker, and Malcolm Arnold, excellently played by an ensemble of our leading orchestral practitioners; works for violin and piano by Alan Rawsthorne and Thea Musgrave, coupled with *Twelve Studies for Piano* by Fricker, in which Manoug Parikian and Lamar Crowson are the very able performers—plus the Marlowe Society's latest Shakespeare set, *A Comedy of Errors,* and a lengthy list of mono recordings featuring poetry, prose, and drama in French, Italian, Spanish, and German.

EMI offers the first-ever stereo disc of one of Stravinsky's greatest masterpieces, the opera-oratorio *Oedipus Rex.* The performance, conducted by Colin Davis, is based on Michel St. Denis's magnificent Sadler's Wells production. The music is, as always, sung in Latin, but the spoken commentary is delivered in English by Sir Ralph Richardson. Unhappily, the distinguished actor speaks his lines in far too mannered and theatrical a fashion, which tends to detract from the fine singing of the Sadler's Wells male chorus and soloists, led by Ronald Dowd in the title role, and the stylish playing of the Royal Philharmonic, as well as the excellently balanced recording.

The customary crop of reissues includes two attractive works for wind band, Dvorak's *D minor Serenade* and Gounod's *Petite Symphonie,* in excellent performances by Karl Haas and the London Baroque Ensemble, as well as a disc of acoustic recordings by "Singers of Imperial Russia" (Boronat, Lipkovska, Nezhdanova, Smirnov, Sobinov, and Chaliapin) and Landowska's justly famed pre-war album of Scarlatti sonatas.

Parlophone, another EMI label, which in past years gave us such milestones of British humor as *At the Drop of a Hat* and *Beyond the Fringe* (not to mention rather less exportable manifestations like the *Goon Shows* and, more recently, *The Bridge on the River Wye*), has just issued two further discs which may one day provide valuable research material for historians delving into the mood of the early 1960s.

Its mainstream stems from *Beyond the Fringe,* for the four-man team that wrote and performed that highly successful revue also founded a Soho club, The Establishment, where political satire is now a thriving commodity and which, in its turn, spawned *Private Eye,* a fortnightly lampoon in which sacred cows come in for the most outrageous and scurrilous treatment (it will shortly be sued for libel by Randolph Churchill). One of the Parlophone discs features a collection of first-rate sketches from programs performed at The Establishment; the other is devoted to a BBC television program that was launched toward the end of last year and has since become one of the major conversational topics throughout the land. This program is screened for about an hour late at night every Saturday under the title of *That was the Week, that Was* (*TWTWTW* for short), and its exhilarating jumble of straight commentary, sketches, solo spots, interviews, and songs—few of them of more than a minute or two's duration—has not only made household names of a group of hitherto virtually unknown young artists but has wholly undermined the time-honored image of "old auntie BBC" who, being a public corporation, must on no account offend anyone's susceptibilities.

Denounced in Parliament and press, from pulpits and soapboxes, as slanderous, obscene, and blasphemous, *TWTWTW* has gone from strength to strength, hitting out in all directions with commendable impartiality and keeping livelier-minded Britons glued to their TV screens every Saturday night. All the items heard on Parlophone's disc are drawn from these weekly performances and, while obviously avoiding numbers depending on visual impact, they provide a very fair indication of the program's character and quality. Quite apart, however, from its documentary interest for future social historians, this recording provides excellent entertainment for present-day audiences, and Americans should find both these discs no less comprehensible than *Beyond the Fringe,* or as we on our side of the Atlantic have found some recently imported records making fun of a certain American family.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Jubilee Fare

By OLIVER DANIEL

THE past two seasons, with a few months give and take, have brought a remarkable number of milestones. Kodály, Malipiero, and Stravinsky all tipped eighty, though Stravinsky, with the benefit of high-pressure press-agentry, practically succeeded in having 1962 dubbed the Stravinsky year.

Tipping the time clock at seventy-five are Ernst Toch and Edgar Varèse. Among those a decade younger are Henry Cowell, Roger Sessions, Virgil Thomson, and Roy Harris, celebrating their respective anniversaries.

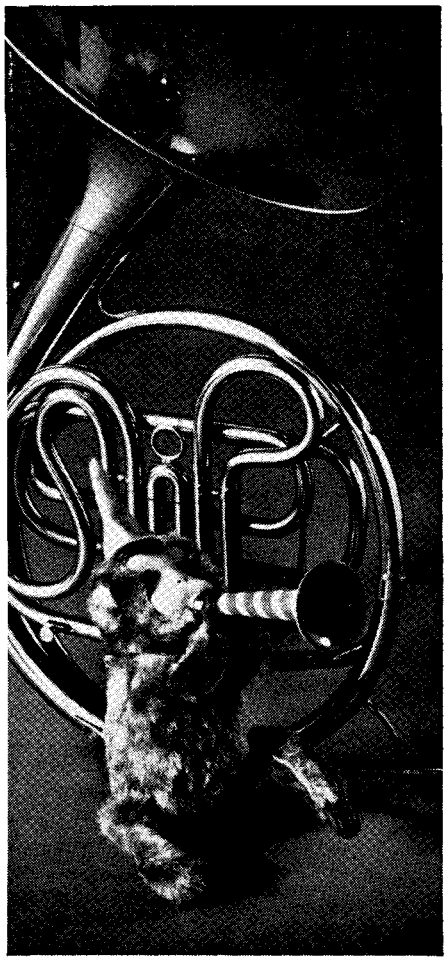
We should be grateful that vestigal traces of sentimentality about such jubilees in an increasingly practical world can still move A&R men as well as collectors. Proclaiming their sixty-fifth and seventy-fifth anniversaries respectively, Columbia has released a tribute to two significant creators—Henry Cowell and Ernst Toch (Columbia MS 6388). Six bright Toch works for woodwinds: *Five Pieces for Winds and Percussion, Opus 83* and *Sonatinetta for Flute, Clarinet and Bassoon, Opus 84* are elegantly played by the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet; and, of Cowell, we have a clear and sympathetic performance of his *String Quartet No. 5* by the Beaux-Arts String Quartet. Other new recordings of both composers also mark the moment: a new version of Toch's *Quintet for Piano and Strings, Opus 64,* with Andre Previn and the American Art Quintet appears on the Contemporary Composers Series (M6011), and on a recent Louisville recording we find Cowell's intriguing *Thesis,* his Fifteenth Symphony.

There is more logic than mere coincidence of birthdates in the coupling of Toch and Cowell. The composers first met in Berlin back in the 1920s and, in his *New Music Quarterly,* Cowell published in 1930 the first Toch work to appear in an American edition: his then controversial *Fugue aus der Geographie,* in which the notation eliminates staves and note-heads but indicates rhythms by stems. Geographical names are merely chanted and recited by a chorus. This was one of the few instances of experimentalism in Toch's output.

Cowell, in contrast, won his first fame with his daring experiments for which he was being soundly booed and jeered in Berlin during the time he met Toch there over thirty years ago. Today the output of Cowell is far-ranging. The Fifth Quartet, excellently recorded by the Beaux-Arts String Quartet, was written in 1956 (erroneously marked 1962, which is the date of its publication) and is typically Cowell, though a far cry from his fist-pounding, note-slinging days. The pattern of this five-movement Quartet resembles that of several of his symphonies, particularly his seventh, ninth, and twelfth. Here he has set out to break no new ground, solve no problems, prove no point. His interest now—he was a mere fifty-nine when this was written—is in making music, and the result is precisely that.

TOCH'S *Five Pieces for Winds* and *Percussion, Opus 83,* and *Sonatinetta for Flute, Clarinet and Bassoon, Opus 84,* are superbly played by the members of the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet, augmented by percussionist Charles E. Owen. The *Five Pieces* are a positive joy. They have naturalness and spontaneity, and they move from insouciance to Straussian warmth. The succeeding *Sonatinetta* is equally unpretentious. Both of these works are recent and date from 1959; both are tonal, masterfully made, and reflect the mind of a man refreshingly unbothered by the compulsion to become another imitative Webernian as some of his colleagues have. Toch's *Quintet* is not exactly a newcomer; it appeared on an old Alco disc (Alco 1212) with Toch as soloist performing with the same Quartet by name though somewhat changed in personnel. While the current release seems better from all standpoints, the presence of Toch on the former makes it a collector's item. But the work seems of more heavy than heavenly length. Instead of the refreshing brevity of the Woodwind pieces, the *Quartet* belabors its musical ideas lengthily. Nevertheless, it is still a representative example of a composer who is insufficiently represented in available recorded form.

It is difficult to understand the apparent neglect of Toch, for his music possesses unusual appeal. It is born of the best of the late Germanic tradition, but with an important freshness. In a valid reshuffling of relative positions, Toch deserves a better place among his international colleagues, as Cowell does among America's native sons.



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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

MORE ON FM

I WOULD LIKE TO take mild exception to the recent unreserved enthusiasm expressed for FM networks and programming in your columns and letters section.

Most admittedly, FM has much to offer and is so superior to contemporary AM or TV programs as to defy comparison. However, it would seem that FM has passed the peak of its youthful fervor and quality.

I have observed a certain polarization tendency that can bode for nothing but ill. On the one hand are the "highbrow" or subscription stations such as the Pacifica network, which lean increasingly toward ultra-esoteric music, parlor intellectualism, and a "stuffier-than-thou" programming that would even put the BBC to sleep. The endless talk is especially dismaying to those of us who prefer the printed page as our source of intellectual stimulation, leaving to radio other functions which it can serve best.

On the other hand are the "commercial" FM stations, which are rapidly becoming Muzak with commercials. The fare becomes more alike every day: light classical music; commercials with a growing similarity to those on TV or AM; endless, repetitive, and pointless news (the same news every half-hour); pointless public service announcements; community "calendars" and announcements; and, worst of all, announcers enamored with the sound of their own voices. (The venerable WQXR is the worst offender here.)

In short, the FM stations are leaning toward the same vices as the AM networks, in reaction to which they were born in the first place. There is still some spectacular programming and excellent music on FM, but the stations are forcing listeners to harden themselves to an increasing amount of chaff (or to turn down the sound during commercials, as TV fans must). It is the tendency that is disturbing.

JAMES B. FISHER.
New York, N.Y.

WQXR CLARIFIES

THE ARTICLE "Networks for FM," by Martin Williams [*SR*, Feb. 23], provided a thorough report on the present situation. However, in the case of the QXR Network there were a few inaccuracies:

1. Interstate Broadcasting Company, Inc., the *New York Times* subsidiary, sold the QXR Network to Novo Industrial Corporation on April 1, 1962. It has been operating as a division of Novo since that time and is not operated by Fidelisound. Station WQXR is still owned by the *New York Times* and is an affiliate of the network as well as a programming source.

2. The Boston affiliate of our Network is WBCN, a Concert Network station, and not WXHR. All three New England stations of the Concert Network are now affiliates of the QXR Network.

3. We do not agree that there has been a lightening of WQXR programming, and if you check the facts I think you will find that listeners of other stations would be delighted if the other stations followed the commercial announcement policy of WQXR. The other QXR Network affiliates all adhere to a format of classical music in many different varieties. They also provide an important function in their community by their coverage of local cultural events and special material of interest to the type of audience these programs would attract. It is the character of the audience attracted by the type of programming that is more unique than the fact that these stations broadcast in FM.

Mr. Williams's point that tape plays a large part in the operation of FM networks is particularly well illustrated by *Victor Borge's G. E. Music Theatre*, which appears on all forty-two of our affiliates on Wednesday evenings. This program features Mr. Borge presenting classical selections and comments and is

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recorded in stereo. To obtain proper quality for those stations transmitting in stereo the program is distributed to all forty-two stations of the network on tape even though the Eastern Division is completely connected by relay and telephone lines.

CHESTER M. ROSS,
Chairman, QXR Network.
New York, N.Y.

NEW BOSTON TEA PARTY

EVER SINCE A musician friend called me up in great excitement the day *Saturday Review* appeared, to ask if I had read your article concerning the Boston Symphony Orchestra, I have wanted to thank you for it, and say what a joy it is to read an unbiased account of the catastrophic change in conductors.

This same friend and I, and two or three musicians, have been waging an uphill fight against the gushing acceptance of Leinsdorf as a "very great" conductor. I am sure he is an estimable character, and a good drill-sergeant type (one almost hears the goose-stepping) but the love of musical sound, and the joy of producing beauty of tone, which made Munch's thirteen years so wonderful, are certainly conspicuous by their absence. Perhaps I should not be too flat-footed in my judgment, since I must confess that, out of thirteen concerts, I only attended half of one, and tried to listen to a few others on the radio, but one was enough to sadden me.

What, under Koussevitsky and Munch, was "*The* Orchestra" has just become *an* orchestra. Any true lover of music, and of the Boston Symphony, must feel much as I do, but certainly we are in the minority.

Please excuse this diatribe, but I had to thank you for that forthright article. If, by chance, you want to quote any of this, please omit my name, for the sake of peace in our town.

BOSTONIAN.
Boston, Mass.

RYSANEK AS ARIADNE

I HOPE OPERA FANS all over America were as pleased as I was to read your review of the Met's new *Ariadne*. Other sources had suggested, somewhat snobbishly I'm afraid, that, after all, it didn't really add up to very much.

And most gratifying of all, after two years of painstakingly thorough dissection of her vocal faults, were your comments on Leonie Rysanek's performance. Rysanek fans, suffering through her vocal tragedy, have come to realize that the value of this remarkable singer is her ability to project effort and passion over a flagging vocal mechanism *if* she is properly cast. She is certainly the most exciting Ariadne around today.

I am very glad you were there to hear it and to report the event so eloquently to those of us who have the misfortune to live 3,000 miles from the Met.

STEPHANIE VON BUCHAN.
Larkspur, Calif.

Bach and Son

Continued from page 59

"Tuba mirum." No information is given concerning the recording locale, but judging from the sound, it must have been a large church. Some may applaud the blurred echoes for their semblance of authenticity; this listener finds them annoying.

There are no such blemishes in the four Cantate cantatas. Musically and technically, they do more service to Bach (and to Bach scholarship) than any similar project within memory. The forces are gratifyingly small, boys replace women in the choruses, the concerto principle is applied where appropriate, embellishment is both authentic and consistent, original instruments (or facsimiles) are used whenever possible, the continuo parts are imaginatively realized, and—most important—the conductors manage to find that elusive middle ground between simplicity and pathos.

The fugal opening of *Sehet welch eine Liebe*, for instance, moves along with a kind of clarity and force that can be produced only by a small ensemble, carefully guided and knowledgeably trained. The success of both the Westfälische and Frankfurter *Kantorein* should serve as a warning to all the giant-size choruses that persist in trampling on Bach—even in this musicologically "enlightened" age. Ursula Buckel is the only relatively well-known singer involved, but her excellence is matched by most of her associates.

Perhaps the most fascinating of the dissimilar cantatas is No. 159. (The numbers, by the way, represent only the order in which the cantatas were published by the Bach Gesellschaft; they have nothing to do with actual chronology.) The moving bass aria "Es ist vollbracht" — actually a duet between bass and oboe—bears more than a superficial resemblance to the *St. John Passion*, and "Ich folge dir nach durch Speichel und Schmach" is one of Bach's architectual miracles. An instrument illustrates the text by following ("folgen") the voice in canon, while a soprano chorale is superimposed on the proceedings intermittently.

Cantate seems to have only one problem, and this is minor. The perceptive analyses provided in the notes deserve precise English translations. Only gobbledeygook distortions are offered. —MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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Emily Dickinson

Continued from page 27

ter to Higginson, enclosing four of her poems "rhetorically" punctuated, Dickinson prefaces them by asking her preceptor if she may "recite now." Of course.

An understanding of elocutionary principles as outlined in Dickinson's school text, Porter's *Rhetorical Reader*, will show just how she adapted the basic rhetorical marks to the lines of her verse. Instead of placing them above the words and along with "grammatical" colons, semicolons, and commas (as Porter does), Dickinson places them after the words, where they may indicate a grammatical stop as well as rhetorical inflection. Since the horizontal dash is an elocutionary symbol that may denote pause and emphasis as well as monotone reading, the varying lengths of this dash would seem to indicate corresponding lengths of pause and/or degrees of emphasis in Dickinson's line. Just so, the varying positions in relation to the writing line of the inflectional marks would seem to direct corresponding changes in voice pitch (as well as inflection and pause), since "modulation," or the changing of the voice through its three basic pitches—"low," "middle," and "high"—is a fundamental principle of elocution. In her apparent concern to let her "punctuation" function as broadly as possible (in line with the rest of her "poetic economy"), Dickinson uses the period, the question mark, and the exclamation point both for their rhetorical as well as their grammatical value. And it might be conjectured here that Dickinson's sometimes irregular and inconsistent line arrangement and capitalization could simply be another means of indicating pause (as at least a slight pause is always called for at a line's end) or emphasis (through capitalization). It should not be much cause for alarm that Dickinson's line arrangement, capitalization, and "punctuation" may vary slightly from one version of the same poem to another, for certainly no two readings of the same poem, even by the same person, will ever be quite the same—such is the nature of poetry.

Briefly then, Dickinson's "punctuation" may be interpreted as follows: her extensive and predominant use of the horizontal dash (—), in its varying lengths, is meant to indicate emphatic monotone reading with pauses corresponding to the length of the dash. The "angular slant" (/ is seldom, if ever, the grammatical comma; it is rather the rhetorical symbol for rising inflection as the "reverse slant" (\) is the symbol for falling inflection. The circumflex (◡) indicates a combination of the two inflections (though Dickinson seldom uses this mark). The "dividing vertical" (|) (again, seldom appearing) indicates a caesural pause. The varying positions of the inflectional marks in relation to the writing line (above, at, or below) indicate corresponding changes in vocal pitch (higher, same, lower). "Conventional" punctuation—question marks, exclamation points, periods—automatically directs inflection along natural speech patterns. All notations and all ends of lines call for at least a slight reading pause. No punctuation indicates that the meaning of the line itself directs the reading. Dickinson seems to consider the comma, semi-colon and colon superfluous.

Two poems, the first transcribed from a facsimile reproduction of the original manuscript in the Harvard edition (No. 449) and the second taken directly from the microfilm of the Bingham collection at Amherst (labeled No. 84-2 in the collection and No. 465 by Johnson) should give at least a fair introduction to Dickinson's rhetorical punctuation. The first poem, which is carefully wrought on lined paper in the original, shows how the rhetorical marks of inflection vary in length (note the monotone dashes in the last line) and in their position in relation to the writing line to indicate appropriate pause and change in vocal pitch as well as inflection. The second poem shows especially well, I think, how the "punctuation" can intensify and heighten the whole tone of the poem as a preponderance of monotone dashes directs a solemn delivery exactly controlled, eve to the length of each pause.

I died for Beauty\ but
was scarce
Adjusted in the Tomb
When One who died for
Truth/ was lain
In an adjoining Room—

He questioned softly "Why I
failed"?
"For Beauty"/ I replied\
"And I—for Truth—Themself
are One—
We Brethren/ are"/ He said—

And so/ as Kinsmen/ met
a Night\
We talked between the Rooms\
Until the Moss had reached
our lips
And covered up—Our names—

• • •

I heard a Fly buzz—when
I died—
The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air\
Between the Heaves of Storm—

The Eyes around—had wrung them
Dry—
And Breaths were gathering firm
For that last Onset—when the King
Be witnessed—in the Room—

I willed my Keepsakes—Signed
away
What portion of me be
Assignable—and then it was
There interposed a Fly\

With Blue—uncertain—stumbling
Buzz—
Between the light—and me—
And then the Windows failed—and
then
I could not see to see—

Although I have attempted to remove what seems to be the last serious "eccentricity" in our portrait of Emily Dickinson, certainly we cannot say that the aura of mystery surrounding her genius has by just so much clarification been removed. Not at all, for that would be saying that because we no longer look for "eccentricities" we may no longer find surprises—when certainly the wonderful mystery of Emily Dickinson is a genius that will forever yield surprise.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 14, 1, 7, 10, 3, 4, 13, 6, 8, 12, 5, 2, 11, 15, 9.

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(Continued on page 76)

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JEFFERSONIANS! Write your Alumni Association, Brooklyn 7, N.Y., for information about 1963 Reunion.

TEACHER-RESEARCHER, composer, Master of Ed., 1963, former clergyman, desires to research music methods in a progressive atmosphere. Can teach variety of subjects, sports. Box B-850.

CALIFORNIA JOBS! Tell us field you want; we'll mail listings postpaid. Send $2 to California Employment Directory, 582 Market, San Francisco 4.

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792 UNUSUAL WORTHWHILE teenage summer programs; study, travel, sports, community service, jobs, arts, theatre, study on college campuses. Complete detailed information. Send today for Barron's 1963 Teenage Summer Guide. Only $2.25 postpaid from Barron's, 343 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, New York.

MUSIC EDUCATOR ends military service; wants teaching position in September. Box B-888.

PERMANENT POSITION WANTED, Male, 26, single, A.B., wide abilities, leaving professional situation. Box B-931.

HIGH LEVEL SECRETARY. Executive, private, social. 37, attractive, intelligent, personable, fluent French, keen business, literary, social sense; desires re travel Europe interesting assignment. Box B-907.

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KERRY BLUE PUPPIES AKC registered, inoculated, paper-trained. TOP champion-bred, every generation, back through English Stud Book. Genealogy includes Ch. Michael of Som'set, Ch. Hit Parade, Ch. Topman, Ch. Topman, Jr., Ch. Bill Day, Ch. Gulfstream, Ch. Hot Steel, Ch. Hoop Skirts, etc. JUdson 2-0220 NYC weekdays, ELdorado 5-7600, nights and weekends, Miss White.

IT'S TIME TO ORDER *your 72" or 90" x 108" hand*woven Irish sheep's wool blanket-spread, more beautiful than you can imagine. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont, will take your order to Ireland in April. Handknit Irish sweaters. Circular.

PRINCETON ANTIQUES SHOW AND SALE: April 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Princeton Country Day School. Sponsor: Wellesley Club of Central New Jersey.

SECRETARY, 40's, responsible, competent, part/full, available, metropolitan NYC. Box B-915.

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"WINNIE THE POOH," "Babar" and "Alice in Wonderland" linen wall hangings in full color 15" wide by 32" long. $3.75 each postpaid. E. Norwich House, Huntington, N.Y.

GREENSLEEVES, "little magazine"—5th year. 50¢ *postpaid. 35 Robinson Hall, Hanover, N.H.*

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FOR EASTER, wear the fragrance of living flowers: fresh delicate WILD ROSE (Rosa Virginiana), softly spicy CARNATION, deep heady LILAC, magically haunting LILY of the VALLEY—carefully hand blended, decanted in 2 ounce spillproof flacons, charmingly boxed: Eau de May Cove: each fragrance, $3.50; three for $10.00, or all four $12.98 postpaid from May Cove, Mathews, Virginia.

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CRACKERJACK SECRETARY—widely traveled young woman, performing arts background, desires job outside N.Y., even Europe. Box B-894.

RECOGNIZED WRITER needs tongue twisters, related anecdotes for book. Box B-923.

HARD WORK WANTED in educational television by educator with radio, newspaper, play directing experience. Box B-901.

SAILING INSTRUCTRESS, college junior, seeks summer employment as assistant. Travel, tutor. Box B-918.

SWARTHMORE GIRL seeks summer as tutor/mother's helper. Prefers travel, experienced with children, speaks French. Box B-903.

EXPERIENCED, MATURE WOMAN wants literary research work, Detroit and vicinity. Box B-898.

AVAILABLE PART TIME—Retiree with editorial, public relations, library experience; extensive knowledge documentary films. Box B-914.

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE STUDENT available for summer baby-sitting job. Experienced with small children. Box B-886.

URGENTLY WANTED, please quote Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure, Phillips B10700L, Minigrove BBL7004. C. Horton, 113 West 10th Street, New York 11, N.Y.

IN LOVE WITH SAILBOATS. Your chance for an outstanding, hard working business partner. Eager, brilliant, mechanical engineer. Solid executive experience. Box B-912.

BRYN MAWR STUDENT, French, typing, keen literary sense, experience with children, desires part-time work June-September in Boston. Box B-896.

CAPITOL DISTRICT WRITER, slogan and jingle man would like job with advertising agency. Example of work: Bothered by evil spirits? Drink milk! Any offers? Box B-910.

JAPANESE BILINGUIST seeks employment in Far East. Oyama, 307 Decatur, Monterey, California.

AWARD WINNING Yale playwright, creative adman, instructor, seeks stimulating, lucrative summer employment. Box B-891.

VERSATILE UNIVERSITY JUNIOR desires stimulating summer position. Outstanding background. World traveled. Journalistic training, experience. Box B-884.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COUNSELORS *19+: For Bro-Sis Camps in* New York State. Male and female. General and all specialties. Camp Chipinaw, 277 Broadway, NYC 7, N Y COrtlandt 7-6353.

WANTED: Secretary aide (Man Friday) to gentleman. Single man about 45. Minimum secretarial duties. Some travel—winters in Florida. Must really enjoy quiet and refined living and appreciate permanency and security. Send resume, telephone and recent snapshots to Box B-776.

SECRETARY-BOOKKEEPER-Man Friday, year-round job. Person 40 and over preferred. Write A.P. Mitroff, Brandon Inn, Brandon, Vermont.

WANTED: Housekeeper-Governess, experienced, pleasant, care of two children, own room and bath, light housework, cooking, in Brooklyn Heights, N.Y. home. References. Box B-889.

PROOFREADERS—The catalogue division (located in NYC) of one of the nation's largest retail chains *has two openings for experienced proofreaders.* However, recent college graduates with English or Journalism major will be considered. Excellent opportunity! Outstanding benefits including profit-sharing. Please send resume including salary to Box B-934.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES. Lake, Shore or Mountain. Your choice is our guide. A time of isolation will save your precious hide. Ray Holway, Realtor, Rutland.

HUNTERDON HILLS, N.J. 18th century stone house, 5 acres, ponds, brooks, springs. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, corner fireplaces. Recently modernized. Magnificent location. $50,000. Box B-851.

CENTRAL VERMONT—Seasonal homes, farms, *acreage.* Free list. W. S. Gilman, Broker, Chelsea, Vermont.

TIDEWATER, VIRGINIA—Lovely home and 15 acres on East River, including main house, barn, outbuildings, dock, 8 acres in pines, 3 acre natural forest bordering small cove. Excellent deep harbor $33,500. Katharine G. Cooke, Realtor, Mathe *Virginia.*

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y. Space plus—largish Hudson River Colonial. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 fireplaces. View and smell of river. $31,500. Freda Buchanan, Realtor, 914-EL 8-1025.

THE CHIMNEY'S in the corner—the light is on a post! Modernized 7 room Colonial, breezeway and garage. 3 acres and view. $16,500. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

For Sale—Furnished

CAPE COD, COTUIT—New, fully-equipped, fireplace, *sleeps 6, on quiet bay, in pines, beach, ocean,* garage, boat. $12,000. 914-OW 3-5895, Box B-536.

For Rent—Furnished

EASTERN SHORE ESTATE—10 room house with mile of waterfront, near Easton, Maryland. $175 monthly. Brochure. Schofield, 109 East 81st Street, New York City.

PRIVATE TOWN HOUSE, NYC, East 80's. Charming 10 rooms, garden; including 6 bedrooms, 4 baths, 4 fireplaces. Three to five years. $1,100 month. Also available unfurnished. Possibility future sale. RHinelander 4-5668, Box B-917.

For Summer Rental

ROWAYTON, CONNECTICUT. Summer season. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, screened porch, large fenced yard, washer, dryer, dishwasher. One mile or less to beach, tennis, boats, stores, New York commuting. Rub shoulders with actors, writers, artists. Take care of the cat and you've got bargain. Box B-845.

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET. Charming rose-covered cottage: large living room, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, modern kitchen. Also has guest cottage: 2 bedrooms, bath, partial kitchen. Garage. May, June and July (or part) or August. Box B-727.

FINE, LARGE FRENCH country house, Loire Valley, available spring through September. Reasonable. Other fine properties in choice European locatic Box B-538.

TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS—Artist's home. April-May, mid-June—mid-August. Box B-779.

BUCKS COUNTY, Pennsylvania. Artist's beautiful home. 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, workshop. PRIVATE LAKE, 13 rolling acres. June-October, $1,500. Phone TEmpleton 8-3561 NYC.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

CAPE COD—Living room, 20' x 21', 2 large bedrooms large kitchen, pantry, modern conveniences. Situated near Bay. 5 wooded acres. July $350. B-905.

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT—3 bedroom house, beautifully furnished, country club privileges, quiet neighborhood. Box B-890.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, attractive 3 bedroom home, charming rural location, short drive magnificent beaches. $975 season; or half. Box B-885.

ISLESBORO, MAINE. 3 bedroom cottage near water, fireplace, screened porch, electric kitchen, boat mooring. Month or season. Write: Lloyd T. Pendleton.

NANTUCKET. Charming 2 bedroom cottage, furnished. Quiet, private pond, moors. August 1st-September 15th. $600. Box B-916.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

EXCHANGE your home occupancy for similar accommodations located elsewhere. Investigated, reputable clients. All locations. Vacation Home Exchange, 125 C Street, Lake Oswego, Oregon. Licensed.

VACATION Trad-A-Home Bureau. Accommodations are arranged between responsible people. Write Box 3323, San Bernardino, California.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

EXCITING VACATIONS without cost. Exchange homes, apartments, rentals for your vacation or sabbatical. Write for free information. Home Exchange Directory Service, P.O. Box 576, Campbell, California.

APARTMENT FOR RENT

Furnished

SUBLET. 4½ rooms, 1½ years, furnished or unfurnished. 15 minutes to City Center. Air-conditioner, space, parklike surroundings, views of Hudson River, Jersey cliffs. $220 monthly, available June. P.O. Box 306, Audubon, NYC 32, N.Y.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

OLD GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON. Woman scientist, traveler, will share spacious garden apartment furnished. References exchanged. $125 month on term basis. Box B-919.

APARTMENT AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

TELEGRAPH HILL, San Francisco, 2½ room furnished apartment Bay view, fireplace, sundeck, garage $170 June 15th-October 15th. References. Box B-906.

NEW YORK, June 1st-September 1st. Lexington Avenue and 83rd Street. Furnished, air-conditioned, 3 bedroom, 3 bath apartment. New building. Free garage. $375 month. Lamb Associates, 60 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y. MUrray Hill 7-6854.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SMALL HIGHLAND LAKE in Vermont. Private beach, adjoining building locations, open or wooded, large or small—½ mile to quiet village. John H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

GRACIOUS LIVING—Log cabin, like new equipment, garage. South Pond, Brookfield, Massachusetts. Three hours from New York. Sacrifice-illness. Box B-584.

VERMONT—Country places, lake, ski cottages, farms, acreage, brooks, views. Help you? Milton G. Moore, Realtor, Johnson, Vermont.

WATERFRONT VACATION HOMESITES. Thoreau-like country. All utilities. Brochure. Sheepscot Shore Colony, Palermo, Maine.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer inexpensively acquired houses, acre lots or large tracts with outstanding views, streams, timber, some with lake frontage or near skiing. $20-$1,000 per acre. For brochure write Box B-451.

VERMONT PROPERTY of all kinds. Free catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer 1, New Jersey.

APPRENTICESHIP IN RECREATION LEADERSHIP for 20 boys and girls of high-school age, at Winooski, a Goddard College summer program combining instruction in crafts, sports, and games with responsibility for Vermont village children's recreational activities. Adult staff includes working craftsmen and resident counselors. Headquarters on Goddard College campus. June 29th to August 23rd. Folder: write Evalyn Bates, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING for a vital group experience for a thoughtful boy or girl, 10-17, the literature from THE ROCK might interest you. RFD, Williamsburg, Massachusetts.

CUTLER READING CAMP at Craftsbury Common, Vermont. Seven weeks of intensified instruction—remedial, corrective, developmental, and advanced reading. Complete recreational activities program. Boys 10-18. Limited enrollment. Institute for Reading and Study Skills, 75 Prospect Street, Huntington, N.Y.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Summer of adventure: boys 9-16 inclusive. Trips: 63-ft. flagship, 42 land, water activities. Approved summer school. Catalogue. Farragut Camps, Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

CAMP RIVERDALE founded 1912 in Adirondack wilderness; running room for boys, 7-17; ½ mile lakefront (no roads, no neighbors!); reached by water. Sports and water skiing, crafts, canoe and mountain trips. Tutoring available. Good food, library and fellowship. Mature staff, modern facilities. Director: Hackett, Box 203, Farmingdale, L.I., N.Y.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Coed. Specialties include theatre, dance. Full sports. NYC office: 342 Madison Avenue. TN 7-6690.

FARRINGTON: 33rd Year; Farrington Lake, N.J., unique combination full camping program, skilled, relaxed atmosphere. Limited to 75 boys and girls 6-14. Ethel Borodkin, 84 Herrick, Teaneck, N.J.

BEAUPRE. Creative arts: dance, drama, art, chorus. Professional faculty. Country estate, Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Own theatre. Pool, sports. Eight weeks. Seventy girls 9-17. Mrs. Stanley C. North, 2 Maher Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut.

RUGGED MOUNTAINEERING, SKIING, SURVIVAL, unique Aspen environment, boys 12-16, separate girls'. Ashcrofters, Aspen, Colorado.

SCIENCE & ARTS, CAMP MINNOWBROOK, Lake Placid, N.Y. 'The modern concept in Camping' • Since 1949. Science • Electronics • Astronomy • Music • Dance • Drama • Art • • All Land and Water Sports. 202 Riverside Drive, NYC 25, MOnument 3-4808.

CAMP CHOCONUT. Stressing self-reliance for boys from 9-16. Small group. Summer of constructive fun. Campcraft, trips, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, N.Y. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 443-R, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

NEW HORIZON at Southampton, N.Y. A Children's Democracy. All activities. Brochure. 9 East 67th Street, NYC 21. TRafalgar 9-5221.

TEENAGERS. Significant work experience. Recreational, arts program, community living responsibilities. Renowned teenage historic restoration. SHAKER VILLAGE, Box 1149-P, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

CAMP LEXINGTON: Coed, in legendary Rip Van Winkle country. Land/water sports, riding, performing/fine arts, natural sciences, photography, tutoring. Write, phone: Evelyn or Hi Weisberg, 82-19 Grenfell Street, Kew Gardens, N.Y., Hickory 1-3030.

SUMMERLANE—An American Summerhill. Room 811, 225 Lafayette, New York 12.

INDIAN HILL — Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Junior and Senior High School, Boys-Girls. All sports; Music, Theatre, Art, Dance. Olympic size swimming pool. Inquire about "Indian Hill Abroad." Mordecai Bauman, Director, 49 West 12th Street, NYC. CHelsea 2-2280.

CAMPS

LAKE FAIRLEE CAMP, Ely, Vermont. Boys-Girls 7-15+. A unique atmosphere and environment. All athletics and aquatics: tennis, softball, swimming, water skiing, etc., plus optional instruction by professional artists in the Fine Arts. Trips, chores, visiting faculty. Dietary laws. Outstanding staff for creative program. 8 weeks. Fee: $675. Write/phone Herb Kummel, Director, 408 West 57th Street, NYC 19, JUdson 6-5710.

HOLIDAY SCHOOLS ABROAD—International six-week coed school-camp summer program. See ad under "TRAVEL."

"YES, JACK, there is a rugged camp: Saltash Mountain Camp on a wilderness lake in Vermont." No bells, no "classes." Primitive camping for 40 boys in search of real challenge. Axmanship, construction, forestry, natural science, canoe trips. Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

RED FOX MUSIC CAMP, New Marlboro, Massachusetts. 14th season. Coed 12 to 20 years. Piano, Strings, Winds, Theory, Chorus, Orchestra and Ensembles at all levels. Dance, Arts and Crafts, Drama, French, Photography and complete Athletic and Social Program. Write: I. Sant Ambrogio, 107 Orchard Street, Bloomfield, N.J. PIlgrim 3-3866.

LIVELY BUT UNREGIMENTED summer program for small group of girls, 10-13 years, who want something different from usual camp experience. Hillside cottage in lovely Massachusetts countryside; private swimming. Tutoring available. WAtkins 9-6931 NYC or Box B-922.

CAMP HALF MOON, Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Boys 6-16 arranged by age, physical development. Special care younger campers. Individual, group activities. Riding, water, field sports. Tutoring. Nurses. Catalogue: give age of boy. Dr. and Mrs. E. I. Storey, Mathews, Virginia.

SUMMER READING SCHOOL. Diagnosis, individualized instruction. Full recreation and tutoring program. Greentrees, Broadalbin, N.Y.

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WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

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VACATIONS

SKI TAOS, New Mexico. Finest powder slopes in the Rockies, chairlifts, 3 pomalifts, 2055' vertical drop, never a waiting line. Three charming lodges right on the slopes. Write Wendy Blake, Box 856, Taos, N.M.

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SNOWMASS LODGE, Aspen, Colorado. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

ESCAPE THE BLAST AREA—Enjoy a leisurely vacation in this historic Inn. Fine food a tradition. Martha Washington Inn, Winthrop, Maine. Box 114, Chelsea, Massachusetts.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

(Continued on page 78)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 77)

CALL COLLECT if you're within 400 miles. Dial 609-344-5131. Folks like it here without reservation. But you'll like it better with. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard College campus. Vacation home for amateur chamber musicians, painters, crafts workers, offers low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from. Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. Special opportunity for recorder players, including American Recorder Society Summer School, July 7th to 20th. Stay one week or all summer, June 30th to August 25th. Bulletin: Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. Small, rustic, delicious food, open fires, trails. Box 375ASR, Route 2, Canton, N.C.

RELAX HAPPILY . . . by the sea at one of New England's foremost resort hotels. Swimming pool, beach. Exceptional meals. Opens June 24th. Color folder. The LOOKOUT, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Open fires, snug beds, food aplenty. Brochure.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

LOVELADIES HARBOR, Long Beach Island, N. J. Ideal community of summer and winter waterfront homes; adjacent to Long Beach Island Foundation of Arts and Sciences. Private Ocean and Bay beaches. Close to New York and Philadelphia. Moderate prices. Write Loveladies Harbor, Harvey Cedars, N.J. Telephone: Area Code 609-494-5400.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

WENTWORTH WORKSHOP—paint and vacation in New Hampshire. Brochure. Box B-576.

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT. Now is the time to book for the spring and summer months GREEK ISLANDS or the CARIBBEAN WINDWARD & LEEWARD ISLANDS. Weather cool and calm, comfortable craft, congenial Captains, cordial crews, conservative costs. Cable or correspond (Airmail). V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., P.O. Box 103, Antigua, West Indies.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut, re-opens March 30th—for 34th season. Country living.

TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME on lush Sanibel Island, Florida. Rent new, furnished cottage. Private Gulf Beach. Ideal swimming, fishing, shelling. Utilities, linen included. Week, Month, Season. Brochure. MAyfair 1-3252, L.I., Box A-90.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

CUERNAVACA for a restful holiday. Best Viennese cuisine—12 acres beautiful gardens—swimming pool—horseback riding—all diets catered to—personal attention. MILLER'S "EL BUEN RETIRO," Apartado 430, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

TENNIS: 4 Clay Courts. Sun-drenched Florida Keys. Write: Hawthorne Bissell, Islamorada, Florida Keys.

OGUNQUIT—Famous summer vacation center. Finest beach on coast. Majestic cliffs. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, restaurants, tea rooms. Reserve NOW for cottage rentals by the season. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

GULF TIDES BEACH APARTMENTS, Longboat Key, Florida. Restful. Reasonable rates.

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET ISLAND, Massachusetts. Cottages by season, month, fortnight. Guest rooms weekly. Private beach, beautiful location near restaurants, tennis, golf. BUtterfield 8-5869 NYC, Box B-895.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake. Eastern Ontario housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Box W-902.

TRAVEL

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL has special WEEKEND rates—most attractive package plans for luxurious two- and three-day stays. Write or call for reservations. If you're driving to New York, ask for the road map showing how to avoid city traffic. You'll enjoy your visit because you're so near everything: theatres, shops, museums, art galleries, the United Nations. Two popular-priced restaurants offer delicious food. The Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge is delightful and commands breathtaking views of the city and the East River. Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street and 1st Avenue, New York 17, 212-EL 5-7300.

EXCITING!!! EUROPE—$195. That's all it costs for unusual delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence, Venice, Salzburg or Ecole Practique in Paris. Full month July or August includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, etc. sightseeing, many other features. All this for $195!! Low cost extensions to all of Europe. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 590 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

YOU CAN HAVE Hawaii, Hong Kong and Japan for 20 days at the low cost of only $677.50 (including de luxe hotel accommodations, meals, first-class rail and motor transportation, etc.), beginning May 6th from Los Angeles. For full information on air fare and a color brochure describing this personally conducted tour, write to: Six Continents Travel Service, Dept. S-1, 127 East 56th Street, New York 22, N.Y. PLaza 2-8420.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single rooms, private bath. $26 per week. Bus, subway at corner. Swimming pool. COlumbus 5-6100.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES — Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skindiving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast—$175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

EUROPEAN Summer Adventure Tour. Congenial group. Ferero, G.W.U., Washington 6, D.C.

WANTED: 10 VENTURESOME TRAVELERS. Luxury limousine coach with leader-driver and hostess going West on 4 camping-sightseeing tours. Motels utilized through East. Excellent food and all equipment provided, all-expense basis. June 1st—21 days: Grand Circle Tour—South Dakota, Wyoming, Colorado, $575. June 29th—15 days: Compact Circle—Yellowstone, Tetons, etc., $495. August 3rd—21 days: Wyoming Wind River Wilderness. Horseback and pack trip, tremendous scenery, memorable forever, $665. September 6th—15 days: Colorful Colorado—Highest mountains, Mesa Verde, $495. Write for itineraries, Modus Operandi: Murray deCamp Spear, Director, The Company of Voyageurs, 711 Valley Road, Mahwah, N.J.

MEDITERRANEAN AND BLACK SEA CRUISE to Europe, Soviet Union and Israel. Visiting: Paris, Venice, Athens, Odessa, Yalta, Sochi or Moscow. 2 weeks in Israel (longer stay in Soviet Union possible). 47 days, all-inclusive, $1,180 up. Leave NYC by steamer May 15th. Same cruise transatlantic by air, 38 days, all-inclusive, $1.645 up. Ask for booklet SR. Consolidated Tours, 250 West 57th Street, New York 19. JUdson 6-5230.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1512

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Distress signal for ships at sea (International Morse Code).

B. The absolute reality to New England Transcendentalists, subject of Emerson essay, 1841.

C. Person or thing which irritates, vexes.

D. Pennsylvania's famous breakfast item.

E. Most western region of U.S. (2 wds.).

F. German poet who was secretary to Rodin early in this century.

G. Designer and promoter of the "mission furniture", also husband of Anna Katharine Green (1853-1936).

H. *Cruces ansatae*, Egyptian symbols of life.

I. Trees as named in title of Kenneth Grahame's "masterpiece of fantasy" beloved by old and young (2 wds.).

J. Matthew Arnold's pseudonym signed to his satirical essays pub. in *The Pell Mell Gazette*, 1865-88.

K. Astronomer who discovered and named the two satellites of Mars, 1877.

Small timer used in cooking or telephoning; container from which many like to eat a certain breakfast delicacy (2 wds.).

WORDS

72 190 60 95 216 158

164 130 149 21 174 50 91 110

153 80 201 57 98 185 16?

100 38 147 186 132 188 198 5

93 181 45 176 97 140 125 101 24 187

107 54 79 207 123

68 104 182 124 109 127

159 13 63 172 218

85 89 28 84 62 44 39 3 48 19

155 56 126 163 78 99 12 143 205 87 118

129 212 116 102 59 2

67 137 51 14

170 146 55 16 139 65 74 105

DEFINITIONS

M. . . . make four (2 wds.).

N. Disconnected, broken, illogical

O. Temporary expedient, incumbent, etc.

P. Serving to refute, (esp. of indirect modes of proof).

Q. Following "Mrs.", the disciplinary lady in charge of the Water Babies under the sea (Chas. Kingsley's classic).

R. To "take the Queen's shilling."

S. Sudden inundation.

T. Describing a pendulum or other object swinging back and forth.

U. A wanderer, esp. if plump (comp.).

V. Adjustment of prices to rising costs, usually periodically (WNI III).

W. Large shark with a great tail, with which it rounds up its food.

X. Eminent dwelling of God, in *Psalms* (2 wds.).

Y. Modulate (the voice); decline (nouns) or conjugate (verbs); etc.

Z. Ornithischian dinosaur noted for its fancy dorsal armor.

WORDS

113 165 83 18 199 22 214

138 77 34 7 202 52 103 183 53 88

96 152 162 86 211 49 114 213 171

161 43 120 150 112 204 9 144 75

195 173 25 175 145 157 141 191 29 117 121

179 208 154 42 184

111 6 177 192 92 203

180 37 148 106 119 11 26

168 70 35 200 210 61 131 94 122

136 115 197 189 76 169 133 142 32

215 4 66 20 209 196 167 33 128 193

71 46 8 40 178 27 64 134

156 36 194 17 10 69 151 217

15 166 41 82 47 31 135

58 1 108 81 90 206 73 23 30

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 Z	2 J	3 I	4 V	5 D		6 R	7 N	8 W	9 P	10 X	11 S	12 J	13 H		14 K
15 Y	16 L	17 X	18 M	19 I		20 V	21 B	22 M	23 Z	24 E	25 Q		26 S	27 W	28 I		29 Q
30 Z	31 Y	32 U	33 V	34 N		35 T	36 X	37 S	38 D	39 I	40 W		41 Y	42 Q	43 P	44 I	
45 E	46 W	47 Y		48 I	49 O	50 B	51 K	52 N		53 N	54 F	55 L	56 J	57 C		58 Z	59 J
60 A		61 T	62 I	63 H	64 W		65 L		66 V	67 K	68 G	69 X	70 T	71 W	72 A	73 Z	74 L
—	75 P	76 U	77 N	78 J	79 F	80 C		81 Z	82 Y	83 M	84 I		85 I	86 O	87 J		88 N
89 I	90 Z	91 B	92 R	93 E	94 T	95 A		96 O	97 E	98 C	99 J	100 D		101 E	102 J	103 N	104 G
105 L	106 S		107 F	108 Z	109 G	110 B	111 R	112 P	113 M	114 O	115 U	116 J	117 Q		118 J	119 S	120 P
121 Q		122 T	123 F	124 G	125 E		126 J	127 G		128 V	129 J		130 B	131 T	132 D	133 U	134 W
	135 Y	136 U	137 K	138 N	139 L	140 E		141 Q	142 U	143 J		144 P	145 Q		146 L	147 D	148 S
149 B	150 P	151 X	152 O	153 C	154 Q		155 J	156 X	157 Q	158 A		159 H	160 C	161 P		162 O	163 J
164 B	165 M	166 Y		167 V	168 T		169 U	170 L		171 O	172 H	173 Q		174 B	175 Q	176 E	177 R
178 W		179 Q	180 S		181 E	182 G	183 N		184 Q	185 C	186 D	187 E		188 D	189 U	190 A	191 Q
192 R	193 V	194 X		195 Q	196 V	197 U	198 D		199 M	200 T	201 C	202 N		203 R	204 P	205 J	
206 Z	207 F	208 Q	209 V	210 T	211 O		212 J	213 O		214 M	215 V	216 A	217 X	218 H			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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